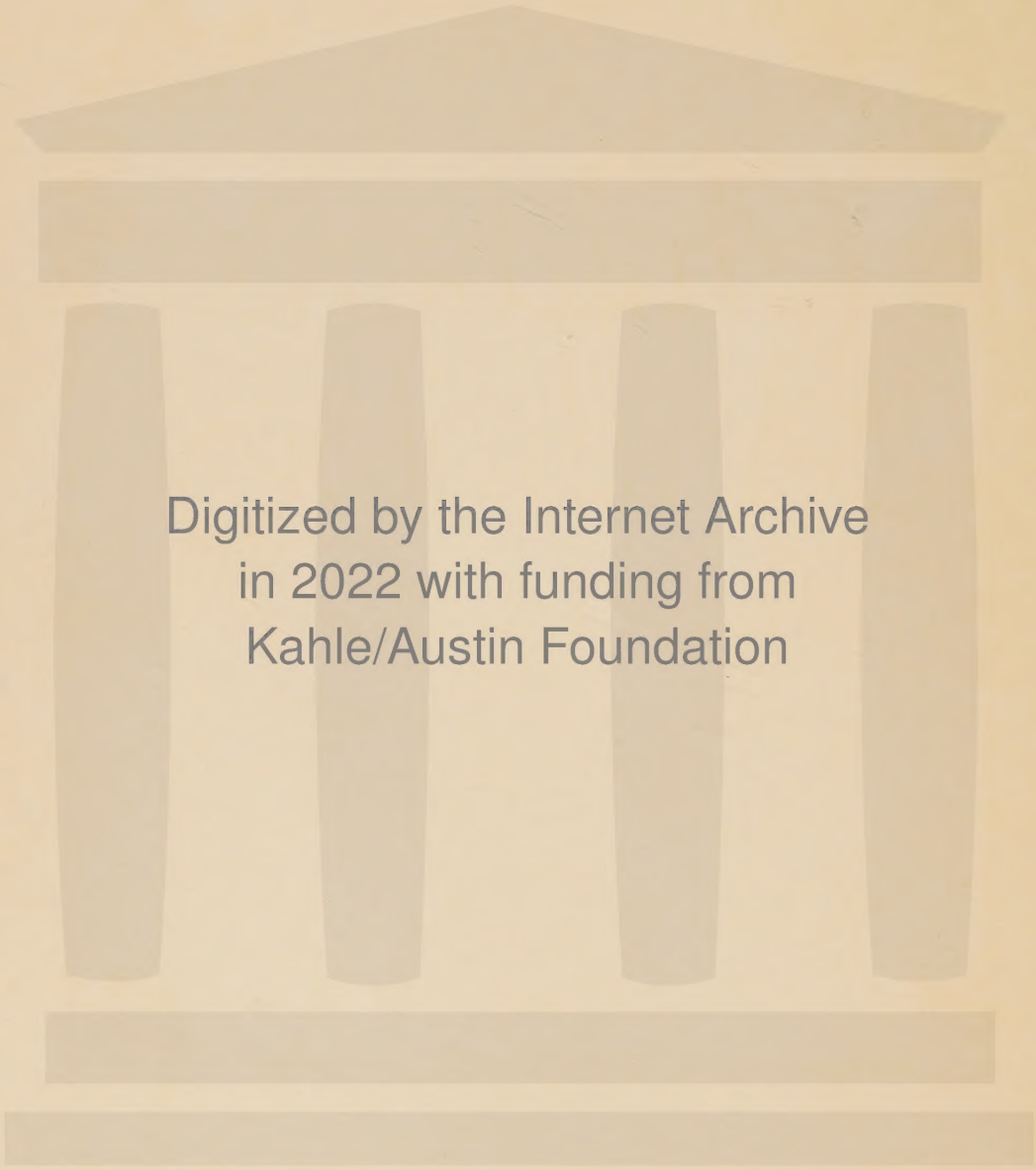
ONCE UPON A TIME
Children's
Anthology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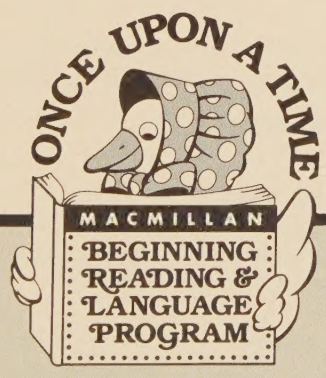
Children's Anthology

SENIOR AUTHORS
Virginia A. Arnold • Carl B. Smith

AUTHORS
James Flood • Diane Lapp

LITERATURE CONSULTANT
Margaret H. Lippert



Macmillan Publishing Company
New York

Collier Macmillan Publishers
London

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Macmillan Publishing Company
866 Third Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022
Collier Macmillan Canada, Inc.

Printed in the United States of America

ISBN 0-02-170470-8

9 8 7 6

Illustration Credits:

Fairy Tales, Folk Tales, and Fables illustrated by David McCall Johnston.

Poetry and Nursery Rhymes illustrated by Richard Murdock.

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INTRODUCTION

by Margaret H. Lippert

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a king in the land of Shoa who loved nothing so much as listening to stories.

From "The Storyteller," an Ethiopian tale collected by Harold Courlander and Wolf Leslau

Everybody is like that king, for everybody likes stories. Much of the daily communication between people is storytelling. In response to the question, "What did you do today?" a brief listing of activities is usually less captivating than an anecdote which describes an unusual event, a humorous happening, or a memorable interaction.

Just as people today enjoy telling and listening to stories, people long ago preserved their most important experiences and expressed their deepest feelings through stories. The best of these stories were told and retold from generation to generation, preserved by the oral tradition. In time, people developed written alphabets, and stories were recorded in written form.

Stories of ancient times and distant places are long-lived and widespread because they have power. Stories connect people to one another. Stories link people to their cultural heritage. Stories help people explore their feelings and understand themselves. Stories offer new ideas, new language, and new images which readers and listeners can use to reshape their own ideas, to refocus their own experiences, and to create new stories.

Stories, the rich heritage of human life and culture, belong to everyone. But for children entering school and beginning to learn to read, stories have special significance. Dull stories disappoint children and make the process of learning to read tedious. The noted child psychologist, Bruno Bettelheim, said that for a story to enrich the lives of children it must stimulate their imagination, develop their intellect, clarify their emotions, and promote confidence in themselves and in their future. He states that traditional folk fairy tales are the most nourishing stories for children, because through them children can find meaning in their own lives.

Stories give children exposure to interesting vocabulary, awareness of language syntax, and knowledge of story structure—strong foundations for reading and writing. Research which began the 1960s and continues to the present demonstrates that sharing good literature with elementary school age children improves their reading comprehension, increases their vocabulary development, and strengthens their writing.

The literature in this anthology has been chosen to delight young children, to give them a common literary culture, to nourish their growth, to motivate them to read, and to inspire them to write. The selections encompass the entire range of literary forms told to children through the ages—folk and fairy tales, fables, nursery rhymes and poetry, songs and fingerplays.

Folk tales offer satisfying resolutions to problems and conflicts—the little pig outsmarts the wolf; the billy goats conquer the troll. Common elements and repeated patterns enable children to understand underlying story structures and to appreciate more complex stories. Fables, like "The Boy Who Cried Wolf," teach lessons of cause and effect in social behavior. Fairy tales explore powerful feelings: a queen's jealousy, the seven dwarfs' devotion, the prince's love.

Traditional Mother Goose rhymes are the backbone of our literary heritage. Many, like "Little Boy Blue," include problem and solution in four masterfully constructed lines. Poetry offers children new models for their own creative expression, new images to ponder, new language to enjoy.

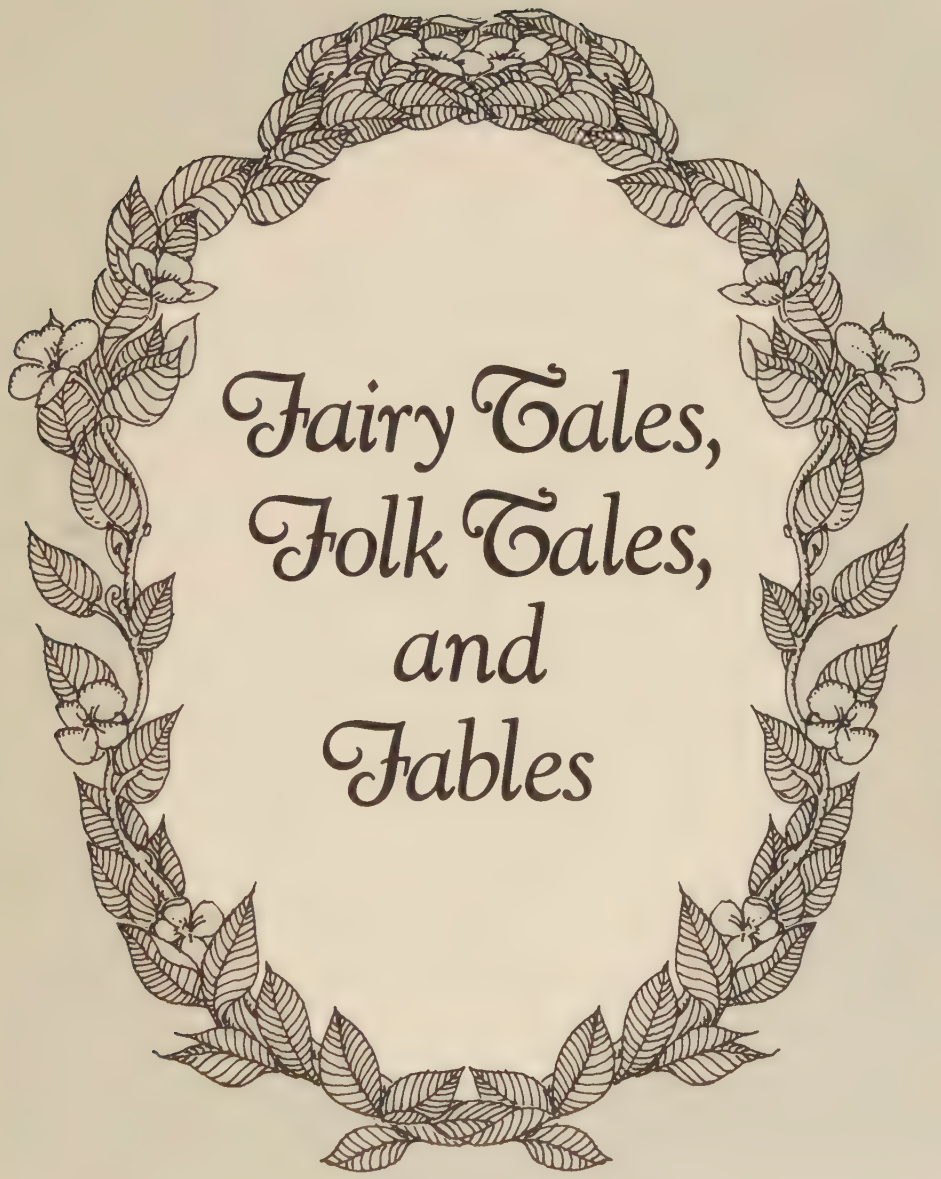
Traditional songs and fingerplays bring children in touch with their musical heritage. Some, like "The Farmer in the Dell," add movement to a story. Known as singing games, these songs with movement link language with elements of dance in patterns children remember. Fingerplays, such as "Eency, Weency Spider," couple words and actions, enabling children to create their own mini-fingerplays. Songs old and new, with movement and without, provide the pleasure and satisfaction of rhythm.

The anthology is designed to continue the oral tradition; the selections may be shared with children by telling them or reading them aloud. In a world dominated by the visual images of television, stories which are told or read aloud, without illustrations, offer children opportunities to create their own images of the story—the set, the costumes, and the characters. From the language of the story, listeners create ogres as fearsome as they dare, princesses as hauntingly lovely as they desire. Story events unfold in imagined panoramas. Mental images make each story the listener's own, to recall, retell, and recreate.

The oral tradition enables listeners to experience the story simultaneously as individuals and as part of a social community. They are drawn together by shared experience, each connected to the storyteller or reader by the thread of the sequenced language. An invisible web is woven, the web of the story held in time and place by the group as a whole.

Children develop language skills through hearing language. Children engaged with stories, poetry, and songs will naturally join in with the teacher on chants (Fe, Fi, Fo, Fum), rhymes (Three little kittens, they lost their mittens), and choruses (You do the Hokey Pokey and you turn yourself around, that's what it's all about!). Encouraging such participation builds confidence and joy in language. Participation also provides opportunities for children to make predictions and then to check their predictions as the teacher continues. Through such participation, children acquire experience with language and knowledge of literature, the strongest foundations for reading.

By offering the best literature to children, teachers can link children to their past and provide hope for their future. Lewis Carroll called the fairy tale a "love-gift." Bruno Bettelheim agreed, because the happy endings of fairy tales give children the gift of hope. The gift to children of this literature is a gift of hope in them, and in the difference they will make in our world.


Fairy Tales,
Folk Tales,
and
Fables

Little Red Riding Hood

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a little girl who was so kind that everyone loved her. Her grandmother had made her a little red cloak with a hood. The girl liked it so much that she wore it all the time, so everyone called her Little Red Riding Hood.

One day her mother said to her, "Here is a basket of bread and cheese for you to take to Grandmother. She is not feeling well, and the food will be good for her. Walk quickly and stay on the path."

"I will, Mother," said Little Red Riding Hood.

Her grandmother lived in the woods not too far from the village. When Little Red Riding Hood got to the woods, she met a wolf. She was not afraid of him because she did not know how wicked he was.

"Good morning," said the wolf. "Where are you going?"

"I am taking some bread and cheese to my grandmother."

"Where does she live?" asked the wolf.

"Her house is on this path under three big oak trees," said Little Red Riding Hood.

The wolf thought, "She would be a delicious morsel. But if I am clever, I think I can snap up the old woman, too."

They went along together for a while. Then the wolf said, "Look at all the pretty wildflowers. Perhaps your grandmother would like some."

Little Red Riding Hood looked down at the bright flowers. "I'm sure Grandmother would like a bunch of flowers," she thought. So she picked one, and then another, wandering farther and farther from the path.

While Little Red Riding Hood was picking flowers, the wolf ran to Grandmother's house.

The wolf knocked on the door of the cottage.

"Who is there?" called Grandmother.

"Little Red Riding Hood," said the wolf. "I've brought you some bread and cheese. Please open the door!"

"I am too weak to get up," called the woman. "Lift the latch."

The wolf lifted the latch and the door flew open. He jumped onto the bed and ate up the poor old woman. Then he put on her nightgown and nightcap, got into bed, and pulled up the covers.

Little Red Riding Hood picked flowers until she could carry no more. Then she went on to her grandmother's house. When she got there, she was surprised to see that the door stood open. She was afraid, but she did not know why.

"Good morning, Grandmother," she called. There was no answer. She went up to the bed. There lay her grandmother, with her cap pulled down over her face. She looked very strange.

"Oh Grandmother, what big ears you have," said Little Red Riding Hood.

"The better to hear you with, my dear."

"Grandmother, what big eyes you have."

"The better to see you with, my dear."

"But Grandmother, what big teeth you have."

"The better to eat you with," said the wolf.

At that, he jumped out of bed and swallowed poor Little Red Riding Hood. Then he went back to bed and was soon snoring loudly.

A hunter went past the house and thought, "How loudly the old lady is snoring. I must see if there is anything the matter with her." He went in and saw the wolf lying on the old woman's bed.

He was about to shoot the wolf. Suddenly he thought that perhaps the wolf had swallowed the old lady whole. "Maybe I can save her," he thought. So he cut the wolf open with his knife. Out jumped Little Red Riding Hood, followed by her grandmother.

The hunter skinned the wolf and took the skin home. The grandmother ate the bread and cheese, and soon felt strong again.

Little Red Riding Hood thought to herself, "I will never again wander off the path into the forest. From now on I will listen to my mother."

The Black Cat

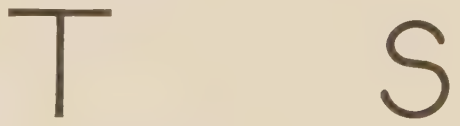
The following story is designed to be told by a storyteller who is simultaneously drawing the accompanying diagram on a large piece of white paper with a black crayon or marker (so that a black cat will appear). Telling this story is more effective than reading it aloud, because the picture must be drawn as the story is told.

The story is very easy to learn. The plot follows the parts of the diagram, which are drawn sequentially, so the sequence of the story can be remembered by following the sequence of the drawings.

The text below can be freely adapted by the teacher, but the elements of the drawing must remain the same (square house, rectangular doors, round windows, triangular chimneys, "S" tail, four legs, etc.).

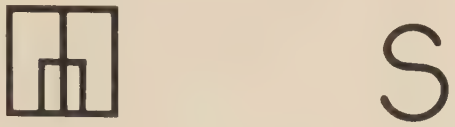
ONCE UPON A TIME, there was a boy named Tommy. Here's a "T," for "Tommy":

He had a friend, named Sally, who lived in a dairy down the road. Here's an "S," for "Sally":

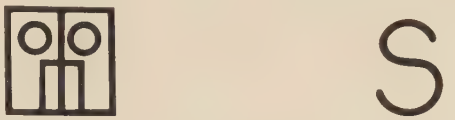


Tommy lived in a little house in the woods with his mother and father. The house had two rooms, like this:

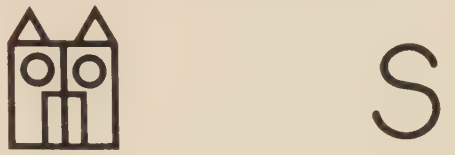
There were two doors, one in each room, like this:



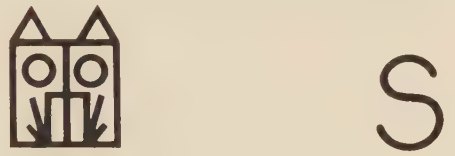
Each room had a special round window, like this:



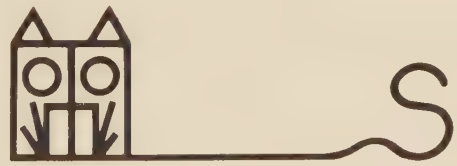
To keep the house cozy on cold winter nights there were fireplaces in each room, with pointed chimneys, like this:



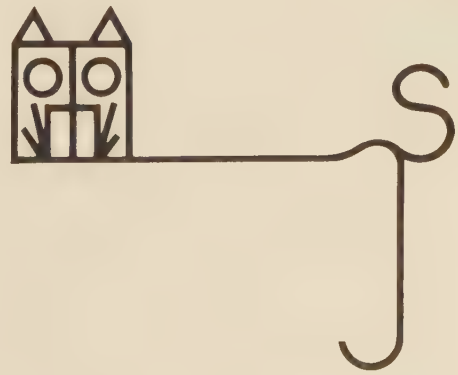
Outside the front door, grass grew thick and tall, like this:



One day, Tommy's mother sent him to buy some cream from Sally. He walked along the road to the dairy.



"The cream is down in the cellar," said Sally. "Would you like to come down with me?" Tommy and Sally went down the steps to the cellar.

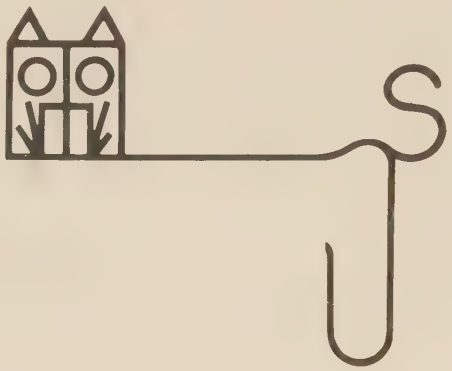


"Shhh," said Sally. "I have a surprise for you." She pointed to a box in the corner. Tommy saw nothing in it but an old, torn blanket. Then he heard "mew, mew, mew." He saw the blanket moving, and a tiny head poked out. "Kittens!" he whispered.

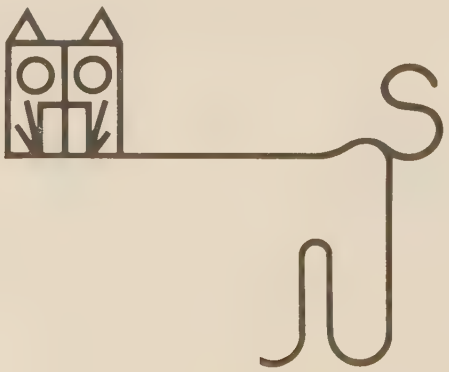
"Yes," said Sally, "but the mother left this morning and has not come back. I am afraid she may be lost or hurt."

"I'll look for her on my way home," said Tommy. "What color is she?"

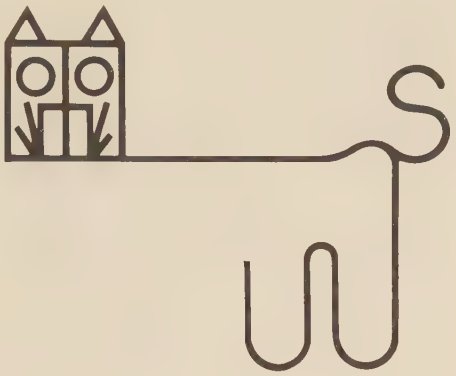
"She's black, so she may be hard to see in the woods," said Sally. "I'll come with you. With two of us looking, we're more likely to find her." Sally filled a pitcher with cream. Then she led Tommy up the steps.



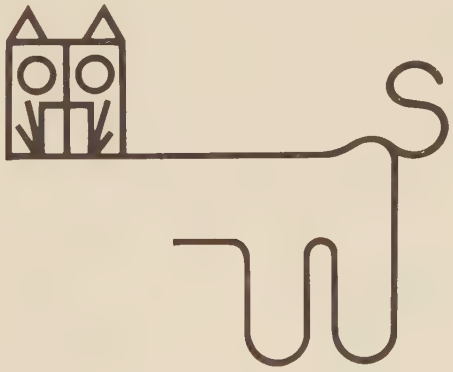
But just as Sally reached the top step, she stumbled and fell. She and Tommy both went crashing down the steps. The pitcher broke and cream splashed all over the floor.



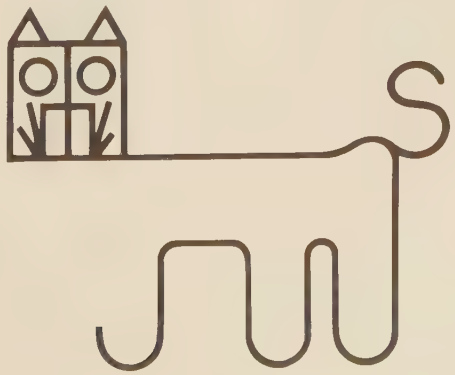
The kittens mewed frantically. "We must find their mother soon," said Sally. "I will clean up the cream later." She found a jar with a lid and filled it with fresh cream. Then she wrapped it in some cloth to keep it cool. Tommy and Sally went back up the steps. This time, they held onto the banister.



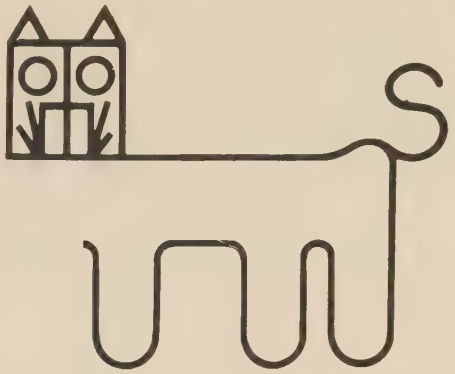
"I didn't see a black cat on my way here," said Tommy. "Why don't we go back on the path through the woods?" They set out, looking on both sides of the path. They walked and walked.



The path got narrower and ran along the edge of a hill. "Watch your step here," said Tommy, who was going first. "There's a patch of mud that's sli . . . " Before he could finish his warning, Sally slipped on the mud and fell into him. They both slid together down the hill.

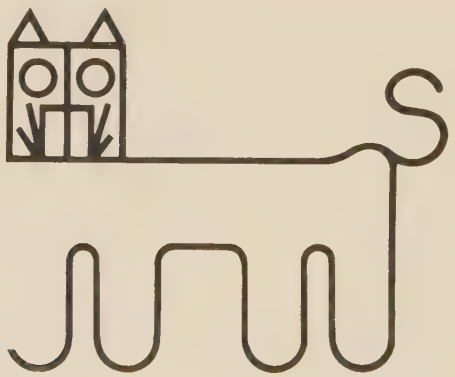


When they got to the bottom, Sally felt the jar through the cloth she clutched in her hands. "We're lucky the jar didn't break," she said. "The cloth protected it." They climbed back up the hill. This time, Sally went first.



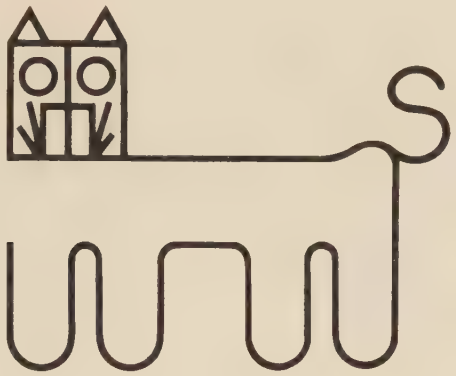
"We're almost home now," said Tommy, pointing to his house through the trees. "We'll be there in a minute or two."

But Tommy spoke too soon. He wasn't watching where he was going, so he didn't see the big rock in the middle of the path. He tripped and went flying into Sally. "Watch out," he called as he fell into her. They both tumbled down the hill once more.



They picked themselves up and brushed themselves off. "Are you all right?" Tommy asked Sally.

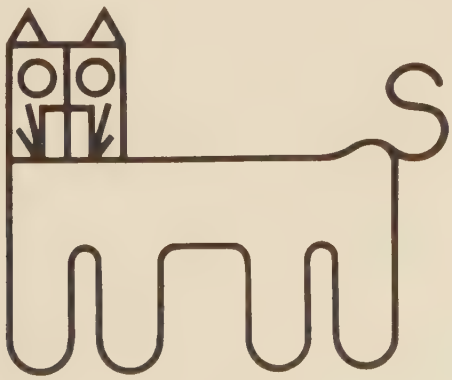
"Yes," she said, "and so is the cream. Let's go carefully now. If there's any more bouncing and jouncing, this cream will turn into butter." They walked wearily up the hill.



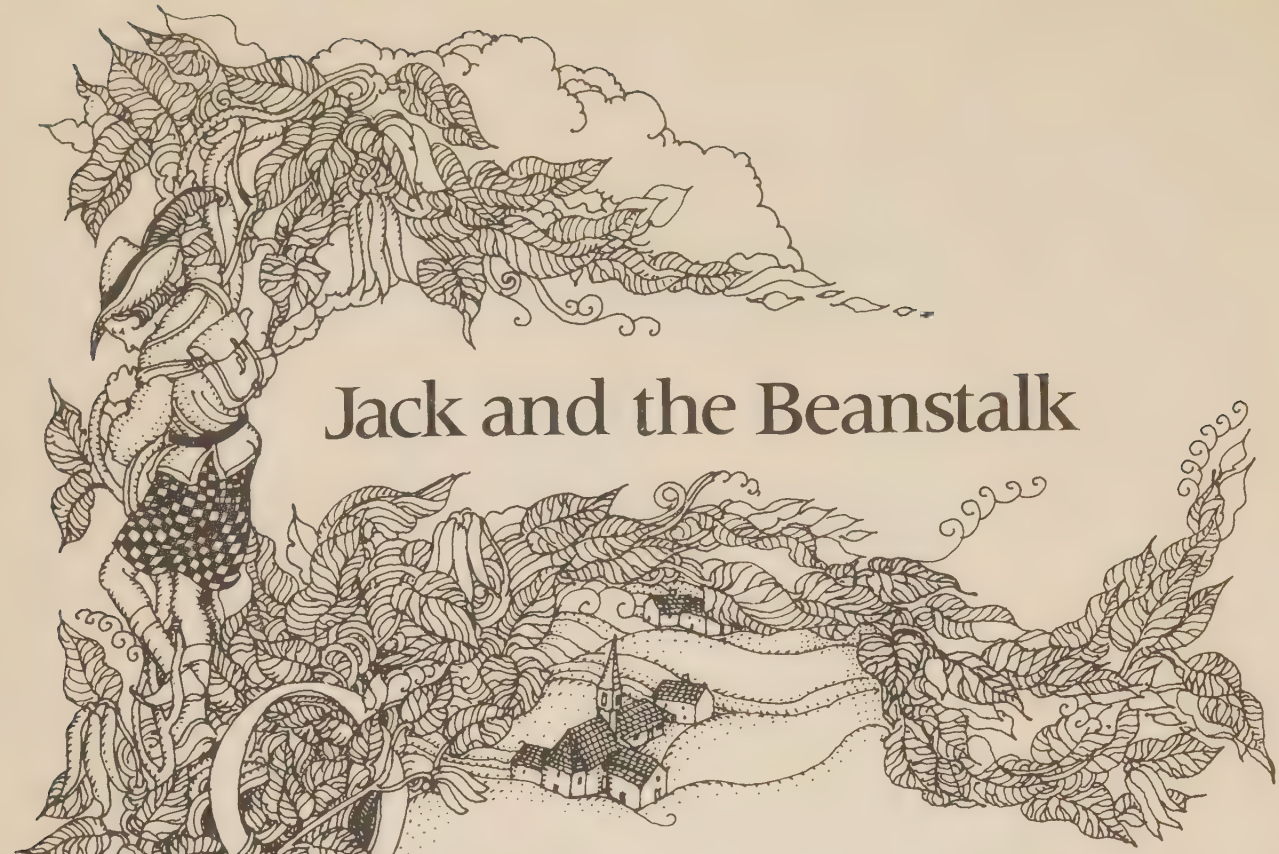
Tommy and Sally looked both ways before they crossed the road. "We can cross now," said Tommy. "There are no cars."

"And no black cat," said Sally. Sadly they crossed the road. They hadn't found the mother cat. Where could she be? They went up the path to Tommy's house and suddenly Sally squealed, "Look, Tommy! Look who's standing there as if she's been waiting all morning just for us to bring her some sweet, fresh cream."

"Why, there she is!" shouted Tommy. "We found her! THE BLACK CAT!"



Jack and the Beanstalk



ONCE UPON A TIME there was a poor widow who had an only son, named Jack, and a cow, named Milky-white. All they had to live on was the milk the cow gave every day. This they carried to the market and sold. But one morning Milky-white gave no milk.

"What shall we do? What shall we do?" cried the widow.

"Cheer up, Mother! I'll go and get work somewhere," said Jack.

"We've tried that before, and nobody would take you," said his mother. "We must sell Milky-white and with the money start a shop."

"All right, Mother," said Jack. "It's market day today. I'll soon sell Milky-white. Then we'll see what we can do."

So he took the cow's halter in his hand, and started off. He had not gone far when he met a funny-looking old man, who said to him, "Good morning, Jack."

"Good morning to you," said Jack, wondering how the man knew his name.

"Well, Jack, and where are you off to?" said the man.

"I'm going to market to sell our cow."

"Oh, you look the proper sort of chap to sell cows," said the man. "I wonder if you know how many beans make five."

"Two in each hand and one in your mouth," said Jack, as sharp as a needle.

"Right you are," said the man, "and here they are, the very beans themselves." He pulled out of his pocket a number of strange-looking beans. "Since you are so sharp," said he, "I don't mind trading with you—your cow for these beans."

"Go along!" said Jack.

"Ah! You don't know what these beans are," said the man. "If you plant them at night, by morning the stalks will be right up to the sky."

"Really?" said Jack. "You don't say so."

"Yes, that is so, and if it doesn't turn out to be true, you can have your cow back."

"Right," said Jack. He handed over Milky-white's halter and pocketed the beans.

Back home went Jack. It was not dusk by the time he got to his door.

"Back already, Jack?" said his mother. "I see you haven't got Milky-white, so you've sold her. How much did you get for her?"

"You'll never guess, Mother," said Jack.

"No, you don't say so! Good boy! Five pounds? Ten? Fifteen? No, it can't be twenty!"

"I told you you couldn't guess. What do you say to these beans? They're magical—plant them at night and . . ."

"What!" said Jack's mother. "Have you been such a fool as to give away my Milky-white for a set of dry beans? Take that! Take that! Take that!" and she gave him three hard slaps. "As for your magic beans, here they go out of the window. Now off with you to bed. Not a drop shall you drink and not a bite shall you swallow this very night."

So Jack went upstairs to his little room in the attic. Sad and sorry he was, to be sure.

At last he dropped off to sleep.

When he woke up, his room looked very strange! The sun was shining, yet the room seemed dark and shadowy. Jack jumped up and ran to the window. What do you think he saw? Why, the beans his

mother had thrown out of the window into the garden had sprung up into a big beanstalk. It went up and up and up till it reached the sky. The old man had spoken the truth after all.

The beanstalk grew close to Jack's window and ran up beyond like a great ladder. So Jack jumped onto the beanstalk, and began to climb. He climbed, and he climbed, and he climbed, and he climbed, and he climbed, and he climbed, and he climbed. At last, through the clouds, he reached the sky. When he got there he found a long, broad road going on as straight as an arrow. So he walked along, and he walked along, and he walked along till he came to a great tall house. On the doorstep there was a great tall woman.

"Good morning, mum," said Jack, quite polite. "Could you be so kind as to give me some breakfast?" For he hadn't had anything to eat the night before, you know. He was as hungry as a hunter.

"It's breakfast you want, is it?" said the great tall woman. "It's breakfast you'll *be* if you don't move off from here. My man is a giant, and there's nothing he likes better than boys broiled on toast. You'd better be moving on or he'll soon be coming."

"Oh! Please, mum, do give me something to eat, mum. I've had nothing since yesterday morning, really and truly, mum," said Jack. "I may as well be broiled as die of hunger."

Well, the giant's wife was not half so bad after all. She took Jack into the kitchen, and gave him a chunk of bread and cheese and jug of milk. But Jack hadn't half finished these when—*thump! thump! thump!*—the whole house began to tremble with the noise of someone coming.

"Goodness gracious me! It's my old man," said the giant's wife. "What on earth shall I do? Come along quick and jump in here." She bundled Jack into the oven, just as the giant came in.

He was a big man, to be sure. At his belt he had three calves strung up by the heels. He threw them down on the table and said, "Here, wife, broil me two of these for breakfast. Ah! What's this I smell? . . .

"Fee-fi-fo-fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman!
Be he alive, or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread."

"Nonsense, dear," said his wife. "You're dreaming. Or perhaps you smell the scraps of that little boy you liked so much for yesterday's dinner. Here, go wash and tidy up. By the time you come back your breakfast will be ready for you."

Off the giant went. Jack was just going to jump out of the oven and run away when the woman told him not to. "Wait till he's asleep," said she. "He always has a nap after breakfast."

The giant had his breakfast. After that he went to a big chest and took out of it two bags of gold. Down he sat and counted till at last his head began to nod. He began to snore till the whole house shook again.

Then Jack crept out on tiptoe from his oven. As he passed the giant, he took one of the bags of gold under his arm. Off he ran till he came to the beanstalk. He threw down the bag of gold, which of course fell into his mother's garden. He climbed down and climbed down till at last he got home. He told his mother what had happened and showed her the gold.

"Well, Mother," he said, "wasn't I right about the beans? They *are* really magical, you see."

They lived on the bag of gold for some time, but at last they came to the end of it. Jack made up his mind to try his luck once more at the top of the beanstalk. So one fine morning he rose early and got onto the beanstalk. He climbed, and he climbed, and he climbed, and he climbed, and he climbed, and he climbed. At last he came out on to the road again and up to the great tall house he had been to before. There, sure enough, was the great tall woman standing on the doorstep.

"Good morning, mum," said Jack, as bold as brass. "Could you be so good as to give me something to eat?"

"Go away, my boy," said the great tall woman, "or else my man will eat you up for breakfast. But aren't you the boy who came here once before? Do you know, that very day my man missed one of his bags of gold!"

"That's strange, mum" said Jack. "I dare say I could tell you something about that. But I'm so hungry I can't speak till I've had something to eat."

Well, the great tall woman was so curious that she took him in and gave him something to eat. But he had scarcely begun munching it, as slowly as he could, when—*thump! thump! thump!*—they heard the giant's footstep, and his wife again hid Jack in the oven.

Everything happened as it did before. In came the giant, roaring "Fee-fi-fo-fum," and had his breakfast of three broiled oxen. Then he ordered, "Wife, bring me the hen that lays the golden eggs."

So she brought it. Her husband said, "Lay," and the hen laid an egg all of gold. But then the giant began to nod his head and to snore till the house shook.

Now Jack crept out of the oven on tiptoe and caught hold of the golden hen. He was off before you could say "Jack Robinson." This time, the giant woke—because the hen gave a cackle. Just as Jack got out of the house, he heard the giant calling, "Wife, wife, what have you done with my golden hen?"

And the wife said, "Why, my dear?"

But that was all Jack heard, for he rushed off to the beanstalk and climbed down in a flash. When he got home he showed his mother the wonderful hen, and said, "Lay!" to it. It laid a golden egg every time he said, "Lay!"

Well, Jack was not content. It wasn't very long before he decided to try his luck again up there at the top of the beanstalk. One fine morning he rose early and stepped onto the beanstalk. He climbed, and he climbed, and he climbed, and he climbed, till he came to the very top. This time he knew better than to go straight to the giant's house. When he came near it, he waited behind a bush till he saw the giant's wife come out with a pail to get some water. Then he crept into the house and hid in a copper tub. He hadn't been there long when he heard *thump! thump! thump!* as before. In walked the giant and his wife.

"Fee-fi-fo-fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman!" cried out the giant. "I smell him, wife, I smell him."

"Do you, my dear?" said the wife. "Well then, if it's the little rogue that stole your gold and the hen that laid the golden eggs, he's sure to have got into the oven." And they both rushed to the oven.

But Jack wasn't there, luckily. The giant's wife said, "There you are again with your fee-fi-fo-fum! Why, of course, it's the boy you caught

last night that I've just broiled for your breakfast. How forgetful I am! And how careless you are not to know the difference between alive and dead, after all these years."

So the giant sat down to his breakfast. Every now and then he would mutter, "Well I could have sworn . . ." And he'd get up and search the larder and the cupboards and everything. Only, luckily, he didn't think of the tub.

After breakfast, the giant called out, "Wife, wife, bring me my golden harp." So she brought it and put it on the table before him. "Sing!" he ordered, and the golden harp sang most beautifully. It went on singing till the giant fell asleep and began to snore like thunder.

Jack now got out of the tub very quietly and crept like a mouse over to the table. Up he crawled, caught hold of the golden harp, and dashed with it toward the door. But the harp called out quite loudly, "Master! Master!"

The giant woke up just in time to see Jack running off with his harp.

Jack ran as fast as he could. The giant came rushing after, and would soon have caught him, only Jack had a head start and knew where he was going. When he got to the beanstalk, the giant was not more than twenty yards away. Suddenly Jack disappeared. When the giant came to the end of the road, he saw Jack below climbing down for dear life.

Well, the giant didn't like to trust himself to such a ladder. He stood and waited, so Jack got another start.

But the harp cried out again, "Master! Master!"

The giant swung himself down onto the beanstalk, which shook with his weight. Down climbed Jack, and after him climbed the giant.

Jack climbed down, and climbed down, and climbed down till he was very nearly home. Then he called out, "Mother! Mother! Bring me an ax, bring me an ax!" His mother rushed out with the ax in her hand. When she came to the beanstalk, she stood stock-still with fright. There was the giant with his legs just through the clouds.

Jack jumped down, took the ax, and chopped at the beanstalk, almost cutting it in two. The giant felt the beanstalk shake, so he stopped to see what the matter was. Then Jack chopped again. The beanstalk was cut in two. It began to topple over. Down crashed the giant, and that was the end of him!

Jack gave his mother the golden harp. With the magical harp and the golden eggs, Jack and his mother became very rich. Jack married a Princess, and they all lived happily ever after.

The Three Bears

ONCE UPON A TIME there were three bears who lived in a little house in the forest. There was a Little Wee Bear, a Middle-sized Bear, and a Great Huge Bear.

One morning they made some porridge for breakfast. They poured it into their bowls, but it was too hot to eat. So they decided to go for a walk until it was cool.

While they were walking, a little girl named Goldilocks came to their house. She looked in the window. Then she peeked through the keyhole. When she saw that no one was home, she opened the door and went in.

She was hungry, and the porridge smelled good. First she tasted the porridge of the Great Huge Bear, but it was too hot. Next she tasted the porridge of the Middle-sized Bear, but it was too cold. Then she tasted the porridge of the Little Wee Bear. It was just right, so she ate it all up.

Then Goldilocks went into the living room. First she sat down in the chair of the Great Huge Bear, but it was too hard. Next she sat down in the chair of the Middle-sized Bear, but it was too soft.

Then she sat down in the chair of the Wee Little Bear. It was just right, so there she sat. But she was too heavy for it. The bottom fell out and down she came, plump onto the floor.

Then Goldilocks went upstairs into the bedroom. First she lay down upon the bed of the Great Huge Bear, but the pillows were too high at the head. Next she lay down upon the bed of the Middle-sized Bear, but the covers were too high at the foot.

Then she lay down upon the bed of the Little Wee Bear. It was just right, so she pulled up the covers. Soon she was fast asleep.

The three bears came back to eat their breakfast. "SOMEBODY HAS BEEN EATING MY PORRIDGE!" said the Great Huge Bear in his great, rough voice.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN EATING MY PORRIDGE!" said the Middle-sized Bear in her middle-sized voice.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN EATING MY PORRIDGE AND HAS EATEN IT ALL UP!" said the Little Wee Bear in his little wee voice.

The three bears went into the living room. "SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!" said the Great Huge Bear in his great, rough voice.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!" said the Middle-sized Bear in her middle-sized voice.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR AND HAS SAT THE BOTTOM OUT OF IT!" cried the Little Wee Bear in his little wee voice.

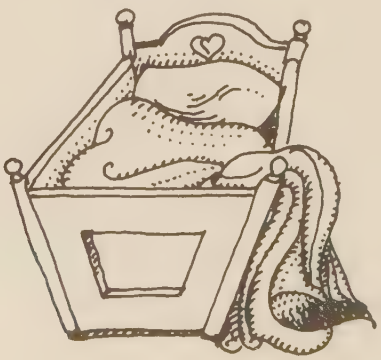
Then the three bears went upstairs into their bedroom. "SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED!" said the Great Huge Bear in his great, rough voice.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED!" said the Middle-sized Bear in her middle-sized voice.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED AND HERE SHE IS!" cried the Little Wee Bear in his little wee voice.

This woke Goldilocks up. When she saw the three bears, she tumbled out of bed and ran to the open window. Out she jumped, and ran away as fast as she could.

The three bears never saw Goldilocks again.



The Three Little Pigs

ONCE UPON A TIME there was an old mother pig who had three little pigs. As she had not enough for them to eat, she said they had better go out into the world and seek their fortunes.

Now, the oldest pig went first, and as he trotted along the road he met a man carrying a bundle of straw.

So he said very politely, "If you please, sir, could you give me that straw to build me a house?"

And the man, seeing what good manners the little pig had, gave him the straw. The little pig set to work and built a beautiful house with it.

Now, the next little pig met a man carrying a bundle of sticks. Being very polite, the little pig said to him, "If you please, sir, could you give me those sticks to build me a house?"

And the man, seeing what good manners the little pig had, gave him the sticks. The little pig set to work and built himself a beautiful house.

Then the next little pig met a man with a load of bricks. He was just as polite as the other little pigs, and he said to the man, "If you please, sir, could you give me those bricks to build me a house?"

And the man, seeing what good manners the little pig had, gave him the bricks. The little pig set to work and built himself a strong brick house.

Soon after the three houses were finished, an old wolf happened to pass by the house of straw. First, he looked at the house, and then he smelt the pig inside.

So he knocked on the door and said, "Little pig! Little pig! Let me come in!"

But the little pig saw the wolf's big paws through the keyhole, so he answered back, "No! No! By the hair of my chinny chin chin!"

Then the wolf showed his teeth and said, "Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in!"

So he huffed and he puffed and he blew the house in. But the little pig was not there, for he had run out the back way, and had gone to the little pig that lived in the house of sticks.

But the old wolf could smell pigs a long way, and he went straight to the house of sticks and knocked on the door and said, "Little pigs! Little pigs! Let me come in!"

But one little pig peeped through the keyhole, and the other peeped under the door. One saw the wolf's big ears, and the other saw his long tail. And they both answered back in the same breath, "No! No! By the hair of our chinny chin chins!"

Then the wolf showed his teeth and said, "Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in."

So he huffed and he puffed and he blew the house in. But the old wolf did not get the two little pigs, for they ran away as fast as they could and went straight to the little pig that lived in the house of bricks.

The old wolf got his breath and went right after the little pigs. When he got to the house of bricks he was very angry. He knocked hard on the door and said, "Little pigs! Little pigs! Let me come in!"

But the three little pigs answered right back and said, "No! No! By the hair of our chinny chin chins!"

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in!" said the wolf, showing his teeth.

He huffed and he puffed. He puffed and he huffed. And he huffed, huffed, and he puffed, puffed; but he could not blow the house in. At last he was so out of breath that he couldn't huff and he couldn't puff anymore. So he thought a bit.

Then he said, "Little pigs! I know where there is ever so nice a field of turnips."

"Do you?" said the little pigs. "And where may that be?"

"I'll show you," said the wolf. "If you will be ready at six o'clock

tomorrow morning, I will call round for you, and we can go together to Farmer Smith's field and get turnips for dinner."

"Thank you kindly," said the little pigs. "We will be ready at six o'clock sharp."

But, you see, the little pigs were not to be taken in so easily. So they got up at five o'clock, trotted off to Farmer Smith's field, rooted up the turnips, and were home eating them for breakfast when the wolf clattered at the door.

"Little pigs! Little pigs!" cried the wolf. "Aren't you ready?"

"Ready?" said the little pigs. "Why, what a sluggard you are! We've been to the field and come back again. We are having a nice potful of turnips for breakfast."

Then the old wolf grew red with rage. But he was determined to eat the little pigs, so he said, as if he didn't care, "I'm glad you like them. But I know of something better than turnips."

"Indeed?" said the little pigs. "And what may that be?"

"A nice apple tree down in Merry gardens, with the juiciest, sweetest apples on it! So if you will be ready at five o'clock tomorrow morning, I will come round for you, and we can get the apples together."

"Thank you kindly," said the little pigs. "We will surely be ready at five o'clock sharp."

Now, the next morning the little pigs bustled up ever so early, and it wasn't four o'clock when they started to get the apples. But, you see, the wolf had been taken in once and wasn't going to be taken in again, so he also started at four o'clock. The little pigs had just got their baskets half full of apples when they saw the wolf coming down the road licking his lips.

"Hello!" said the wolf. "Here already? You are early birds! Are the apples nice?"

"Very nice," said the little pigs. "We'll throw you down one to try."

But they threw it so far away, that when the wolf went to pick it up, the little pigs jumped down with their baskets and ran home.

Well, the old wolf was angry!

But he went the next day to the little pigs' house and called through the door, as mild as milk, "Little pigs! Little pigs! You are so

clever, I should like to take you to the Fair. So if you will come with me this afternoon, you shall have a happy time."

"Thank you kindly," said the little pigs. "What time shall we start?"

"At three o'clock sharp," said the wolf. "So be sure to be ready."

"We'll be ready before three," sniggered the little pigs. And they were! They started early in the morning and went to the Fair, and rode in a swing, and enjoyed themselves ever so much, and bought a great butter churn, and trotted away towards home long before three o'clock.

But just as they got to the top of the hill, what should they see but the wolf coming up, all panting and red with rage!

Well, there was no place to hide but in the butter churn. So they jumped into it, and were just pulling down the cover when the churn started to roll down the hill.

Bumpety, bumpety, bump!

Of course the little pigs inside began to squeal. Then the wolf heard the noise and saw the butter churn rolling down on top of him.

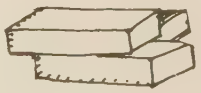
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!

The old wolf was so frightened that he turned tail and ran away.

But he was still determined to get the little pigs for his dinner. So he went the next day to the house and told them how sorry he was not to have been able to keep his promise of going to the Fair, because of an awful, dreadful, terrible Thing that had rushed at him, making a fearsome noise.

"Dear me!" said the little pigs. "That must have been us! We hid inside the butter churn when we saw you coming, and it started to roll! We are sorry we frightened you!"

This was too much. The wolf danced about with rage and swore he would come down the chimney and eat all the little pigs for his supper. But while he was climbing onto the roof, one little pig made up a blazing fire, and one put on a big pot full of water to boil, and, just as the wolf was coming down the chimney, the other little pig took off the lid, and plump! The wolf fell into the scalding water.



Rumpelstiltskin

ONCE THERE WAS a poor miller who had a beautiful daughter. One day the miller went to speak to the king. To make himself seem important, he told the king that his daughter could spin gold out of straw. The king said to the miller, "I would like to see someone spin gold out of straw. Bring your daughter to my castle tomorrow, and I will see if what you say is true."

When the girl was brought to the king, he led her into a room that was quite full of straw. He gave her a spinning wheel and a spindle, and said, "Now set to work, and if by early morning you have not spun this straw into gold, you shall die."

So the miller's daughter was left there, and because she could not spin straw into gold, she began to cry. Then all at once the door opened, and in came a little man. "Good evening, miller's daughter," he said. "Why are you crying?"

"I have to spin gold out of straw, and I don't know how to do it," she answered.

Then the little man said, "What will you give me if I spin it for you?"

"My necklace," said the girl.

The little man took the necklace, seated himself before the wheel, and whirr, whirr, whirr, three times round and the bobbin was full of gold! He took another bobbin, and whirr, whirr, whirr, three times round, and that one was full of gold, too! So he went on till the morning, when all the straw had been spun, and all the bobbins were full of gold.

The king came at sunrise. When he saw the gold he was astonished. Seeing so much gold made him greedy, and he wanted even more. So he had the miller's daughter taken into a larger room filled with straw, and told her that she must spin it all into gold in one night or she would die.

The girl did not know what to do, so she began to cry. Then the door opened, and again the little man appeared. "What will you give me if I spin all this straw into gold?" he asked.

"The ring off my finger," answered the girl.

So the little man took the ring and began again to turn the wheel. By morning all the straw was spun into glistening gold. The king was delighted, and he took the miller's daughter to an even larger room full of straw. "This, too, must be spun into gold in one night. If you do it you shall be my wife."

As soon as the girl was left alone, the little man appeared for the third time and said, "What will you give me if I spin the straw for you this time?"

"I have nothing left to give," answered the girl.

"Then you must promise me the first child you have after you are queen," said the little man.

The girl did not want to give up her child, but she did not know what else to do. So at last she promised to give the little man her first child. Then he began to spin, and he worked until all the straw was spun into gold.

When in the morning the king came and found all the gold, he married the girl at once. So the miller's pretty daughter became the queen.

After a year the queen had a beautiful baby. She was so happy, that she had forgotten the little man. But one day he suddenly came into her room and said, "Now give me what you promised me."

The queen was terrified, and offered the little man all the riches of the kingdom if only he would leave her the child. But the little man said, "No, I would rather have your child than all the treasures in the world."

Then the queen began to cry, and the little man felt sorry for her. "I will give you three days to guess my name," he said. "If you tell me my name by then, you can keep your baby. But if at the end of three

days you cannot tell me my name, you must give your child to me."

The queen spent the whole night thinking over all the names she had ever heard. She also sent a messenger through the land to ask far and wide for all the names that could be found. When the little man came the next day she repeated all the names she knew, beginning with Adam, and Bertram, and Charles. After each name the little man said, "That is not my name."

Then the queen asked her neighbors to tell her all the unusual names they knew. The second day she told the little man all the strange names, saying, "Perhaps you are Knockknees, or Blunderbus, or Pipsqueak." Still he answered nothing but, "That is not my name."

The third day the messenger came back again. He said, "I have not been able to find any new names, but as I passed through the woods I came to a high hill. There I saw a little house, and in front of the house burned a fire. Around the fire danced a funny little man, hopping on one leg and singing:

Tomorrow I'll bring the queen's child here,
For she can never win my game,
Since no one in the kingdom knows,
That Rumpelstiltskin is my name!

Of course the queen was delighted to hear that name. Soon the little man walked in and said to the queen, "This is your last chance. What is my name?"

The queen first said, "Is it Jack?"

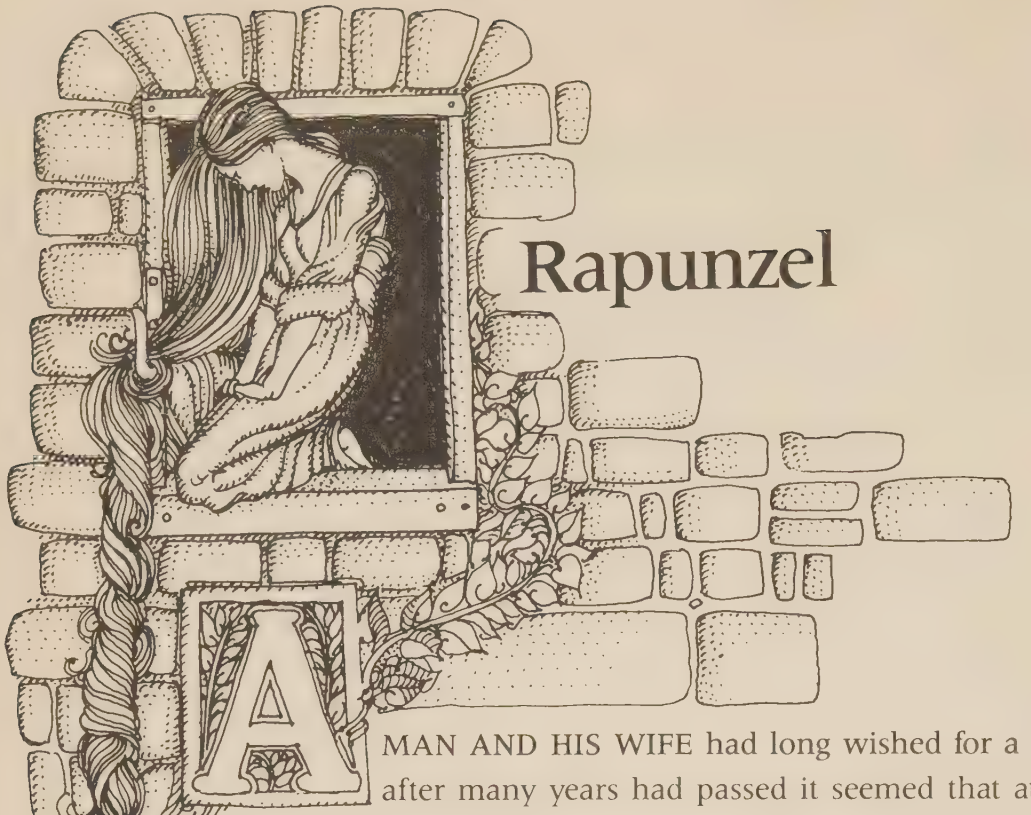
"No." he answered.

"Is it Harry?" she asked.

"No," he answered.

Then she said, "Perhaps your name is Rumpelstiltskin?"

"Who told you that? Who told you that?" cried the little man, and in his anger he stamped his right foot so hard that it went into the ground above his knee. Then in his rage he took his left foot in both hands and split himself in two, and that was the end of him.



Rapunzel

A MAN AND HIS WIFE had long wished for a child, and after many years had passed it seemed that at last they were to have one. Their house was in the countryside and at the back was a little window that overlooked a beautiful garden planted with vegetables and flowers. But it was surrounded by a high wall and no one dared go in there, for it belonged to a powerful witch.

One day the wife was standing by the window and looking down into the garden when she saw a bed of rapunzel greens. They looked so fresh and lovely that she longed for some to eat. Each day her longing increased until she became pale and sickly and would take no other food. Then her husband was alarmed and said, "What is the matter, dear wife?"

"Ah," she answered, "if I cannot have some of the rapunzel from the garden behind our house, I shall surely die."

Her husband, who loved her, knew he would have to bring her the rapunzel she wanted, no matter what the cost. At twilight he climbed over the wall into the witch's garden. Quickly he picked a handful of the rapunzel and took it to his wife. She made a salad and ate it greedily, but she was still not satisfied. The taste was so

wonderful that she had to have more of the rapunzel at once. She wept and begged until her husband agreed to go back into the witch's garden.

Again in the twilight he set out, but this time when he climbed over the wall he saw the witch standing before him.

"How dare you come into my garden and steal my rapunzel?" she said angrily. "You will have to suffer for it."

The man was terribly afraid. "Please take pity on me," he answered. "I had to come here. My wife saw the rapunzel from the window and her longing for it is so great that she will die if she cannot have some."

Then the rage left the witch's face and she said, "If what you say is true, I shall allow you to take away as much as you want—but on one condition. You must give me the child your wife is carrying. I will bring it up as my own and care for it like a mother."

In his fear the man consented to everything, and when the baby was born the witch came for her and gave her the name Rapunzel.

As the years went by, Rapunzel grew to be the most beautiful child imaginable. When she was twelve, the witch took her away and shut her up in a tower that stood in a forest. It had neither staircase nor doors and only a little window high up in the wall. Each time the witch wanted to come in, she would stand below it and cry:

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel,
Let down your hair."

Rapunzel had magnificent long hair, as fine as spun gold. When she heard the witch's voice, she would unfasten her braids and twist them round a hook by the window. Then the hair would fall twenty feet down and the witch would climb up on it.

Some time later it happened that the king's son was riding through the forest and passed close by the tower. As he did he heard a song so lovely and clear that he stood still to listen. Rapunzel sang each day in her loneliness and it was her voice that he heard. The king's son wanted to climb up to her and looked for a door to the tower, but none was to be found.

He rode home but his thoughts were haunted by Rapunzel's sweet song, and he returned again and again to the forest to listen to it.

Once, when he was hidden behind a tree, he saw a witch come to the tower and call out:

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel,
Let down your hair."

Then Rapunzel lowered her hair and the witch climbed up to her. "If that is the ladder one must climb, I too shall try it," he said to himself. And the next day, when it began to grow dark, he went to the tower and cried:

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel,
Let down your hair."

At once the hair was lowered and the king's son climbed up on it.

Rapunzel was terrified, for she had never seen a man, but the king's son spoke to her gently and told her how beautiful her song had been. Then she lost her fear, and when he asked if she would have him for her husband, she agreed. She could see that he was young and handsome and she thought that he was kind. "He will love me better than old Mother Gothel does," she said to herself, and she laid her hand in his.

"I will gladly go with you," she told him. "But I do not know how I am to get down from this tower. I'll tell you what. When you come each evening, you must bring me a skein of silk to twist into a ladder. As soon as it is long enough I will come down upon it and we will ride away on your horse."

The witch knew nothing until one day Rapunzel said to her, "Tell me, Mother Gothel, why is it you are so much heavier to draw up than the young prince?"

"Oh, you wicked child!" cried the witch. "I thought I had separated you from all the world and yet you have deceived me." In her rage she seized Rapunzel's beautiful hair, twisted it twice round her left hand, and cut it off with a pair of shears. When the hair lay upon the ground, she took poor Rapunzel into a vast wilderness and abandoned her there.

In the evening the witch returned to the tower and fastened the hair onto a hook by the window. She waited until the prince came and called:

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel,
Let down your hair."

And then she lowered it. The prince climbed up, and there, crouched beneath the window, was the witch, who glared at him with rage and wickedness.

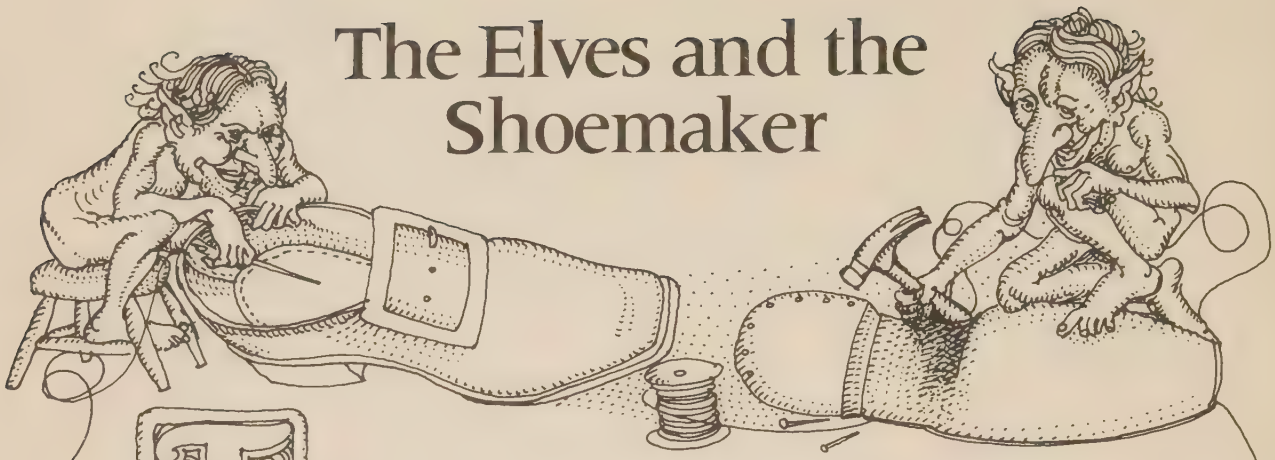
"Ah," she cried mockingly, "you have come to fetch your love. But the pretty bird has flown from her nest and she can sing no more. Rapunzel is lost to you. Never shall you see her again."

In his pain and grief the prince leaped from the tower, and though he was not killed, his eyes were pierced by the thorns among which he fell. Weeping and lamenting, he roamed about blindly in the forest and had nothing but roots and berries to eat. After many years of wandering alone he at last came into the wilderness where Rapunzel lived in poverty and wretchedness.

The prince heard a clear, sweet voice and it seemed so familiar to him that he went toward it. Rapunzel knew him at once and fell weeping upon his neck. Two of her tears wetted his eyes and they grew clear again so he could see all that was before him.

Then he took Rapunzel back to his kingdom, where they were greeted with great rejoicing, and they lived for a long time afterward in happiness and peace.

The Elves and the Shoemaker



THERE WAS ONCE a shoemaker who became poorer and poorer as the years went by. At last he had leather enough only for one pair of shoes. In the evening he cut out the pattern and then he went to sleep.

The next morning he took up a needle and thread, meaning to sew the shoes. But there they stood, neatly sewn and finished on his table. The shoemaker could not believe his eyes. Not a stitch was out of place and the work was better than any he had ever seen.

As he held the shoes, marveling at them, a customer entered the shop. He was so pleased with the shoes that he paid far more than the ordinary price, and the shoemaker was able to buy leather for two pairs more.

He cut them out in the evening, and the next morning prepared to begin work. But there was no need for it because the shoes had already been made and were as well stitched and handsome as the other pair. The first two customers who came into his shop bought them for a good price. And this time the shoemaker was able to buy leather enough for four pairs.

Early the next morning the four pairs of shoes were finished as before. And so it went. What the shoemaker cut out at night was finished in the morning, and customers were never lacking. Soon the shoemaker became a wealthy man.

Always he wondered about the skill of the work, and one evening not long before Christmas he said to his wife, "How would it be if we were to sit up tonight to see who has been helping us these many months?"

She agreed at once and so they did not go to bed, but lit a candle and hid themselves in a corner of the room. Just at midnight two tiny little men came and sat down at the shoemaker's table. They wore no clothes and said not a single word, but immediately began to work. They stitched and hammered and sewed so neatly and quickly that the shoemaker was amazed. As soon as everything was finished and stood upon the table, they ran quickly away.

"The little men have made us rich and I think we ought to thank them," said the shoemaker's wife in the morning. "They ran about with nothing on and must freeze with cold. Now I shall sew them tiny shirts and pants and coats and knit them caps and socks. And you must make them each a pair of shoes."

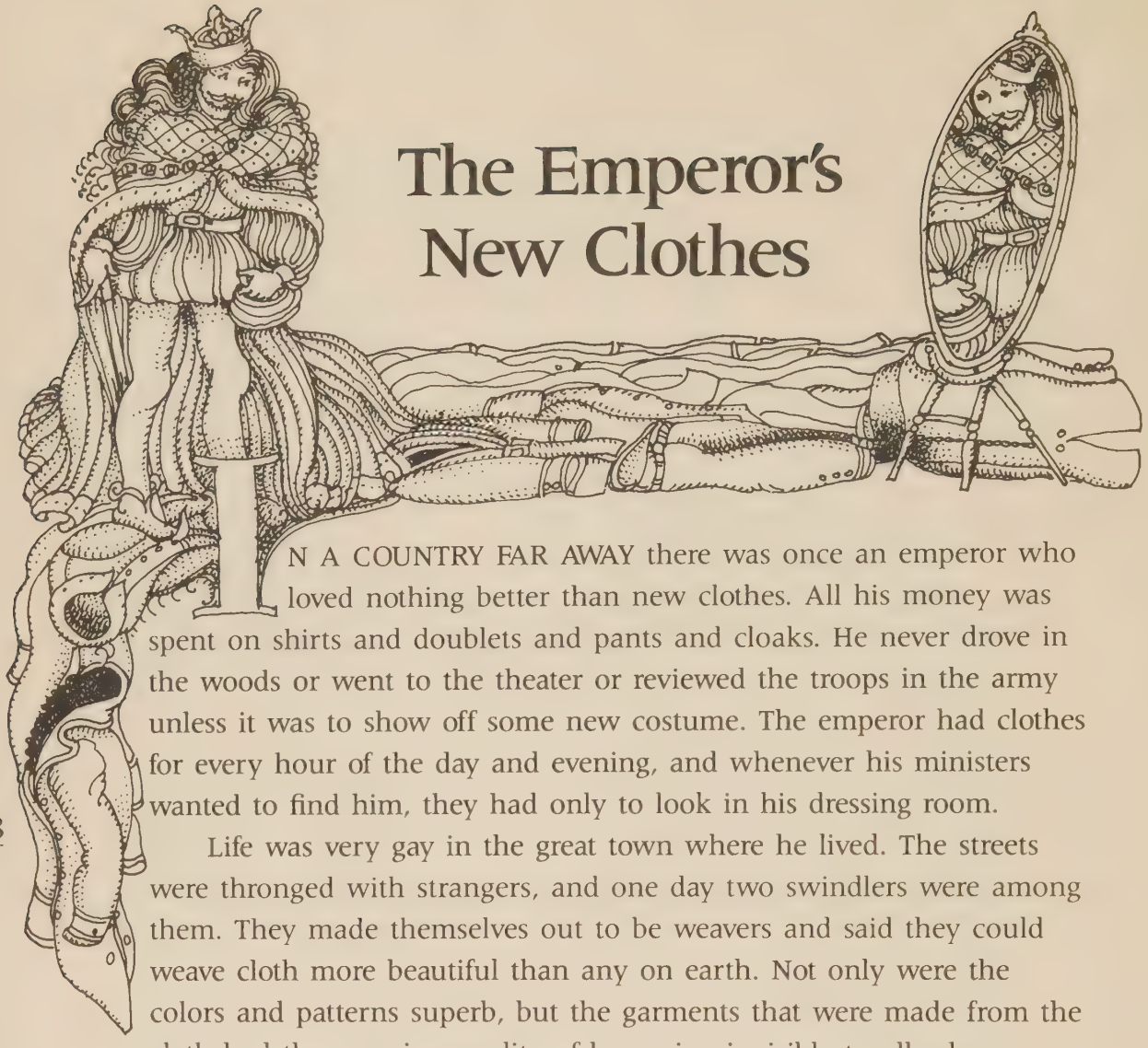
The shoemaker and his wife worked hard all day and had everything ready by evening. Then they hid themselves to see how the little men would receive their presents.

At midnight the two came back into the room and sat down at the table. But instead of leather cut out and waiting, they found the wonderful little clothes.

First the little men were surprised and then they were delighted. They put on the shirts and pants, the coats and socks and caps, and they buckled the tiny shoes upon their feet. When they were done they ran their hands up and down the pretty clothes and admired each other, singing:

"Now that we're boys so fine and neat,
Why cobble more for others' feet?"

They hopped and danced about the shoemaker's shop, leaping over chairs and tables and then out the door. From this night on the two little men came back no more, but the shoemaker continued to do well as long as he lived and had good luck in all he attempted.



The Emperor's New Clothes

IN A COUNTRY FAR AWAY there was once an emperor who loved nothing better than new clothes. All his money was spent on shirts and doublets and pants and cloaks. He never drove in the woods or went to the theater or reviewed the troops in the army unless it was to show off some new costume. The emperor had clothes for every hour of the day and evening, and whenever his ministers wanted to find him, they had only to look in his dressing room.

Life was very gay in the great town where he lived. The streets were thronged with strangers, and one day two swindlers were among them. They made themselves out to be weavers and said they could weave cloth more beautiful than any on earth. Not only were the colors and patterns superb, but the garments that were made from the cloth had the amazing quality of becoming invisible to all who were dull and incompetent. Or so the swindlers claimed.

"Those must be wonderful clothes," thought the emperor when he heard the story. "By wearing them I shall be able to tell wise men from fools and learn who among my people deserves my trust. Yes, I must have some of that cloth woven for me at once." And he gave the two swindlers large sums of money so they could begin work.

Quickly they set up two looms and pretended to weave, yet the shuttles were as empty as air. They demanded the finest silk and the purest gold thread, then they packed it away in their bags and worked upon the empty looms far into the night.

After a time the emperor was eager to discover how the weavers were getting on with the cloth. But remembering that anyone who was a fool would not be able to see it, he became reluctant to go into

the room himself. "Of course I have no fears about my own competence," he thought. "But still it may be best to send some other man. My oldest minister is the one for the task. He is clever and will be able to judge the quality of the cloth at once."

And so the old minister went to find the weavers. There they sat before their empty looms, working the invisible thread as though it were real. "How can this be?" thought the man, opening his eyes very wide. "I see nothing, nothing at all."

The swindlers stood up then and asked him how he liked the unusual design and the beautiful colors. They pointed to the empty looms and the minister stared as hard as he could, but he could see nothing, for there was nothing. "Could it mean that I am stupid?" he thought fearfully. "I have never thought so, but who can be certain? Nobody must be allowed to know that I cannot see the cloth."

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked one of the weavers.

"Oh, it is beautiful. Most exquisite. I shall certainly tell the emperor how pleased I am," said the minister.

Then the weavers drew him closer to the empty looms. They named the different colors and described the pattern, and the minister listened closely so that he could repeat it all to the emperor.

Now the weavers demanded more money and more silk for their work, but again they put it into their own pockets and went on weaving at the empty looms.

A short time later the emperor sent another minister to learn how the cloth was getting on and if it would soon be ready. The man looked and looked but he could see only the empty looms. He blinked once and then again and still he saw nothing. "I know I am not a fool," he thought. "So it must mean I am unfit for my position. I must never let on that I cannot see the cloth." And he went back to the emperor and praised the beautiful colors and the design he had never seen. Soon everyone in the town was talking about the splendid cloth.

At last the emperor could wait no longer and decided to see it for himself. Accompanied by a large number of servants and his two faithful ministers, he went into the room where the weavers were working. They moved their hands fast across the looms, yet there was not a strand of silk upon them.

"Is the cloth not magnificent, Your Majesty?" asked the two ministers. "Surely you will agree with all our praise of it." And they pointed to the empty looms, for each thought the others could see the cloth.

The emperor was struck with horror. "What!" he thought. "I see nothing! This is terrible. Am I a fool? Am I unfit to be emperor?" But knowing that the others were awaiting his response, he nodded and smiled and clapped his hands together. "Perfectly wonderful! Superb!" he said, gazing at the empty loom.

"Perfectly wonderful! Superb!" the servants echoed, though they saw no more than the others.

The very next day there was to be a great procession, and everyone agreed that the emperor must lead it dressed in garments sewn from the wonderful cloth. Then the emperor gave each of the weavers a decoration for his buttonhole and the title of Knight of the Loom.

The night before the procession the weavers sat up until dawn, burning sixteen candles so that people would see how hard they were working to get the emperor's new clothes ready. They pretended to take the cloth off the loom. Then they cut it out in the air with a huge pair of shears and stitched it together using needles without any thread. "Now the emperor's new clothes are ready," they announced.

When the emperor went into the room with his ministers and servants, both of the weavers raised one arm in the air as if they were holding something very precious. "These are the pants; this is the coat; here is the mantle," they said. "As you can see, the cloth is as light and delicate as a spider's web. One might almost think one had nothing on, but that is the very beauty of it."

"Yes, oh yes!" everyone cried, staring harder than ever at nothing.

"Please, Your Majesty, you must take off your clothes so we may put the new ones on here before the mirror," the weavers said.

"Of course. Quite so," said the emperor and he took off all his clothes. Then the weavers pretended to fasten something around his waist and tie something else around his neck, and finally they ran their hands along the floor as if they were arranging the train.

Everyone praised the emperor's appearance even though he was wearing nothing. "How well His Majesty looks in the new clothes!" they said. "What a beautiful coat and mantle!"

"The canopy that will be held over Your Majesty is here. The procession is about to begin!" the oldest minister cried.

The emperor turned round and round in front of the mirror as if admiring his reflection. "Very well, I am ready," he announced. He walked with dignity from the weavers' room, and the chamberlains who were to carry the train pretended to lift it from the ground and hold it with their hands in the air.

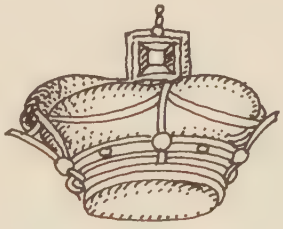
Then the emperor walked at the head of the procession under the beautiful canopy, and everyone in the streets cried, "Look at the emperor's new clothes. Are they not the most wonderful he has ever worn?" They did not dare admit they could see nothing for fear they would be called fools. Never before had the emperor's clothes been so much admired.

"But he has got nothing on," said a little child.

"Oh, listen to the innocent," said the father. And one person whispered to another what the child had said. "He has nothing on. A child says he has nothing on!"

"But he has nothing on!" all the people cried at last.

The emperor felt a shudder go through him, for he knew at once that it was true, but he had to continue to lead the procession. And so he walked on beneath the canopy, and the chamberlains held up the invisible train.



Timimoto

ONCE UPON A TIME in Japan there lived an old man and an old woman. They were very lonely because they had no children. One day the old woman said to her husband, "I wish we had a child. I would like a little boy, even if he is no bigger than my finger."

That day as the old woman went to fetch water, she heard crying by the side of the path. She looked in the grass and there lay a tiny baby, only one inch long, wrapped in a red handkerchief.

The old woman was overjoyed. She took the baby home and showed him to her husband. "My wish has come true," she said. "Now we will never be lonely again." They named the baby Timimoto.

Timimoto grew up, but not very much. When he was five years old, he was as tall as his mother's thumb. At fifteen, he was only as tall as his mother's middle finger.

One morning Timimoto said, "I am going on a journey to see the world. Do not worry about me, for I will return safely." His parents were sad, but they did not want to stop him. They knew he would not be happy unless they let him go. "You will need a sword," said his mother. She took a sewing needle, slid it into a piece of straw, and tied it to his belt. "Use this to defend yourself against danger," she said.

His father got a rice bowl from the cupboard and carried it down to the river. He gave a chopstick to his son and said, "Now you have a boat and a paddle." Timimoto climbed into his boat and paddled happily down the river. His parents waved until he disappeared behind a bend.

Suddenly Timimoto felt something slap him across his back. Turning quickly, he saw a huge green frog behind his boat. The frog's long tongue lashed out at him again.

Timimoto ducked. He pushed the chopstick as hard as he could against the giant frog's jaw. The frog tumbled over in the water and dived out of sight. Timimoto turned his boat and paddled across the river.

Near the other shore the wind blew stronger. The waves got higher and higher. One wave broke over the bowl and almost turned it upside-down. Timimoto paddled as hard as he could toward the shore. It was getting late, and he did not want to spend the night on the water.

Just ahead he saw a dock. Beyond the dock was a town. He tied up his little boat and climbed onto the dock. The dock was crowded with people rushing to town. Timimoto walked along the dock with them, taking care to stay out of the way of their huge feet.

At the end of the dock, Timimoto could see a road crowded with carts, all going to town. To keep from being run over, Timimoto climbed up onto the wheel of a cart and rode there. When the cart stopped he hopped down. "Thank you," he called up to the driver.

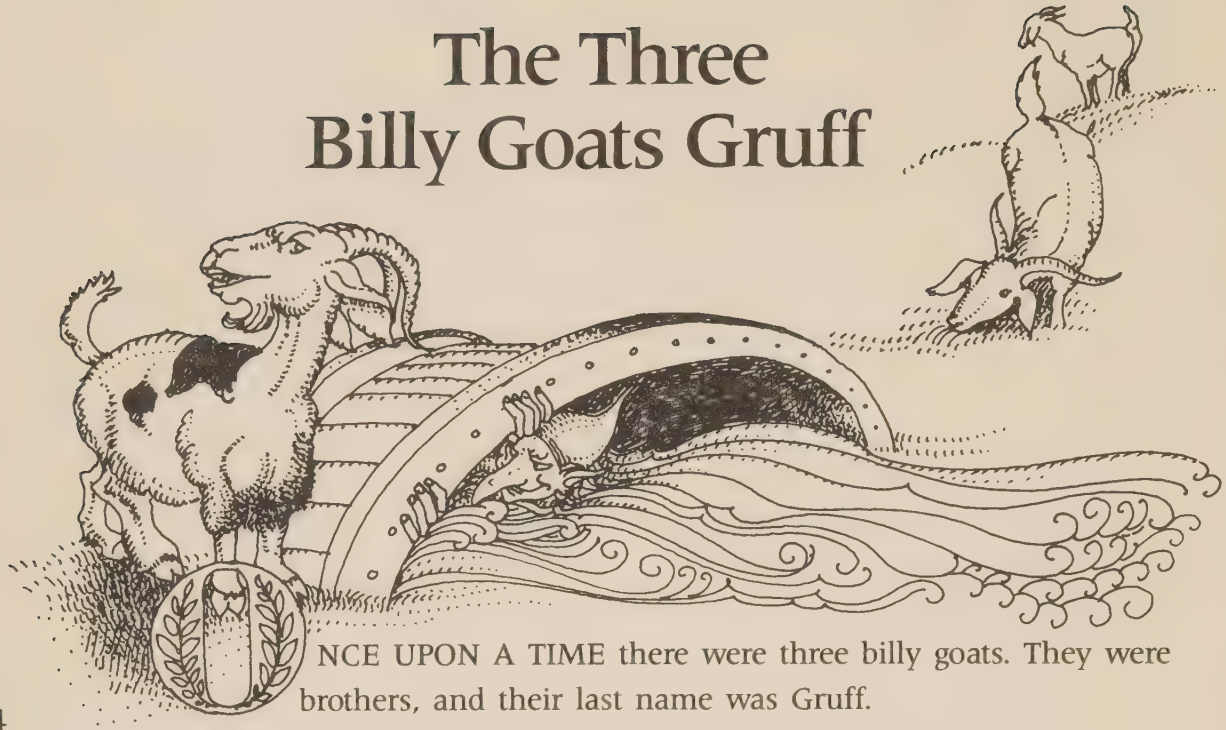
The driver looked all around, then he looked down by his feet. "Ho, little one, you must be new in town," he said. "Don't you know that a terrible giant comes out when the sun sets?" The driver hurried away, and Timimoto saw that all the people were going into their houses.

Soon the streets were empty. The sun went down. Timimoto heard the earth rumble. He looked up and saw a huge giant with red eyes and sharp teeth standing over him. Strong fingers closed around him and lifted him into the air.

"AH-HA! A tender little morsel!" roared the giant. He popped Timimoto into his mouth. Timimoto drew his sword and stabbed the giant's tongue. "AGGGGH!" screamed the giant, and Timimoto leaped from his open mouth to the ground.

The giant ran screaming into the forest. Timimoto heard cheering all around him. People poured from their houses into the street. "You have defeated the giant!" they shouted. All night long they feasted and danced in his honor. When the sun came up everyone went down to the dock. Timimoto untied his little boat, climbed in, and headed home.

The Three Billy Goats Gruff



ONCE UPON A TIME there were three billy goats. They were brothers, and their last name was Gruff.

They lived by the side of a river. Across the river was a pasture of sweet green grass. There was a bridge across the river, but the billy goats had never crossed the bridge.

Under the bridge lived an ugly troll. He had eyes as big as saucers and a nose as long as a poker.

One day, the littlest billy goat decided to cross the bridge. "Trip, trap. Trip, trap," went his hoofs on the bridge.

"WHO'S THAT GOING OVER MY BRIDGE?" roared the troll.

"It is only I, the littlest billy goat Gruff," said the small billy goat, in his very small voice.

"I'm coming to eat you up," said the troll.

The littlest billy goat thought quickly. "Oh, don't do that," he said. "My brother is coming after me. He is bigger than I am."

"A bigger billy goat is a bigger meal," said the troll. "Be off with you!" So the littlest billy goat went on across the bridge. He began to eat the sweet green grass.

Then the middle-sized billy goat decided to cross the bridge.

"TRIP, TRAP. TRIP, TRAP," went his hoofs on the bridge.

"WHO'S THAT GOING OVER MY BRIDGE?" roared the troll.

"It is only I, the middle-sized billy goat Gruff," said the billy goat. His voice was louder than his brother's. "I'm coming to eat you up," said the troll.

"Don't do that," said the middle-sized billy goat. "My brother is coming after me. He is even bigger than I am."

"A bigger billy goat is a bigger meal," said the troll. "Be off with you!" So the middle-sized billy goat went on across the bridge to eat sweet grass with his brother.

Then up came the big billy goat. "TRIP, TRAP. TRIP, TRAP," went his hoofs on the bridge.

"WHO'S THAT GOING OVER MY BRIDGE?" roared the troll.

"IT IS I, THE BIG BILLY GOAT GRUFF," said the big billy goat. His voice was as loud as the troll's.

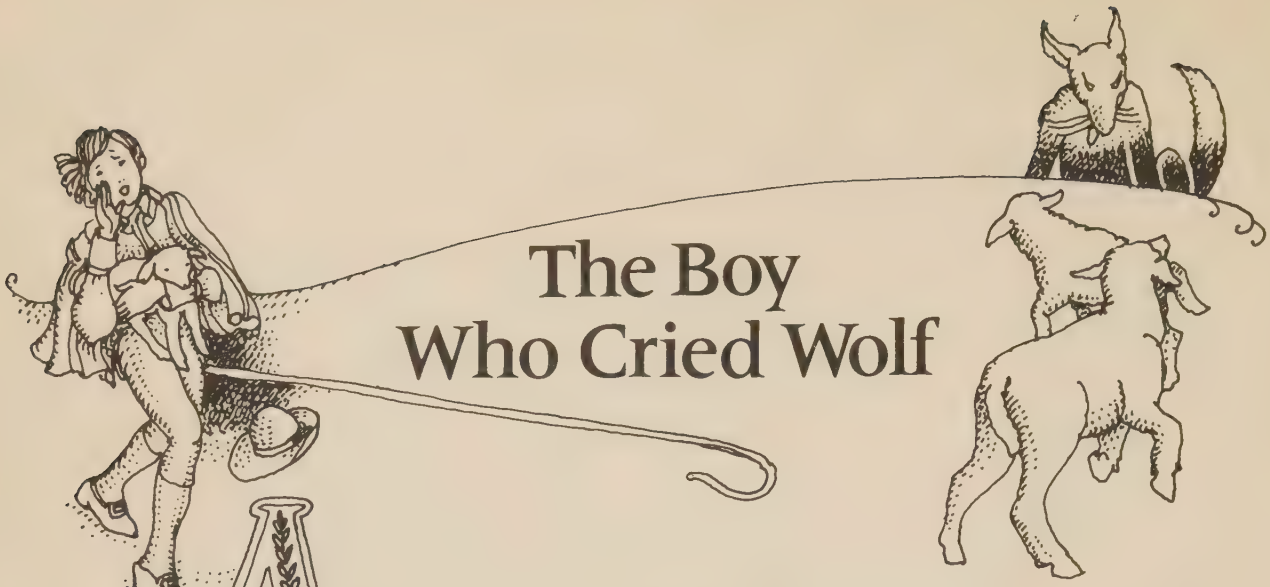
"I'm coming to eat you up," said the troll.

"Come on," said the big billy goat. "I'm not afraid of you." The troll climbed onto the bridge.

But the big billy goat was ready. First he trampled the troll with his hard hoofs. Then he butted the troll into the river. That was the end of the troll.

Then the big billy goat went on over the bridge to eat grass with his brothers. They all got so fat they could hardly walk home again.

So snip, snap, snout,
This tale's told out.



The Boy Who Cried Wolf

A YOUNG SHEPHERD BOY pastured his sheep beside a deep, dark forest. It was a pleasant enough job. He could sit on a rock and play his pipe. He could lie on his back and watch the white clouds sailing while the sheep grazed around him. But it was too quiet and peaceful for him. He wanted excitement. So one day he decided to play a trick.

"Wolf! Wolf!" he shouted in his loudest voice.

In the still air his cry carried far. The farmers working in the fields heard him. "A Wolf is after our sheep!" they called out to one another. One seized a pitchfork, another an ax, a third his spade. And they ran to the meadow to kill the Wolf.

But when they got there, no Wolf was to be seen. The sheep were quietly grazing, and the Shepherd Boy was dancing around in glee. "I fooled you! I fooled every one of you!" he shouted.

A few days later the Shepherd Boy played the same trick. And once more the farmers came running for nothing.

But the very next day a Wolf really did come out of the forest and fall on the sheep.

"Wolf! Wolf!" the Shepherd Boy shouted at the top of his lungs. Again and again he called, "Wolf! Wolf!" The sound rolled down to the busy farmers in their fields.

But no one came to his help. "He is playing his tricks on us again," the farmers said and kept on working.

So the Wolf feasted well that day and killed many sheep.

A liar will not be believed even when he tells the truth.

The Clever Turtle

WHEET-WEEDLE-WHOO, wheet-weedle-whoo, wheet-wheet-wheet-whoo. Every day, Turtle sat by the Amazon River and played her flute. All the birds and animals loved to listen to her play.

One day, a man walking through the forest heard her beautiful music. Wheet-weedle-whoo, wheet-weedle-who, wheet-wheet-wheet-whoo.

He stopped to listen. When he saw that a turtle was playing the flute, he thought about dinner.

"Turtle soup would be a treat tonight," he thought. So he picked Turtle up and carried her home.

He put Turtle into a cage made of branches and closed the lid. "Don't let the turtle out of the cage," he said to his children. "Tonight we will have turtle soup." Then the father picked up his hoe and went to work in the garden. The children played in the yard.

Turtle did not want to be made into soup. She started to play her flute. Wheet-weedle-whoo, wheet-weedle-whoo, wheet-wheet-wheet-whoo. The children stopped their game and listened.

"Turtle is playing the flute!" they shouted.

"I can dance as well as I can play," called Turtle. "I can even play and dance at the same time. If you open the lid you can watch me." The children opened the lid, and Turtle started to dance.

Wheet-weedle-whoo. Crash-bam. Wheet-weedle-whoo. Crash-bam. Turtle's shell banged against the sides of the cage as she danced.

The children laughed and clapped.

Turtle danced for a while, then she stopped. "I am stiff from dancing in this little cage," she said. "I need to stretch my legs. Let me go for a short walk. Then I will dance some more for you."

The children wanted to see Turtle dance again. They lifted Turtle out of the cage. "Don't go far," they said. Turtle walked around and around the yard. She walked closer and closer to the forest. Then she crawled under some leaves and disappeared.

The children looked and looked for Turtle. "Turtle! Turtle!" they called. But there was no answer. "Father will be angry," they said. "What can we do now?"

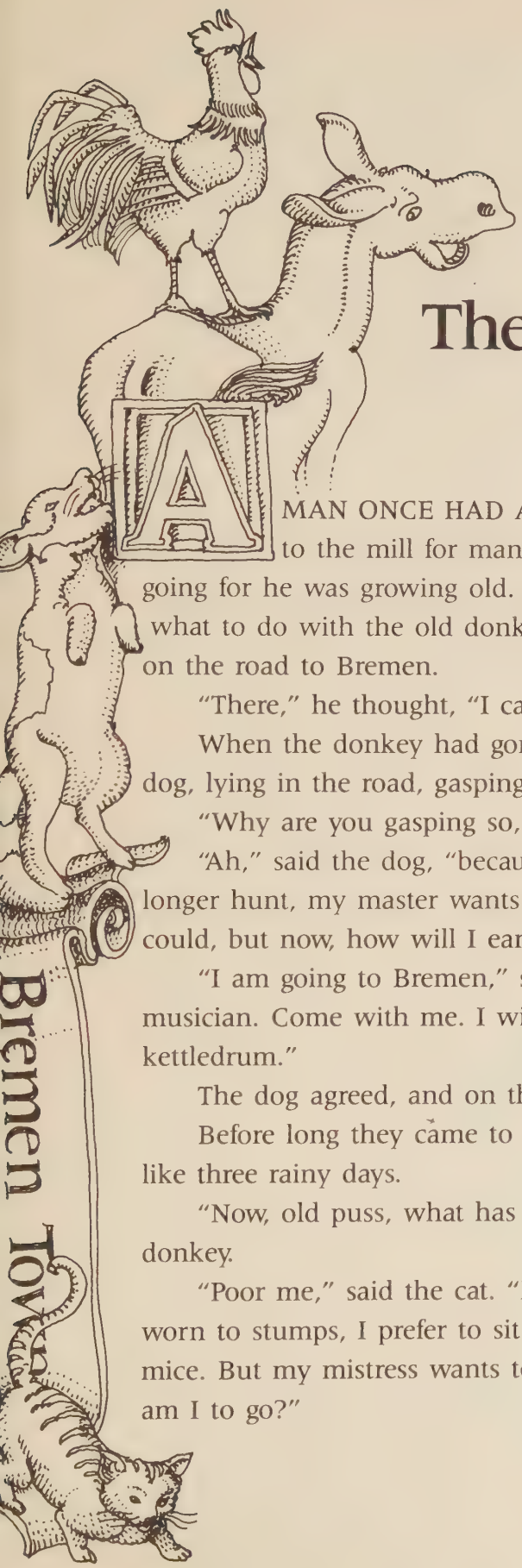
The children found a big, smooth stone and painted it to look like a turtle. Then they put the painted stone in Turtle's cage. "It is dark in the cage," they said. "Father will think that the turtle is still in there."

When the father came home, he lit a fire and put some water in a pot. "Bring me the turtle," he said. The children brought the painted stone and threw it into the pot. CRASH! "The shell is hard," said the father. "But the meat will be soft when it is cooked."

After some time, the father decided the soup must be ready. He spooned the painted stone out of the pot. The stone fell onto his dish and broke it.

The father looked at the silent children. "You let the turtle go," he said. "Now we have nothing to eat tonight. But tomorrow is another day. In the morning I will try to find the turtle."

The next day the father walked into the forest. He looked and looked for Turtle. Then he got tired and went home. Do you think he ever found Turtle again?



The Bremen Town Musicians

A MAN ONCE HAD A DONKEY who had carried his wheat to the mill for many a year, but the donkey's strength was going for he was growing old. Then his master began to think about what to do with the old donkey, but the donkey ran away and set out on the road to Bremen.

"There," he thought, "I can surely be town musician."

When the donkey had gone some distance, he came to an old dog, lying in the road, gasping.

"Why are you gasping so, you big fellow?" asked the donkey.

"Ah," said the dog, "because I am old and weak and can no longer hunt, my master wants to kill me. So I ran away as fast as I could, but now, how will I earn my keep?"

"I am going to Bremen," said the donkey. "There I shall be town musician. Come with me. I will play the lute, and you shall beat the kettledrum."

The dog agreed, and on they went.

Before long they came to a cat, sitting in the path, with a face like three rainy days.

"Now, old puss, what has gone askew with you?" asked the donkey.

"Poor me," said the cat. "Because I am now old and my teeth are worn to stumps, I prefer to sit by the fire rather than hunt rats and mice. But my mistress wants to drown me, so I ran away. But where am I to go?"

"Come with us to Bremen," said the donkey. "You understand night music, so you can be a town musician."

The cat thought well of it, and went with them. Then the three passed a farm where a cock was crowing with all his might.

"Your crow goes through my heart," said the donkey. "What is the matter?"

"Oh, I have crowed up the sun for many mornings of many years, but now guests are coming on Sunday, and the cook intends to put me in the soup tomorrow. So I crow while still I can."

"Ah, but Old Red-Comb," said the donkey, "you had better come away with us. We are going to Bremen to be town musicians, and you with your good voice can make fine music with us."

The cock agreed and all four went on together. They could not reach Bremen in one day, however, and in the evening they came to a forest. Far off through the trees they saw a little light shining, and they thought there must be a house in the forest.

The dog said, "A few bones with some meat on them would do me good."

So they made their way through the forest until they came to a snug little house, which was well lighted. The donkey, being biggest, looked in the window. What did he see but a table covered with good things to eat and drink and four robbers sitting there enjoying themselves. For the musicians had come upon a robbers' house.

"If only we were in there!" said the donkey.

So the animals thought of a plan to drive away the robbers. The donkey placed himself with his forefeet upon the windowsill, the dog jumped on the donkey's back, the cat climbed upon the dog, and the cock flew up and perched on the head of the cat.

And then they began to perform their music together. The donkey brayed. The dog barked. The cat miaowed, and the cock crowed so loud it broke the window glass. And the robbers jumped up in fright and ran away.

The four musicians sat down at the table and ate and drank all the good things that were left.

As soon as they finished, the four musicians put out the light and found places to sleep. The donkey lay down on some straw in the

yard. The dog lay down at the back door. The cat sat by the dying fire, and the cock perched high on a beam of the roof.

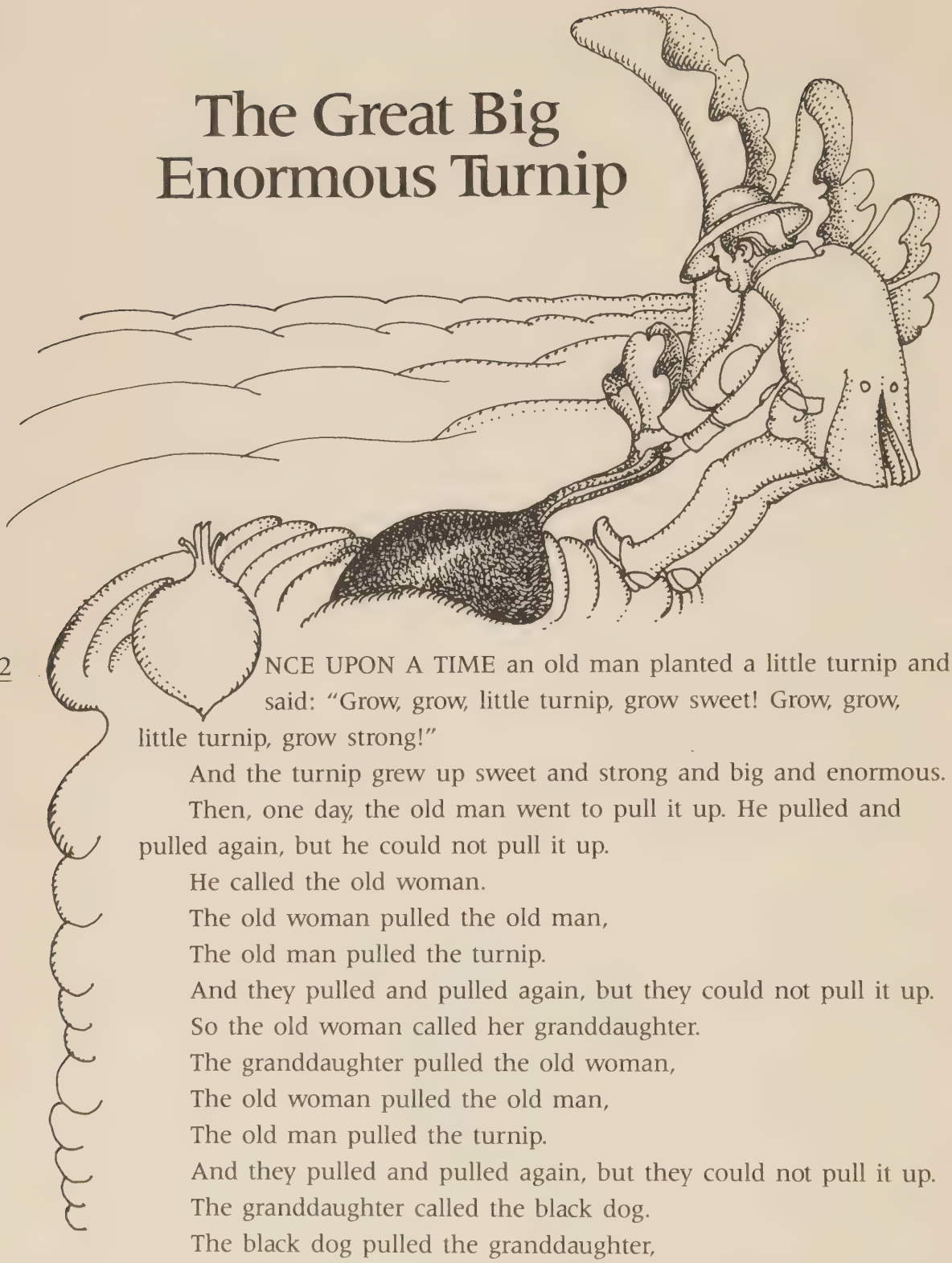
When the robbers saw that the light was out in their house and all was quiet, one said, "We shouldn't have been so frightened," and he went back to examine the house.

The robber entered the house and went to light a candle. He mistook the glistening, fiery eyes of the cat for live coals, and held a match to them to light it. But the cat flew in his face, spitting and scratching. The robber was dreadfully frightened and ran to the back door, but the dog jumped up and bit his leg. As soon as he ran across the yard, the donkey gave him a good kick. And the cock began to crow, "Cock-a-doddle-doo!"

The robber ran back into the forest as fast as he could and said to the others, "Oh, there is a horrible witch sitting in our house who spat on me and scratched my face with her long claws. By the back door stands a man with a knife who stabbed me in the leg. In the yard there lies a huge monster who beat me with a club, and above the roof there sits the judge who called out, 'Cook him in the stew!' So I got away as well as I could."

After this the robbers never again dared enter the house. But it suited the Bremen town musicians so well that they did not want to leave it. So there they stayed, in comfort and friendship, in the snug little cottage for the rest of their days.

The Great Big Enormous Turnip



ONCE UPON A TIME an old man planted a little turnip and said: "Grow, grow, little turnip, grow sweet! Grow, grow, little turnip, grow strong!"

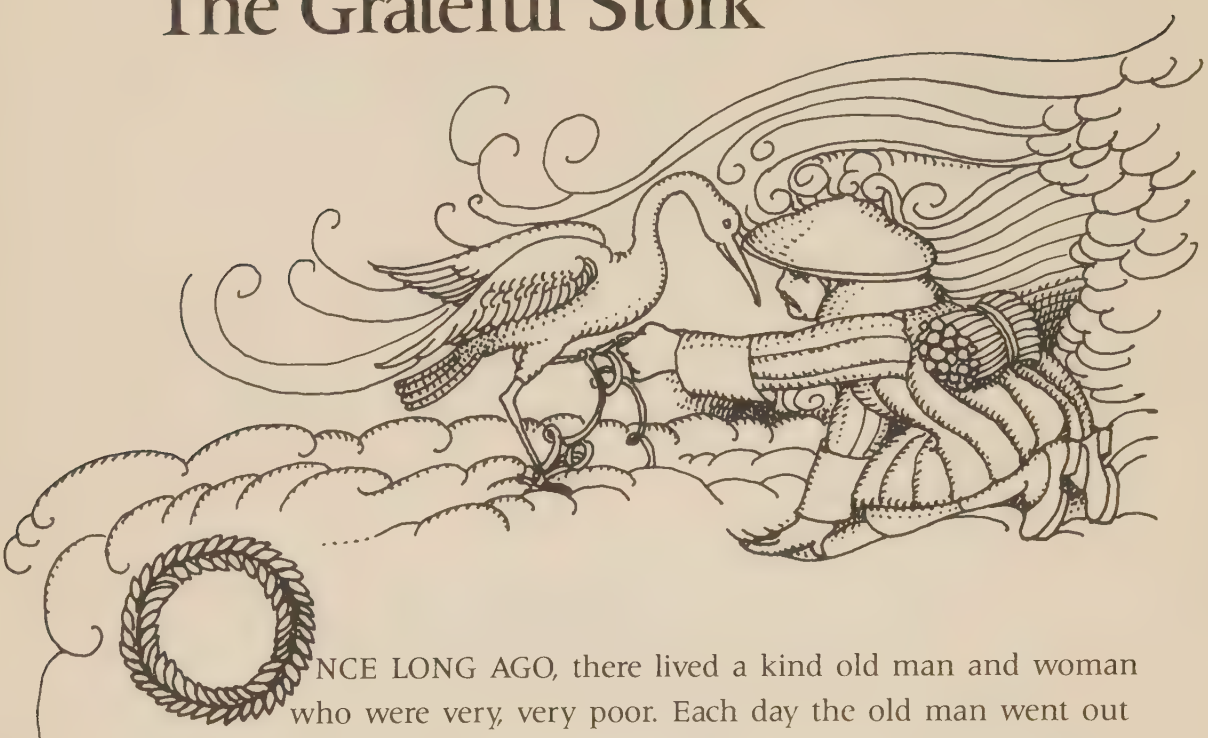
And the turnip grew up sweet and strong and big and enormous.

Then, one day, the old man went to pull it up. He pulled and pulled again, but he could not pull it up.

He called the old woman.
The old woman pulled the old man,
The old man pulled the turnip.
And they pulled and pulled again, but they could not pull it up.
So the old woman called her granddaughter.
The granddaughter pulled the old woman,
The old woman pulled the old man,
The old man pulled the turnip.
And they pulled and pulled again, but they could not pull it up.
The granddaughter called the black dog.
The black dog pulled the granddaughter,
The granddaughter pulled the old woman,

The old woman pulled the old man,
The old man pulled the turnip.
And they pulled and pulled again, but they could not pull it up.
The black dog called the cat.
The cat pulled the dog,
The dog pulled the granddaughter,
The granddaughter pulled the old woman,
The old woman pulled the old man,
The old man pulled the turnip.
And they pulled and pulled again, but still they could not pull it up.
The cat called the mouse.
The mouse pulled the cat,
The cat pulled the dog,
The dog pulled the granddaughter,
The granddaughter pulled the old woman,
The old woman pulled the old man,
The old man pulled the turnip.
They pulled and pulled again, and up came the turnip at last.

The Grateful Stork



ONCE LONG AGO, there lived a kind old man and woman who were very, very poor. Each day the old man went out to cut wood in the forest nearby, and then took bundles of kindling into town to sell. The old man went out even when snow fell or great icicles dangled from the roof, for if he didn't sell any wood, there would be no money for their food.

One cold, snowy day, the old man set out for the village as usual, with a bundle of kindling strapped to his back. Great soft snowflakes were swirling down from the gray sky, making shapeless white heaps everywhere.

"Ah, how nice it would be to be back home," the old man thought with a sigh. But he knew he could not turn back, and he trudged on down the snow-covered road, beating his hands to keep them warm.

Suddenly, he saw something strange in the middle of a field. Great white wings seemed to be fluttering and churning up a flurry of snow.

"What is this?" the old man thought, rubbing his eyes. "It looks like a little snowstorm in the middle of the field."

The old man moved closer, and saw that it was a beautiful white stork that had been caught in a trap. The bird fluttered wildly as it tried to get away, but the more it struggled, the tighter the rope around its leg became.

"Poor frightened bird," said the old man, and even though he was shivering from the cold and anxious to get to town, he stopped to help the stork.

"Here, here," he called gently. "Wait a minute. You're getting all tangled in the rope." And bending down, he loosened the rope around the stork's leg. "Let me untie you quickly, before someone comes along and wants to take you home."

When the rope was undone, the stork beat its great white wings and flew off into the sky. The old man heard it crying into the wind as it soared higher and higher. Then, it circled over the old man's head three times, and flew off toward the mountains.

"Good-bye, stork! Good luck!" the old man called, and he watched until it became a small black speck in the sky. Then, picking up his kindling, he hurried toward the village. It was bitterly cold, but inside the old man felt a warm happy glow. Somehow, the stork seemed to be a good omen, and he felt glad to have helped it get away.

He sold all his kindling in the village and then hurried home to tell the old woman how he had saved a stork that had been caught in a trap.

"You did a good thing, my husband," the old woman said, and the two old people thought of the stork flying home into the hills.

Outside, the snow still fell, piling up all along the sides of the house. "How good it is to be inside on a night like this," the old man said, as he heard the rice sputtering in the kitchen and smelled the good bean soup that bubbled in a pot beside it.

Just then, there was a soft rap-rap-rap at the door.

"Now who could be out on a cold night like this?" the old man thought. But before he could get to the door, he heard a gentle voice calling *"Gomen kudasai. . . .* Is anybody home?"

The old woman hurried to the door. "Who is it?" she called, as she slid open the wooden door. There she saw a white figure covered with snow.

"Come in, come in," the old woman urged. "You must be terribly cold."

"Thank you, yes. It is bitterly cold outside," the stranger said, and she came in shaking the snow from her shoulders. Then the old man and woman saw that she was a beautiful young girl of about seventeen. Her cheeks and her hands were red from the cold.

"Dear child, where are you going on such a terrible night?" they asked.

"I was going to visit some friends in the next village," the young girl explained. "But it is growing dark and I can no longer follow the road. Will you be good enough to let me sleep here just for tonight?"

"I wish we could help you," the old woman said sadly. "But, alas, we are very poor, and we have no quilts to offer you."

"Oh, but I am young," the girl answered. "I don't need any quilts."

"And we can offer you no more than a bowl of rice and soup for supper," the old man added.

But the young girl just shook her head and laughed. "I shall be happy to eat anything you are going to have," she said. "Please do not worry."

So the old man and woman welcomed the young girl into their home, saying, "Come in, come in. Get warm beside the *hibachi*."

But the young girl went instead to the kitchen where the old woman was preparing supper. "Let me help you," she said, and she worked carefully and quickly. When they had eaten, she got up and washed the dishes before the old woman could tell her to stop.

"You are indeed a good and kind child," the old man and woman said happily, and because they had no children, they wished they could keep her as their own child.

The next morning, the young girl awoke early, and when the old man and woman got up, they found the house swept and the rice bubbling over the charcoals. It was the first time the old woman had had breakfast made for her. "My, you are such a help to me!" she said over and over again.

After breakfast, they looked outside, but snow was still swirling down and had piled so high around the house, they couldn't even open the door.

"Will you let me stay another day?" the young girl asked.

The old man and woman nodded quickly. "Why, of course," they said. "Stay as long as you like. Since you have come, our house seems to be filled with the sunshine of spring."

Each morning, the three of them looked outside, but the roads were still filled with snow, and the young girl could not venture out. Before long, five days had gone by, and still she could not leave. Finally, on the morning of the sixth day, she came before the old man and woman and said, "I have something I would like to ask you."

"Anything, anything," they answered. "We will do anything you ask us to do, for we have come to love you as our own daughter."

Then, bending her head low, the young girl began to speak. "You see, my mother and father have just died. I was on my way to the next village to live with some relatives whom I do not even know. I would so much rather stay here with you. If you will let me be your daughter, I will work hard and be a good and faithful child."

When the old man and woman heard this, they could scarcely believe their good fortune, for they had prayed all these years for a child to comfort them in their old age. The good gods had surely heard their prayer to send them such a sweet and gentle child.

"You have made us happier than we can say," they answered to the young girl. "From this day on, we will love you and care for you as if you were our very own."

And so it was decided that the young girl would stay with them always.

One day, the young girl set up a small wooden loom in the corner of the room, and put a screen around it so no one could look in.

"I would like to weave something," she said to the old man. "Will you buy me some thread the next time you go to the village?"

So the old man bought all sorts of beautiful colored thread and gave it to the young girl.

"Now," she said, "I am going to weave something behind that screen, but no matter what happens, you must not look in while I am weaving."

The old man and woman nodded their heads. "All right, child," they said. "No matter what happens, we will not look behind the screen while you are weaving."

Soon, they could hear the sound of the girl working at the loom. "Click-clack . . . click-clack . . . swish . . . clickety-clack . . ." The young girl worked from morning till night, hardly taking time to eat her meals, and all day the sound of the loom filled the little house. For three days she worked behind the screen, and finally, on the night of the third day, she brought out a beautiful piece of cloth.

"Look, Ojii-san and Obaa-san," she said, holding up the cloth, "this is what I have been weaving behind the screen."

The old man and woman took the cloth beneath the lamp so they could see it more clearly. It was a beautiful piece of brocade with silver and white birds flying everywhere, their wings flecked with sunlight. The two old people stroked the cloth with their hands and gasped at the loveliness of it.

"It is beautiful!" they said over and over again.

"Will you take it to the village tomorrow and sell it for me?" the young girl asked the old man.

"Why, of course, of course," the old man answered, "although it seems almost too beautiful to sell to anyone."

"Never mind," the young girl said. "I want you to buy me more thread with the money you get for it, and I will soon weave you another one even more beautiful."

And so, early the next morning, the old man carried the piece of brocade to the village. "Brocade for sale!" he called, as he walked down the street. "I have a beautiful piece of brocade for sale!"

Just then, the wealthy lord who lived at the top of the hill was riding through the streets. He stopped the chair in which he was riding and leaned out the window.

"Say there, old man," he called. "Let's see the brocade you have for sale."

The old man unfolded the piece of cloth and held it up for the lord to see. The great lord stroked his chin and looked at it carefully. "Hmmmm," he said. "This is the finest piece of brocade I have seen in a long time. It glistens like a thousand snowflakes in the sun." Then he took out a bag full of gold and handed it to the old man. "Take this," he said. "Your piece of brocade is sold."

The old man hurried home with more thread and all sorts of wonderful presents and good things to eat.

"Look what I've brought home," he called happily, and he emptied all the gold coins still left in the sack. "What a happy day for us," he said, and he told the young girl how the lord had marveled over her beautiful cloth.

The very next morning, the young girl again went behind the screen and began to weave another piece of cloth. For three days the house was filled with the sound of the loom, and again, on the night of the third day, she finished another piece of brocade. The next morning, the old man went to the village and searched out the wealthy lord who lived at the top of the hill.

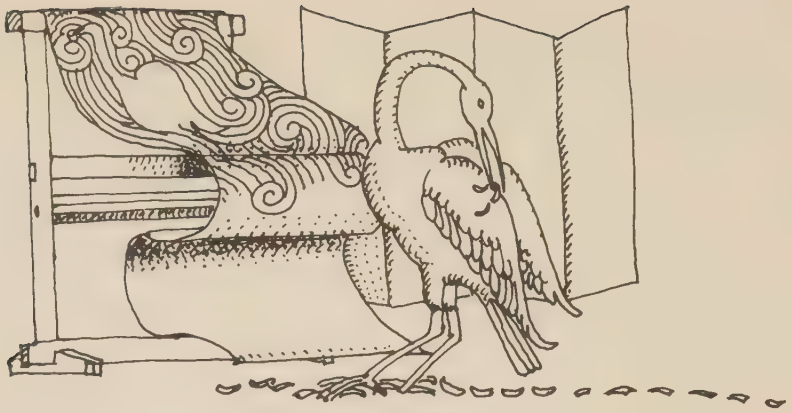
"I have another piece of brocade," the old man said, spreading out the second piece the girl had woven.

The lord looked at it carefully and exclaimed, "Why, this is even more beautiful than the last one." And without a moment's delay, he handed the old man an even bigger bag of gold.

The old man hurried home, laden with thread and gifts, and again they celebrated their good fortune with all kinds of good things to eat.

When the young girl went behind the screen for the third time to weave still another piece of brocade, the old woman could bear it no longer.

"I must take one little peek to see how she weaves that beautiful cloth," she said, and she got up to look behind the screen.



"But we promised," the old man warned. "We told her we wouldn't look, no matter what happened."

But the old woman wouldn't listen. "Just one look won't hurt," she said, and she stole silently to the corner of the room and looked behind the screen.

She could hardly believe her eyes when she looked, for instead of the young girl she expected to see, she saw a great white stork standing before the loom. It was plucking its own soft white feathers and weaving them into the cloth with its long beak. The old woman saw that the bird had already plucked more than half of its feathers to make the beautiful white cloth.

"Ojii-san! Ojii-san!" she cried, running back to the old man, and she told him what she had seen behind the screen.

The old man shook his head sadly. "I told you not to look," he said. And the two old people sat silently, wondering about the strange sight the old woman had seen.

That night, the young girl came out from behind the screen carrying another beautiful piece of brocade. She sat before the old man and woman and bowed low.

"Thank you for being so good and kind to me," she said. "I am the stork the old man once saved in the snowstorm. Do you remember how you freed me from the trap?" she asked.

The old man nodded and the girl went on. "I wanted to repay you for saving my life, and so I decided to become a young girl and bring good fortune to your lives. But now I can no longer stay, for this morning Obaa-san saw me in my true form, and now you know my disguise."

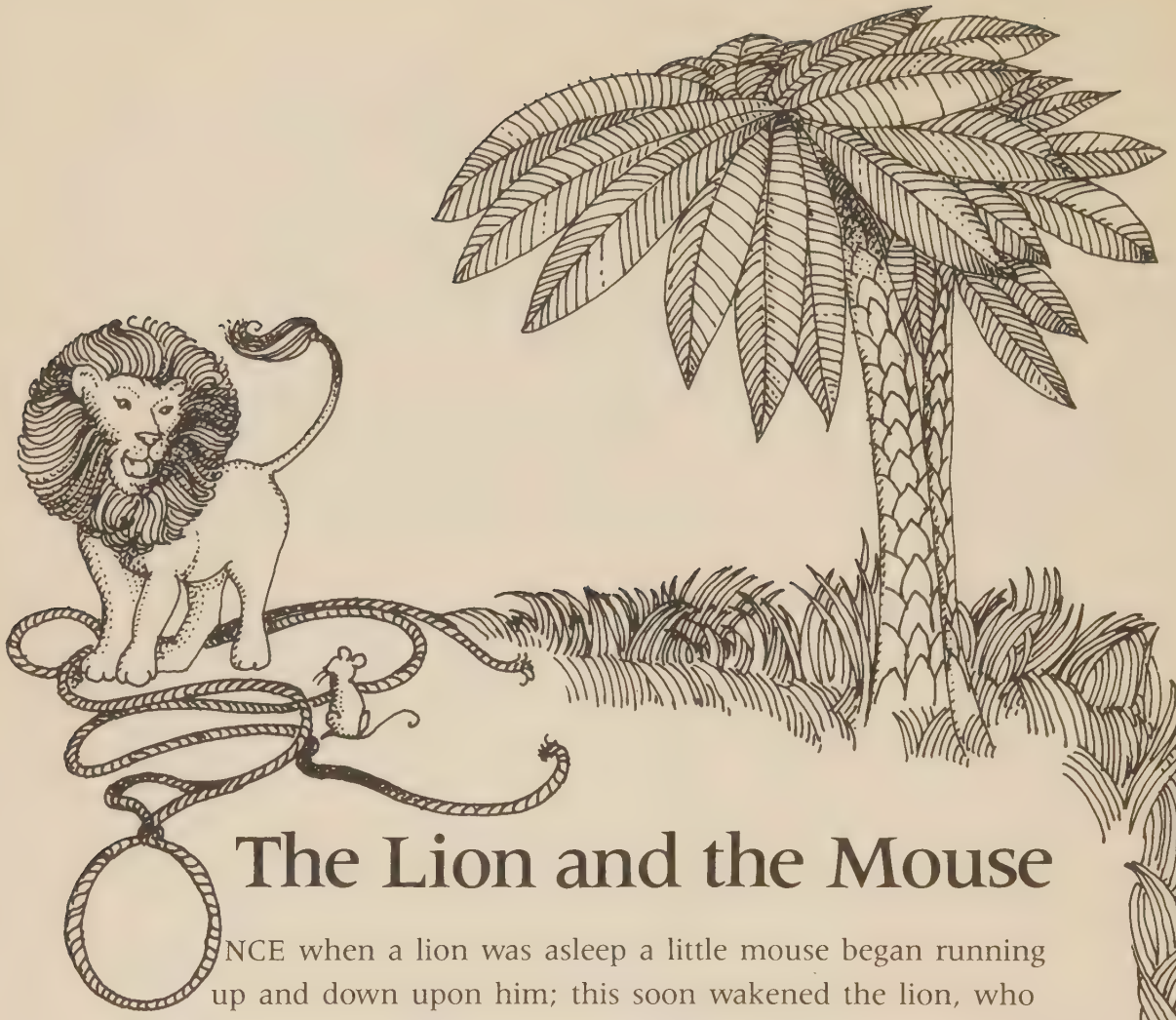
The old woman hung her head. "Please forgive me," she murmured. "I was so anxious to see how you wove your cloth, I broke my promise to you and am very much ashamed."

"Please don't leave," the old man begged, but the young girl shook her head.

"I cannot stay," she said. "But I leave knowing that you will never be hungry again. Good-bye, dear Ojii-san and Obaa-san."

Then she stepped outside and became once more a beautiful white bird. Glistening in the moonlight, she spread her wings out wide and flew high into the sky. Then, circling three times over the old man and woman, she soared off toward the stars and disappeared over the hills.

The old man and woman were lonely without the sweet young girl they had grown to love, but they remembered her always. And just as she had said, they were never poor or hungry again, and lived happily and comfortably ever after.



The Lion and the Mouse

ONCE when a lion was asleep a little mouse began running up and down upon him; this soon wakened the lion, who placed his huge paw upon him, and opened his big jaws to swallow him. "Pardon, O King," cried the little mouse; "forgive me this time, I shall never forget it. Who knows but what I may be able to do you a turn some of these days?" The lion was so tickled at the idea of the mouse being able to help him, that he lifted up his paw and let him go. Some time after, the lion was caught in a trap, and the hunters, who desired to carry him alive to the king, tied him to a tree while they went in search of a wagon to carry him on. Just then the little mouse happened to pass by, and seeing the sad plight in which the lion was, went up to him and soon gnawed away the ropes that bound the king of the beasts. "Was I not right?" said the little mouse.

Little friends may prove great friends.

Beauty and the Beast

A RICH MERCHANT in a far-off land had for many years been lucky in all his undertakings. His three daughters danced in jeweled ball gowns and his three sons rode Arabian steeds that moved like the wind.

Then one day for no reason the merchant suddenly lost everything. His house caught fire and burned to the ground, and all his ships at sea were sunk or plundered by pirates. Only a small country cottage remained to him, and the merchant was forced to move there with his children. The two older daughters grumbled continually, regretting the lost amusements of their past. But the youngest, who was called Beauty, tried her best to comfort her father and brothers.

After many months the merchant got news that one of his ships, which he believed was lost, had come safely into port. His children came to see him off on his journey to the harbor town, naming the presents he must buy them. But Beauty did not ask for anything. When her father pressed her, she said she only wished for his safe return. "But surely, Beauty, there is some small treasure I may bring you," he said.

"If you see a rose along the way, you might pick it for me," she answered. "It is my favorite flower and it does not grow near here."

Then the merchant set out and reached the town. He soon discovered that his companions, believing him dead, had divided all the goods between them. Thus he was forced to return home, poorer even than he had started.

The way led through a deep forest, and it was snowing so bitterly that his horse could hardly carry him farther. Just when the merchant was about to give up hope, he saw a track that opened into an avenue

lined with orange trees. To his surprise no snow had fallen there and the air smelled sweet and warm.

Soon the merchant came to a courtyard and then he went inside a vast castle. He passed through many splendid rooms but no one answered when he called out. The place seemed entirely empty and a deep silence was everywhere. At last he saw a small sitting room where a cheerful fire was blazing. A table was set with all manner of wines and meats, and as the merchant was very hungry, he lost no time in beginning the meal. Afterward he looked again for his host to thank him but, finding no one, he lay down upon a couch before the fire and fell fast asleep.

When he awoke he was refreshed and ready to continue his journey. Just as he was passing out of the courtyard, he saw a hedge of roses. Remembering Beauty's request, he stopped and gathered one to bring to her. But no sooner had he done so than a hideous beast appeared. His face was so ugly that the man could not bear to look at it.

The beast spoke in a terrible voice. "So this, then, is how you show your gratitude? Was it not enough that I allowed you in my castle and was kind to you?"

The merchant fell to his knees. "Oh, please, noble beast, do not take my life. I only picked the rose for my daughter, Beauty, who begged me to get her one."

On hearing this, the beast said gruffly, "I will forgive you only if you send one of your daughters to die in your stead. She must come willingly or else I will not have her. Now you may stay and rest in my castle until tomorrow."

Although the merchant found an excellent supper laid for him, he could not eat; nor could he sleep, although everything had been provided for his comfort. The next morning he set out again on a fine horse that the beast had left him.

When he came near his house his children came out to greet him. But seeing the sadness in his face and his eyes filled with tears, they asked what was the matter. He gave Beauty the rose and told her all that had happened. At once the two older sisters turned on Beauty. "It is your fault," they told her. "A rose indeed!"

"I shall go with Father," Beauty said. "We will keep his promise to the beast."

Her father and her brothers, who loved her, begged Beauty to change her mind, but nothing would sway her. Go she must, and so they set out the very next morning, riding together on the beast's horse. When they reached the avenue of orange trees, the statues were holding flaming torches and fireworks flared in the sky. The palace gates opened of themselves and Beauty and her father walked into a room where a delicious meal awaited them.

Hardly had they finished eating when they heard the beast's footsteps echoing on the marble floor. Beauty clung to her father in terror, but the beast spoke to them in a mild tone and inquired about their journey. "Have you come here willingly, Beauty, to die in place of your father?" he said at last.

"Yes, willingly, and I know that I must stay," she said, looking at his face and trying to keep her voice from trembling.

"That is good," the beast answered. "Your father may spend the night but must go home in the morning." He bowed and took his leave of them.

Beauty tried to comfort her father when they parted by saying that the beast did not seem very cruel. Perhaps he would relent and one day allow her to return home.

She watched him ride off and then walked up a curving stairway into a room with mirrors all around. On the door was written in golden letters "Beauty's Room," and in the mornings a clock awakened her by calling her name softly twelve times. She was alone all day but when she was having her supper the beast would draw the curtains and come in. He spoke to her so pleasantly that she soon lost much of her fear of him.

Each night just before he left, he turned toward her and said, "Am I very ugly?"

"Yes," replied Beauty, "but you are so kind to me that I no longer mind."

"Will you marry me then?" he asked.

"Pray do not ask me," said Beauty.

"Since you will not, then good night, Beauty." And the beast would go away.

The castle was full of galleries and apartments containing rare and precious things. In one room was a cage filled with exotic birds. In

another a troop of monkeys of all sizes came to meet her, making low bows. Beauty was enchanted with them and asked the beast if she might have one to keep her company. At once two young apes appeared and two small monkeys with them. They chattered and jumped all around her, making Beauty laugh.

Each night at suppertime the beast came to see her. Gradually she came to know him and liked him more and more. But to his question, "Beauty, will you marry me?" she always said, "No, Beast," very gently. And when she said these words, it seemed to her that he was sad and in some way disappointed with her.

Though Beauty had everything she could wish for and was content there, she never stopped missing her father and her brothers and sisters. At last one evening she begged the beast to let her go home.

"Ah, Beauty, will you desert an unhappy beast so easily? Very well, then. You shall visit your home but must promise to return in two months' time. You will not need any horse to carry you back. Only take this ring and turn it twice upon your finger the night before you come away and in the morning you will be with me."

The beast told her to take all that she wanted from the castle as presents for her family and he gave her two trunks. Though Beauty heaped them to the top with gold and trinkets, there always seemed to be more room, and they were not filled until she was tired of packing them. She went to sleep, but in the morning when she awoke she was in a strange place. Suddenly she heard her father's voice and knew that she was home.

Her sisters and brothers greeted her joyfully. But though their fortunes had changed and they were living in the town again, their entertainments seemed hollow and Beauty often thought of the castle, where she had been so happy. As the weeks went by she spoke of returning, but her father and brothers begged her to stay and she had not the courage to say goodbye to them.

The ring the beast had given her was on her dressing stand and one night Beauty put it on and gazed into the stone. Slowly an image appeared and she saw the beast in a far part of the castle gardens. He was lying on his back and seemed to be dying. In a panic Beauty grasped the ring and turned it around two times.

In the morning she was at the beast's castle. She searched everywhere but could not find him. At last she ran to the place in the gardens she had dreamed of and came upon the beast lying among the high bushes. Beauty put her head down on his chest but at first he was not breathing. Then she began to weep. "Oh, he is dead and it is on my account," she said, and her tears fell upon his face.

Slowly the beast opened his eyes.

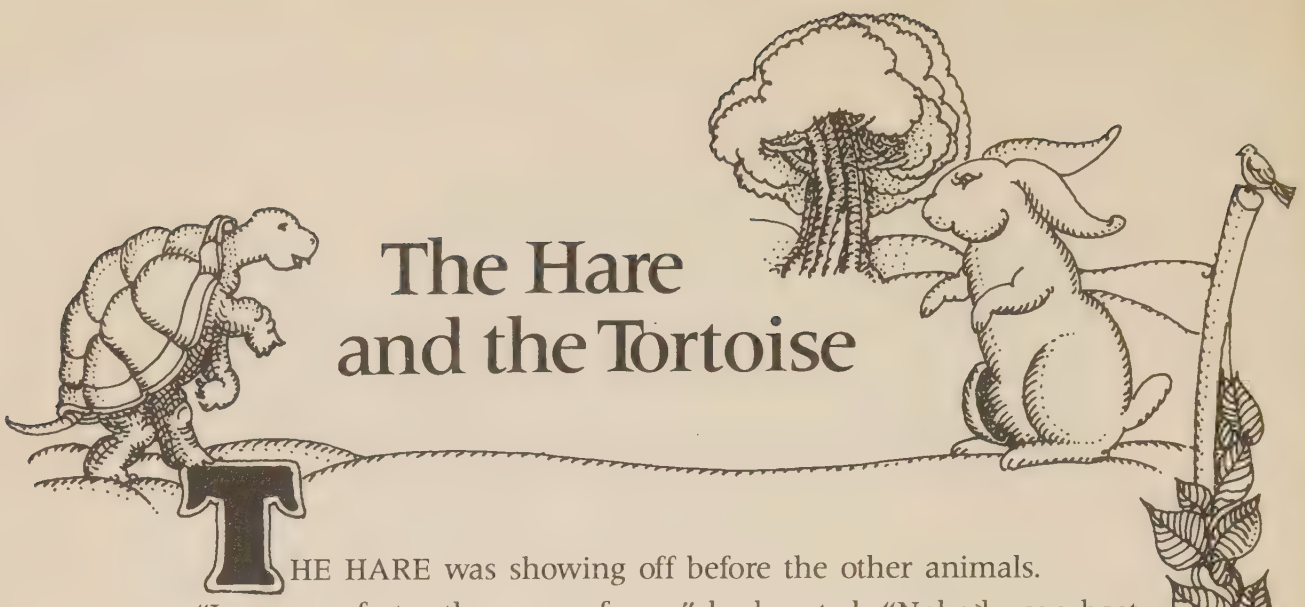
"Oh, Beast, how you frightened me!" Beauty cried. "I never before knew how much I loved you."

"Can you really care for such an ugly creature as I am?" said the beast faintly.

"Yes, oh yes, dear Beast. Only live to be my husband and I will be your wife forever."

The moment Beauty uttered these words, a dazzling light shone everywhere. The palace windows glittered with lamps, and music was heard all around. To Beauty's great wonder a handsome prince stood before her. He said that her words had broken the spell of a magician, who had doomed him to wear the form of a beast. This terrible enchantment could be broken only when a maiden loved him in spite of his ugliness.

Then the grateful prince claimed Beauty as his bride. Her family was sent for and the wedding was celebrated the very next day.



The Hare and the Tortoise

THE HARE was showing off before the other animals.

"I can run faster than any of you," he boasted. "Nobody can beat me."

"Well, I'm not so sure of that," a low voice said. "I'll race you if you like."

It was the Tortoise speaking. Everybody was surprised, for they all knew what a slowpoke he was.

The Hare laughed. "That's a good joke," he said.

"But I mean it," the Tortoise said. "Let's have a race."

So the animals marked out a race course. The runners would start here on the dirt road, and they would end there, by the big oak tree.

"It's a good two miles," said the Hare. "Now let's go!" And at the word of command he started lickety-split down the road.

In half a minute the Hare was almost out of sight. He looked back. The Tortoise had moved only a couple of yards!

"I've got plenty of time to take a nap," the Hare said to himself with a grin. And just to make fun of the Tortoise, he lay down and made believe he had gone to sleep. But it was a hot day, and before he knew it he really was asleep.

By and by he woke up with a start. Wasn't he supposed to be in a race with somebody? He looked back down the road. Nobody there. He looked the other way. There was the Tortoise—almost at the end of the course!

The Hare laid his ears back close to his body and dashed away at his highest speed. But it was too late. Before he could get to the oak tree, the Tortoise was already there, resting quietly in its shade.

Slow and sure is better than fast and careless.

The Gingerbread Boy

ONCE UPON A TIME there lived a little old man with his little old wife in a little old house in the woods. They were very happy, but they had no children and they did want a little boy of their own.

One morning when the little old woman was baking gingerbread she chuckled to herself and said, "I'll make my little old man a gingerbread boy."

So she took a piece of spicy dough, and she rolled it out smooth, and she cut it out in the shape of a fine gingerbread boy. She gave him raisins for eyes, and a wide smiling mouth, and down the front of his jacket she put a row of currant buttons. Then, with a little pat, she popped him into the hot oven.

When she thought the gingerbread boy should be baked clean through, the little old woman, still chuckling to herself, opened the door to peek in. But before she had time to put a finger on him, the gingerbread boy hopped right out of the oven, skipped through the kitchen door, and ran down the path to the woods.

The little old woman ran after him, calling, "Come back, come back!" But the gingerbread boy only laughed and cried out:

"Run, run as fast as you can,
You can't catch me,
I'm the gingerbread man."

He was right. The little old woman could not catch him.

The little old man saw the gingerbread boy run past with the little old woman after him.

"Come back, come back!" he called.

But the gingerbread boy only laughed and cried out:

"Run, run as fast as you can,
You can't catch me,
I'm the gingerbread man.
I've run away from the little old woman
And I can run away from you, too,
I can, I can."

Then into the woods he dashed.

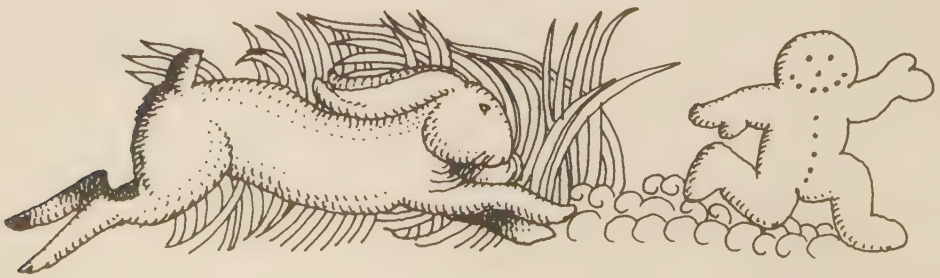
A plump bunny nibbling greens at the edge of the woods looked up as the gingerbread man ran past, and his bunny nose quivered hungrily.

"Come back, come back," he called.

But the gingerbread boy only laughed and cried out:

"Run, run as fast as you can,
You can't catch me,
I'm the gingerbread man.
I've run away from the little old woman
And the little old man
And I can run away from you, too,
I can, I can."

The bunny hopped along as fast as he could, but he could not catch him either, so the gingerbread boy ran on deeper into the woods.



A fuzzy bear cub sniffing for honey looked up as he passed, and his little red tongue flipped out hungrily.

"Come back, come back," he called.

But the gingerbread boy only laughed and cried out:

"Run, run as fast as you can,
You can't catch me,
I'm the gingerbread man.
I've run away from the little old woman
And the little old man
And the bunny
And I can run away from you, too,
I can, I can."

The bear cub scrambled along as fast as he could, but he could not catch him. So the gingerbread boy ran on into the deep woods.

A fox peeked out of hiding as he passed, and his sharp eyes shone hungrily.

"Watch out, gingerbread boy," he called.

The gingerbread boy only laughed and cried out:

"Run, run as fast as you can,
You can't catch me,
I'm the gingerbread man.
I've run away from the little old woman
And the little old man
And the bunny
And the bear cub
And I can run away from you, too,
I can, I can."

But the fox did not run after him. He just said sweetly, "I don't want to catch you, gingerbread boy. But there is a river just ahead, and I will give you a ride across on my tail if you like, so that the little old woman and the little old man and the plump bunny and the fuzzy bear cub will not be able to catch you."

The gingerbread boy looked at the river ahead. He looked at the woods behind. Then he looked at the fox.

"Kind fox, since your tail is so far from your mouth I will accept the ride," he decided.

So he hopped onto the fox's tail and the fox started across the river. As the water grew deeper he called to the gingerbread boy:

"Hop on my back or you will get wet."

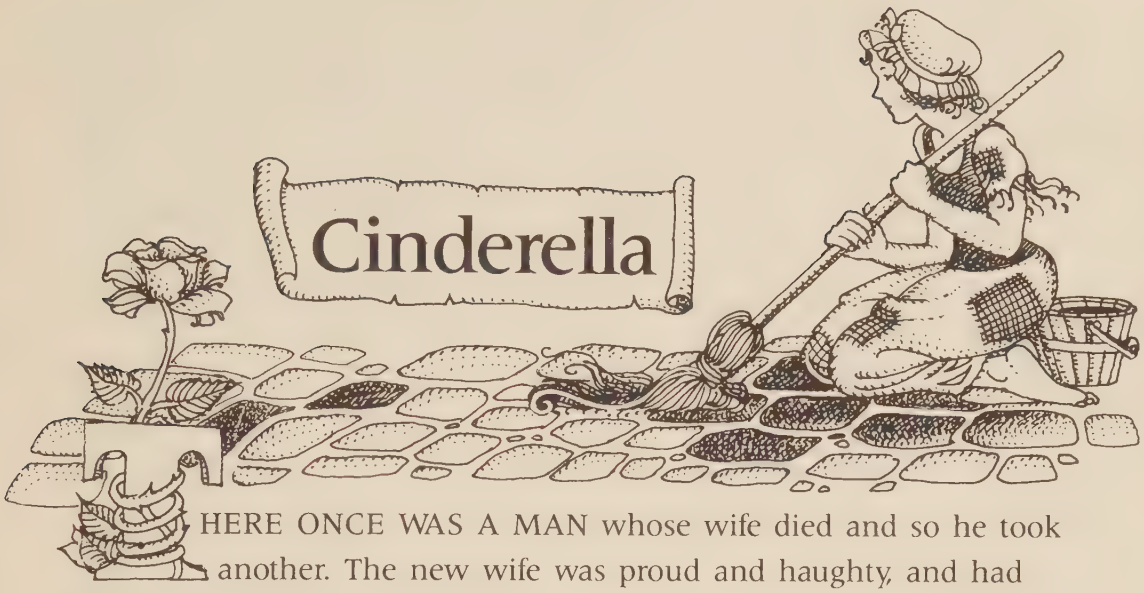
So the gingerbread boy hopped up onto the fox's back, and on they went. Then the water got still deeper and the fox called out:

"Hop up on my head or you will get wet."

So the gingerbread boy hopped up onto the fox's head. Suddenly the sly fox flipped his head and opened his mouth and in popped the gingerbread boy.

And that was the end of that gingerbread boy.

Cinderella



THERE ONCE WAS A MAN whose wife died and so he took another. The new wife was proud and haughty, and had two daughters who were just like her in every way. But the man also had a daughter, and she was sweet and gentle and good as gold.

The wedding was hardly over before the woman began to make her stepdaughter's life a misery. The young girl's goodness was like a beacon showing up the faults of her own two daughters and so the woman could not bear her. She gave the girl the meanest work in the house to do. She had to scour the dishes and scrub the floors and pick up after her stepsisters.

From early morning until late at night she was made to work, and her bedroom was in a garret way at the top of the house. She slept upon a wretched straw bed while her two stepsisters lay in fine rooms with carpets on the floors and looking glasses so tall that they could see themselves from head to foot. The young girl did all she was asked and dared not complain to her father, who would only have scolded her, for his new wife ruled him entirely.

When she had finished her work, she used to go into the chimney corner and sit quietly among the cinders, and so she was called Cinderwench. But the younger sister, who was not quite so rude as the others, called her Cinderella. In her ragged clothing, with her dirty face, Cinderella was yet a hundred times more beautiful than her stepsisters.

After some months had passed, the king's son gave a ball for all the stylish people in the countryside. The two sisters were also invited and immediately they set about choosing the gowns and petticoats, the hair ornaments and slippers they would wear. This made Cinderella's work still harder, for it was she who ironed their linen and pleated their ruffles. All day long the sisters talked of nothing but how they should be dressed.

"I think I shall wear my red velvet suit with the French trimmings," said the eldest.

"And I," said the youngest, "shall wear my gold-flowered mantle and my diamond necklace."

The best hairdressers were called in to style their hair; the best face powder and lip rouge were obtained. In all these matters the sisters consulted Cinderella, for she always knew what was most becoming. One night, as she was helping them to undress, they said to her, "Cinderella, would you not like to go to the ball?"

"Please, sisters, do not mock me," she said. "How could I ever dream of such a thing?"

"You are right," they answered. "People would surely laugh to see a Cinderwench at the ball."

For two days the sisters could hardly eat for excitement. So tightly did they lace themselves that they broke a dozen laces, and they were always at their looking glasses, trying on their gowns.

At last the evening of the ball came. Cinderella watched the sisters leave for the court, and when she had lost sight of them, she began to weep.

Her godmother, who was a fairy, saw her tears and asked what was the matter.

"I wish I could—I wish I could—" But she could not speak for crying.

"You wish you could go to the ball. Is that not so?" said her godmother.

Cinderella nodded with her eyes cast down.

"Well, then, go you shall," said her godmother. Then she took the girl and bade her go into the garden for a pumpkin.

Cinderella picked the finest she could find and carried it back to her godmother, though she could not imagine how a pumpkin could

help her to get to the ball. Then her godmother scooped out the inside of it, leaving nothing but the rind, and struck it with her wand. Instantly the pumpkin turned into a fine gilded coach.

Next her godmother went to look in the mousetrap, where she found six mice, all alive. She told Cinderella to lift the trap door, and as each mouse came out she tapped it with her wand. One by one the mice were turned into dapple-gray horses, and soon there was a fine set of them to draw the coach.

But they would still need a coachman, so Cinderella said, "I will go and see if there isn't a rat in the rat trap. Perhaps we might make a coachman of him."

"You are right," replied her godmother. "Go quickly and look."

Cinderella brought the rat trap to her and there were three rats inside. The godmother chose the one with the longest whiskers, and as soon as she touched him with her wand he became a fat coachman with a most imposing beard.

After that she said to Cinderella, "Go again into the garden and you will find six lizards behind the watering pot. Bring them to me by their tails."

As soon as the girl had done so, her godmother turned them into six footmen, who jumped up behind the coach and held on as if they had done nothing else their whole lives.

Then her godmother said to Cinderella, "Well, my dear, here is your carriage. I hope it pleases you."

"Oh, yes!" the girl cried. "But am I to wear these rags to the ball?"

Her godmother simply touched Cinderella with her wand and at once her clothes were turned into a gown of gold and silver with jewels embroidered on the skirt. Then she gave Cinderella a pair of glass slippers, the most beautiful imaginable. But as the girl was making ready to leave, her godmother warned her that she must return home by midnight. If she stayed one moment longer, her coach would be a pumpkin again, her horses mice, her coachman a rat, her footmen lizards, and her clothing would turn back into rags.

Cinderella promised she would not be late and then she went off to the ball, her heart pounding for joy.

The king's son had been told that a great princess, unknown to all the company, would soon arrive, and he ran out to receive her himself.

He gave her his hand as she sprang from the coach and led her into the hall where everyone was assembled. At once there was silence. So awed were the guests by the mysterious princess that they left off dancing and the musicians ceased to play. Then a hushed murmur swept the room:

"Ah, how lovely she is! How lovely!"

The king himself, old as he was, could not keep his eyes off her, and he whispered to the queen that he had never before seen a more enchanting creature.

All the women looked closely at her gown and her hair ornaments so they might have theirs made to the same pattern, if only they could find such fine silk and jewels, and such skillful hands to work them.

The king's son led her across the floor and they danced together again and again. A fine banquet was served, but the young prince only gazed at her and could not eat a bite.

After a time she left his side and went to sit by her sisters. She treated them with kindness and offered them sections of the oranges that the prince had given her. It very much pleased them to be singled out in this way.

Then Cinderella heard the clock strike a quarter to twelve. Quickly she wished the company good night and ran from the hall and down the palace steps to her coach.

When she was home again she found her godmother and thanked her and asked if she might go to the ball again the next day. As she was telling her godmother all that had happened, her two sisters came into the room.

"How long you have stayed!" she greeted them, rubbing her eyes as if she had been asleep.

"You would have stayed as well," said her sisters. "There was an unknown princess, the most beautiful ever seen in this world. She sat with us and gave us oranges."

"Was she really so very beautiful? And do you not know her name?" Then Cinderella turned to the eldest one. "Ah, dear sister, won't you give me your yellow dress that you wear every day so that I might see the princess for myself?"

"Lend my clothing to a dirty Cinderwench? I should be out of my mind!" cried the sister.

Cinderella had expected such an answer and she was very glad of the refusal. The next evening the two sisters went to the ball and she went too, dressed even more exquisitely than the first time. The king's son was always with her and spoke to her with words of praise. So entranced was Cinderella that she forgot her godmother's warning and heard the chimes of midnight when she thought it could be no more than eleven o'clock.

At once she arose and fled, nimble as a deer. Though the prince rushed after her, he could not catch her. In her haste she left behind one of the glass slippers, which he picked up and carried with him.

Cinderella's coach had vanished and she had to run home in the dark. Of her finery nothing remained but the other glass slipper. The guards at the palace gates were asked if they had seen a princess, but they replied that no one had come there but a poor country girl dressed all in rags.

When the two sisters returned from the ball, Cinderella asked them if they had enjoyed it and whether the unknown princess had again appeared. They told her yes, but said she had hurried away the moment the clock struck midnight. And now the king's son had only the glass slipper she had left behind. They said he was brokenhearted and would do anything to find her once more.

All of this was true. A few days afterward the king's son proclaimed that he would marry the woman for whom the glass slipper had been made. The couriers began by trying the slipper on all the princesses. They tried it on the duchesses and then on the ladies

of the court. But nowhere in the land could they find a woman whose foot was small enough to fit the slipper.

At last it was brought to the two sisters. They pushed and pushed, trying to squeeze their feet inside, but they were not able to manage it. Cinderella was in the room and recognized her slipper at once. "Let me see if it will fit my foot," she said.

Her sisters began to laugh and tease her. But the courier who was sent with the slipper looked at Cinderella and saw that she was lovely. He said his orders were that every woman in the land should try it on.

Cinderella sat down and he held the slipper up to her foot. It went on at once, as easily as if it had been made of wax. Then, while the two sisters watched in astonishment, Cinderella drew from her pocket the other glass slipper and put it on too. Suddenly her godmother was there and she touched the girl's ragged clothes with her wand and they became a gown even more beautiful than the ones she had worn to the ball.

And now her two sisters knew she had been the unknown princess they had so admired. They threw themselves at her feet to beg her forgiveness for all their ill treatment. Cinderella took them up and embraced them and said that she forgave them with all her heart.

Then Cinderella was taken before the prince. He was overwhelmed with love for her and some time later they were married. Cinderella, who was as good as she was beautiful, gave her two sisters a home in the palace, and that very same day they were married to two lords of the court.

The Ogre and the Cock

THERE WAS A MOUNTAIN so high and steep that it seemed to touch the sky. And on top of the mountain there lived an ogre. He was a terrible ogre with blue skin and a single horn growing out of the top of his head, and he was always doing wicked things.

One morning the farmers living near the mountain went out to work in their fields and found all their vegetables ruined. Somebody had pulled them up and trampled on them until there was not a single good one left. Who could have done such a thing? They looked very carefully and, sure enough, it was that wicked ogre. They could see prints of his big feet all over their fields.

This made the farmers very angry. They were tired of this ogre's tricks. They looked at all their ruined vegetables and became still angrier. Then they looked up at the mountain and all yelled at the same time: "O you wicked ogre! Why don't you quit doing these wicked things?"

The ogre looked down at them from the top of the mountain and answered in a terrible voice: "You must give me a human being each day for my supper. Then I'll quit bothering you."

The farmers had never heard of such an impudent ogre. They shook their tools at the ogre and roared: "Who do you think you are, wanting to eat a human being each day!"

I'm the ogre-est ogre in all the land," the ogre roared back. "That's who I am! There's absolutely nothing I can't do! Ha! ha! ha!" The ogre's voice echoed loudly through the mountains and made all the trees sway and toss.

"All right then," yelled the farmers. "Let's see if you're so wonderful. To prove it, in a single night you must build a stone stairway of one hundred steps from our fields all the way to the top of your mountain. If you can do that, then you can do anything and we'll just have to do whatever you want."

"I'll do it!" the ogre yelled back. "If I haven't finished the stairway before the first cock crows in the morning, then I promise to go away and never bother you again."

As soon as it grew dark that night, the ogre crept into the farmyard and put a straw hood over the head of every single chicken so they couldn't see when the sun began to rise. Then he said: "Now I'll build that stairway." And he set to work very hard, building a stairway right up the mountain.

He worked so hard and so fast that he already had ninety-nine steps in place. Then the sun began to rise in the east. But he only smiled to himself, thinking that the cocks wouldn't crow at all and that he'd still have plenty of time to put the last stone in place.

But there was also a good fairy who lived on the mountain. The fairy had been watching and had seen what a mean trick the ogre was playing. So while the ogre was going down for the last stone, the fairy flew down and took a hood off the head of one of the cocks.

The cock saw the sun rising and crowed loudly: "ko-ke-kok-ko!" This woke up all the other cocks, who had thought it was still night because of the straw hoods over their heads, and they all began to crow.

The ogre was very surprised when he heard this. "I've lost!" he cried. "And there was just one more stone to go." But even ogres must keep their promises, so he stroked his horn very sadly and went away far into the mountains.

No one ever saw the ogre again and the farmers lived very happily beside the mountain. They finished the stairway up the mountain and often went up it on summer evenings to enjoy the view.

The Woman Who Flummoxed the Fairies

THERE WAS A WOMAN once who was a master baker. Her bannocks were like wheaten cakes, her wheaten cakes were like the finest pastries, and her pastries were like nothing but Heaven itself in the mouth!

Not having her match, or anything like it, in seven counties round she made a good penny by it, for there wasn't a wedding nor a christening for miles around in the countryside but she was called upon to make the cakes for it, and she got all the trade of all the gentry as well. She was fair in her prices and she was honest, too, but she was that goodhearted into the bargain. Those who could pay well she charged aplenty, but when some poor body came and begged her to make a wee bit of a cake for a celebration and timidly offered her the little money they had for it, she'd wave it away and tell them to pay her when they got the cake. Then she'd set to and bake a cake as fine and big as any she'd make for a laird, and she'd send it to them as a gift, with the best respects of her husband and herself, to the wedding pair or the parents of the baby that was to be christened, so nobody's feelings were hurt.

Not only was she a master baker, but she was the cleverest woman in the world; and it was the first that got her into trouble, but it was the second that got her out of it.

The fairies have their own good foods to eat, but they dearly love a bit of baker's cake once in a while, and will often steal a slice of one by night from a kitchen while all the folks in a house are sleeping.

In a nearby hill there was a place where the fairies lived, and of all cakes the ones the fairies like best were the ones this master baker made. The trouble was, the taste of one was hard to come by, for her cakes were all so good that they were always eaten up at a sitting, with hardly a crumb left over for a poor fairy to find.

So then the fairies plotted together to carry the woman away and to keep her with them always just to bake cakes for them.

Their chance came not long after, for there was to be a great wedding at the castle with hundreds of guests invited, and the woman was to make the cakes. There would have to be so many of them, with so many people coming to eat them, that the woman was to spend the whole day before the wedding in the castle kitchen doing nothing but bake one cake after another!

The fairies learned about this from one of their number who had been listening at the keyhole of the baker's door. They found out, too, what road she'd be taking coming home.

When the night came, there they were by a fairy mound where the road went by, hiding in flower cups, and under leaves, and in all manner of places.

When she came by they all flew out at her. "The fireflies are gey thick the night," said she. But it was not fireflies. It was fairies with the moonlight sparkling on their wings.

Then the fairies drifted fern seed into her eyes, and all of a sudden she was that sleepy that she could go not one step farther without a bit of a rest!

"Mercy me!" she said with a yawn. "It's worn myself out I have this day!" And she sank down on what she took to be a grassy bank to doze just for a minute. But it wasn't a bank at all. It was the fairy mound, and once she lay upon it she was in the fairies' power.

She knew nothing about that nor anything else till she woke again, and found herself in fairyland. Being a clever woman she didn't have to be told where she was, and she guessed how she got there. But she didn't let on.

"Well now," she said happily, "and did you ever! It's all my life I've wanted to get a peep into fairyland. And here I am!"

They told her what they wanted, and she said to herself indeed she had no notion of staying there the rest of her life! But she didn't tell the fairies that either.

"To be sure!" she said cheerfully. "Why you poor wee things! To think of me baking cakes for everyone else, and not a one for you! So let's be at it," said she, "with no time wasted."

Then from her kittiebag that hung at her side she took a clean apron and tied it around her waist, while the fairies, happy that she was so willing, licked their lips in anticipation and rubbed their hands for joy.

"Let me see now," said she, looking about her.

"Well, 'tis plain you have nothing for me to be baking a cake with. You'll just have to be going to my own kitchen to fetch back what I'll need."

Yes, the fairies could do that. So she sent some for eggs, and some for sugar, and some for flour, and some for butter, while others flew off to get a wheen of other things she told them she had to have. At last all was ready for the mixing and the woman asked for a bowl. But the biggest one they could find for her was the size of a teacup, and a wee dainty one at that.

Well then, there was nothing for it, but they must go and fetch her big yellow crockery bowl from off the shelf over the water butt. And after that it was her wooden spoons and her egg whisp and one thing and another, till the fairies were all fagged out, what with the flying back and forth, and the carrying, and only the thought of the cake to come of it kept their spirits up at all.

At last everything she wanted was at hand. The woman began to measure and mix and whip and beat. But all of a sudden she stopped.

"'Tis no use!" she sighed. "I can't ever seem to mix a cake without my cat beside me, purring."

"Fetch the cat!" said the fairy king sharply.

So they fetched the cat. The cat lay at the woman's feet and purred, and the woman stirred away at the bowl, and for a while all was well. But not for long.

The woman let go of the spoon and sighed again.

"Well now, would you think it?" said she. "I'm that used to my dog setting the time of my beating by the way he snores at every second beat that I can't seem to get the beat right without him."

"Fetch the dog!" cried the king.

So they fetched the dog and he curled up at her feet beside the cat. The dog snored, the cat purred, the woman beat the cake batter, and all was well again. Or so the fairies thought.

But no! The woman stopped again. "I'm that worried about my babe," said she. "Away from him all night as I've been, and him with a new tooth pushing through this very week. It seems I just can't mix . . . "

"Fetch that babe!" roared the fairy king, without waiting for her to finish what she was saying. And they fetched the babe.

So the woman began to beat the batter again. But when they brought the babe, he began to scream the minute he saw her, for he was hungry, as she knew he would be, because he never would let his dadda feed him his porridge and she had not been home to do it.

"I'm sorry to trouble you," said the woman, raising her voice above the screaming of the babe, "but I can't stop beating now lest the cake go wrong. Happen my husband could get the babe quiet if. . ."

The fairies didn't wait for the king to tell them what to do. Off they flew and fetched the husband back with them. He, poor man, was all in a whirl, what with things disappearing from under his eyes right and left, and then being snatched through the air himself the way he was. But here was his wife, and he knew where she was things couldn't go far wrong. But the baby went on screaming.

So the woman beat the batter, and the baby screamed, and the cat purred, and the dog snored, and the man rubbed his eyes and watched his wife to see what she was up to. The fairies settled down, though 'twas plain to see that the babe's screaming disturbed them. Still, they looked hopeful.

Then the woman reached over and took up the egg whisp and gave the wooden spoon to the babe, who at once began to bang away with it, screaming just the same. Under cover of the screaming of the babe and the banging of the spoon and the swishing of the egg whisp the woman whispered to her husband, "Pinch the dog!"

"What?" said the man. But he did it just the same—and kept on doing it.

"Tow! Row! Row!" barked the dog, and added his voice to the babe's screams, and the banging of the wooden spoon, and the swishing of the egg whisp.

"Tread on the tail of the cat!" whispered the woman to her husband, and it's a wonder he could hear her. But he did. He had got the notion now and he entered the game for himself. He not only trod on the tail of the cat, but he kept his foot there while the cat howled like a dozen lost souls.

So the woman swished, and the baby screamed, and the wooden spoon banged, and the dog yelped, and the cat howled, and the whole of it made a terrible din. The fairies, king and all, flew round and round in distraction with their hands over their ears, for if there is one thing the fairies can't bear it's a lot of noise and there was a lot more than a lot of noise in fairyland that day! And what's more the woman knew what they liked and what they didn't all the time!

So then the woman got up and poured the batter into two pans that stood ready. She laid by the egg whisp and took the wooden spoon away from the babe, and picking him up she popped a lump of sugar into his mouth. That surprised him so much that he stopped screaming. She nodded to her husband and he stopped pinching the dog and took his foot from the cat's tail, and in a minute's time all was quiet. The fairies stopped flying round and round and sank down exhausted.

And then the woman said, "The cake's ready for the baking. Where's the oven?"

The fairies looked at each other in dismay, and at last the fairy queen said weakly, "There isn't any oven."

"What!" exclaimed the woman. "No oven? Well then, how do you expect me to be baking the cake?"

None of the fairies could find the answer to that.

"Well then," said the woman, "you'll just have to be taking me and the cake home to bake it in my own oven, and bring me back later when the cake's all done."

The fairies looked at the babe and the wooden spoon and the egg whisp and the dog and the cat and the man. And then they all shuddered like one.

"You may all go!" said the fairy king. "But don't ask us to be taking you. We're all too tired."

"Och, you must have your cake then," said the woman, feeling sorry for them now she'd got what she wanted, which was to go back to her own home, "after all the trouble you've had for it! I'll tell you what I'll do. After it's baked, I'll be leaving it for you beside the road, behind the bank where you found me. And what's more I'll put one there for you every single week's end from now on."

The thought of having one of the woman's cakes every week revived the fairies so that they forgot they were all worn out. Or almost did.

"I'll not be outdone!" cried the fairy king. "For what you find in that same place shall be your own!"

Then the woman picked up the pans of batter, and the man tucked the bowls and spoons and things under one arm and the baby under the other. The fairy king raised an arm and the hill split open. Out they all walked, the woman with the pans of batter, the man with the bowls and the babe, and the dog and the cat at their heels. Down the road they walked and back to their own house, and never looked behind them.

When they got back to their home the woman put the pans of batter into the oven, and then she dished out the porridge that stood keeping hot on the back of the fire and gave the babe his supper.

There wasn't a sound in that house except for the clock ticking and the kettle singing and the cat purring and the dog snoring. And all those were soft, quiet sounds.

"I'll tell you what," said the man at last. "It doesn't seem fair on the rest of the men that I should have the master baker and the cleverest woman in the world all in one wife."

"Trade me off then for one of the ordinary kind," said his wife, laughing at him.

"I'll not do it," said he. "I'm very well suited as I am."

So that's the way the woman flummoxed the fairies. A good thing she made out of it, too, for when the cake was baked and cooled the woman took it up and put it behind the fairy mound, as she had promised. And when she set it down she saw there a little brown bag.

She took the bag up and opened it and looked within, and it was full of bright shining yellow gold pieces.

And so it went, week after week. A cake for the fairies, a bag of gold for the woman and her husband. They never saw one of the fairies again, but the bargain never was broken and they grew rich by it. So of course they lived, as why should they not, happily ever after.

FAIRYCAKE

1 cup (2 sticks) butter at room temperature
2 cups sugar
4 eggs
3 cups sifted flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
1/8 teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Jam
Shredded coconut

Butter and flour a 10-inch tube pan.

Cream the butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Beat in the eggs, one at a time.

Sift the flour with the baking powder and salt, and add it alternately with the milk. Begin and end with the flour to make a cake of fine texture.

Beat for at least 3 minutes, or until the mixture is well-blended. Stir in vanilla.

Pour into buttered and floured tube pan.

Bake in a 350° F. oven for about an hour. To test doneness, insert a toothpick or cake tester in cake an inch from either side. When it comes out clean, the cake is done.

Let cool about 30 minutes in the pan before turning out on a rack to finish cooling.

The City Mouse and the Country Mouse

THERE WAS ONCE a happy little Country Mouse, who lived in a big wheat field. In the summer she feasted on grains of wheat or on bits of bread from the farmers' lunch boxes. When the weather grew cold she moved into the farmhouse and picked up bits of cake and bread and cheese which the cook dropped on the kitchen floor. These she stored away in her little mouse hole in the attic until she had a good supply laid in for the winter.

Now one day during the winter the little Country Mouse's cousin, a City Mouse, came to visit her. When they had chatted for a while, the little Country Mouse took her visitor to see her attic pantry. Proudly she showed her the mound of cheese bits, the heaps of bread and cake crumbs, and the neat piles of nuts and dried peas.

But when the City Mouse had eaten a hearty dinner, she wiped her whiskers daintily and said, "You poor thing! So this is the way you live, on left-overs dried up in the attic. Come with me to the city and I will show you a real feast!"

The Country Mouse immediately felt rather ashamed of her simple home, so she quietly went along with the City Mouse to visit her.

The City Mouse led the way into a huge brick house, up a great staircase, and into a dining room.

The rich people who lived in the big house with the City Mouse were just having dinner, so the two little mice hid behind the door.

"Keep very still," said the City Mouse. "When they leave the table we can have all the food that is left."

The eyes of the little Country Mouse grew big and round at that, for she had never seen so much food in her whole busy life. So she sat very still until, with a scuffling of feet and scraping of chairs, the big people left the table.

"Come on," squeaked the City Mouse. Peeking cautiously to right and left she led the way across the room, up onto a chair, and from the chair onto the table, with the Country Mouse scampering along behind her.

The Country Mouse took a long look around her at the table still crowded with good things, and sighed a deep, happy sigh.

"This is wonderful," she said, taking a big bite out of a beautiful cheese. "You live just like a prince!"

She had scarcely finished squeaking when, with a snarl, a cat pounced up on the table. After her came the cook, shouting and waving a big spoon. And into the room bounded two dogs, barking fiercely. Then there was a terrible row! In the midst of it the two mice skittered down to the floor and dodged into a handy hole.

"We'll wait until all is quiet again and go back for some more," whispered the City Mouse.

But her country cousin shook her head firmly.

"We'll wait until it is quiet again and then I'll go home as fast as I can. You are welcome to all the fine food you can get, my friend. As for me, I prefer my dry crusts in my peaceful attic!"

Spider in the Sky

BACK IN THE LONG AGO, the animals had no heat or light. They groped around in the dark and shivered from cold.

"What we need is fire and light," Coyote said. "Fire and light is what we need," Raven agreed.

A meeting was called, but it was so dim that some of the animals lost their way and haven't been found to this day.

When there was enough noise, the meeting was called to order. "There is such a thing as fire and light. It's called the sun," Jackal said. "It's on the other side of the mountain."

"Let's get it," cried the animals. "Trouble is," Jackal continued, "those who have the sun won't part with it." "We'll take it from them," the animals yelled. The bleating and barking were deafening.

Finally Skunk was elected to go because he could hide the sun in his thick furry tail.

As Skunk got closer and closer to the sun, it grew hotter and brighter, and he had to squint away from the glare. But he kept going. At long last he came to the other side of the mountain and found the sun.

Quickly, quickly, he snapped off a piece of the sun and hid it in his tail. But the sun slid down his tail and escaped.

"Too bad," the animals said when poor Skunk came back with a white streak down the length of his bushy tail. And still it was cold, and dark as pitch.

"Now it's my turn to go," Eagle said. "I'll hide the sun on my head."

So Eagle flew off, traveling east as Skunk had. Since eagles soar high, no one saw him dive straight down out of the sky.

Swiftly, swiftly, he snatched a piece of the sun, placed it on his head and flew off. But the sun was so hot, it burned a hole right through his head feathers and escaped.

"Too bad," said the animals when poor Eagle returned with a bald head. And still it was cold and gloomy where the animals lived.

"A small creature could do this," a tiny voice said from somewhere in the grass. Everyone spoke up at once. "What? What? Who said that? What was that thin voice?"

"I am Grandmother Spider," a little spider said. "I will bring the sun's light and heat to you."

By the time the animals had stopped laughing, Grandmother Spider was on her way. Tied behind her web was a small pot of clay.

Spinning a silver thread as she went, she, too, set off toward the east. So swift and silent was she, that no one saw her as she neared the sun.

She was so little, so very little, and all she needed was just a tiny piece of the sun. She reached out. Lightly, lightly, she tweaked a piece of the sun into her pot of clay.

Her task done, she turned for home, carefully following the silver thread she herself had spun.

As she traveled, the sun's warmth and glow shone before her and grew wider and brighter, as sunshine does when it moves from east to west.

And that's how, back in the long ago, fire and light came to the animals.

How the Little Owl's Name Was Changed

EVERY SPRING IN ALASKA a little owl would come north with the other birds. It was a tiny owl and flew noiselessly over the tundra on its soft, downy wings. At first the Eskimos called him Anipausigak, which meant "the little owl." Later, after the Eskimos knew more about the bird, they called him Kerayule, which means in their language "the owl that makes no noise when he flies."

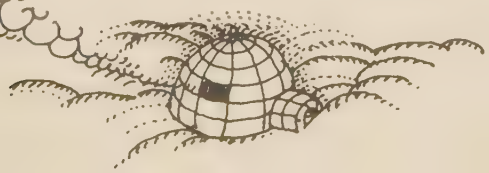
In the very early days, before the white men came to Alaska, the Eskimos had no matches and it was very difficult for them to have a fire. Also there was very little wood in the Eskimo country.

One spring there was one family living all by themselves that had a bit of fire, but there was no place where they could get any if this went out. In the middle of the igloo was a pit, or hole, in the floor. Here a tiny little fire was kept burning at all times. Always someone watched it and tended it. The smoke went curling out of the window in the top of the igloo.

In this igloo were a little boy and a little girl with their mother and father. All times of the day and night someone had to stay in the house and watch the tiny fire. One day when the little girl was all alone—her folks were out hunting seals—some bad people came to the igloo.

"Oh, so you are all alone, little girl," one of them said. "I suppose you are watching the fire so that it does not go out?"

"Yes," said the little girl. "It would be very bad if we lost our fire. We would be very cold and would have nothing to cook by. I must watch it carefully so that when my parents come home there will be a warm house here to greet them."



The bad man laughed. "You will not have to watch your fire any more, little girl, for we have no fire in our igloo and we are going to take yours with us."

How frightened the little girl was and how badly she felt to think she was going to lose the fire! She thought quickly. "Can't I make you some fire on another stick, Mr. Man?" she asked. "Then you can take it with you and I will still have some left for my mother and father and my little brother when they come home from hunting seals."

"I haven't time to wait for you to make new fire," the bad man said, "and, besides, I do not care if you are cold and hungry." With that he grabbed the fire and went away with it, leaving the poor little girl crying and all her fire gone.

When the mother and father and little brother came home they found the igloo cold, and the little girl told them what had happened. Hastily the father took his bow and arrow and set out to the igloo of the bad men to get his fire. When he got there, however, he found that they had two men who guarded the fire day and night. They were big men and had big spears, and bows and arrows too. So the poor man could not get his fire away from them. He begged them to let him have just a little of it to carry back to his wife and children, but they only laughed at him.

So for several days the good Eskimos had a terrible time. It was very cold and they could not make a fresh fire with anything. At last, one night, the father Eskimo thought of a plan. He called for the little owl, Kerayule, who makes no noise when he flies.

"Please, little owl, will you help us?" the Eskimo man asked him. "You see we have no fire, and we are cold. Please will you get our fire back for us from the bad men who took it away?"

"How can I do that?" asked the little owl. "I would like to help you, but they have spears and bows and arrows. Besides, they are much stronger than I am. Just how do you think I could get the fire?"

"You make no noise when you fly," the Eskimo man replied. "They will not hear you coming in the night. Also you can see in the darkness, and you can go straight to their igloo. The window in the top of it will be open, and you can look in and see how you can get the fire for us."

"I never thought of that," said the little owl. "I think maybe, I

can get the fire for you. I *can* see in the darkness and I make no noise at all when I fly."

So the little owl set off through the dark night to the igloo where the bad men lived.

Carefully the owl flew over the igloo and he did not make a sound. He looked into the window in the top where the smoke came out. He saw the fire—just one small stick burning in the fire pit. Also he saw one of the bad men sitting by it. He seemed to be asleep. The little owl hovered lower and alighted without a sound on the edge of the window. Silently, like a great soft feather, the little owl fluttered down into the igloo.

Right by the fire pit, the little owl landed on the floor and the man did not see him. Maybe he was asleep, but the owl was not sure. Hopping softly across to the stick of fire, the little owl took the unburned end in his mouth and, with a great flutter, flew straight up through the open window in the top of the igloo. As he did, the man awakened. He grabbed his bow and arrow to shoot the little owl, but was too late. Out into the night sailed the little owl, through the black darkness. He flew straight to the igloo of the good Eskimos.

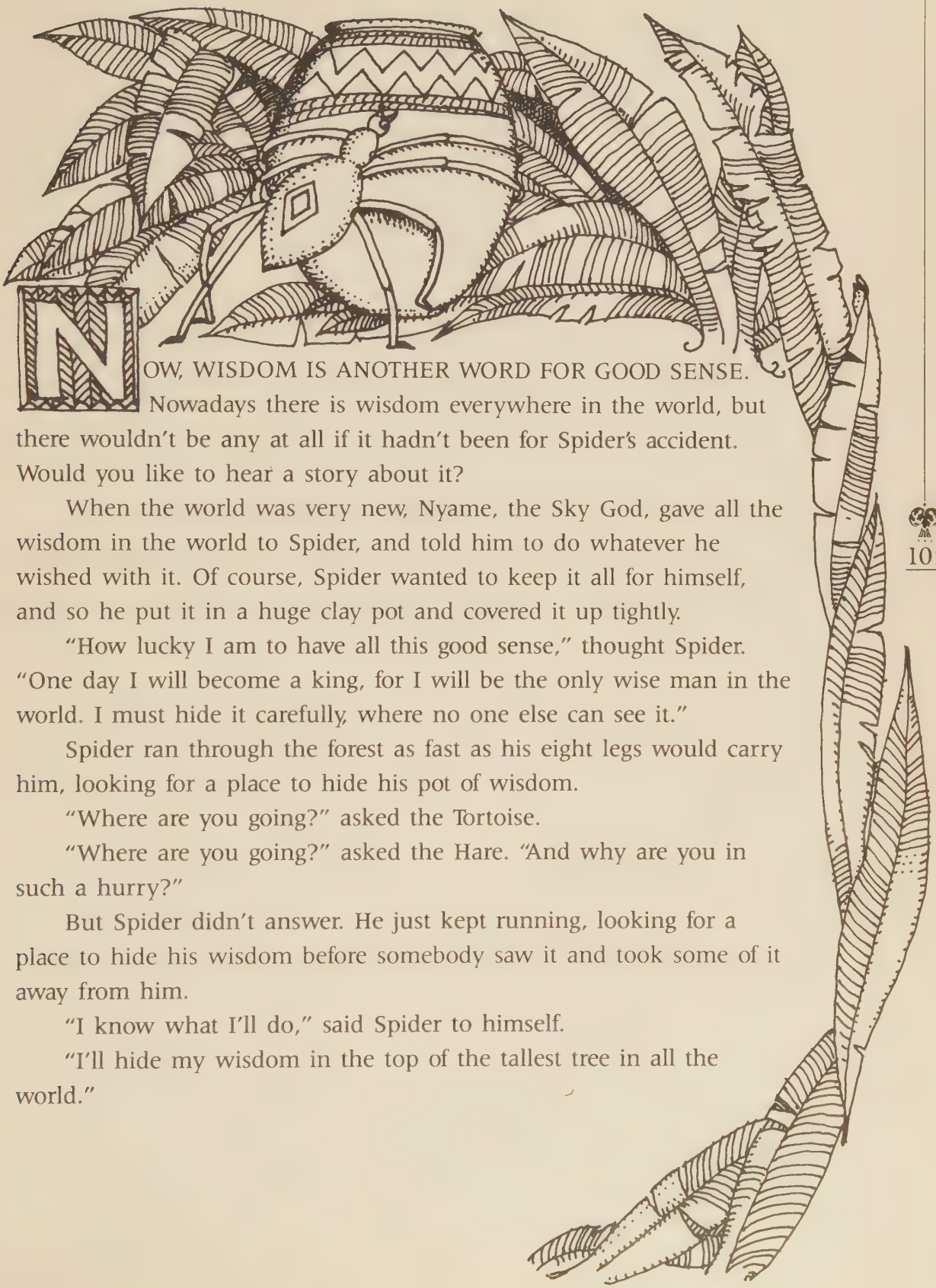
The children were watching for the little owl, and soon they saw the fire come flying through the black sky.

"Look!" shouted the little girl. "See the *sparkling fire* coming!"

And to this day the Eskimos at Hooper Bay call the little owl "sparkling fire owl," or Kennreirk in their language. Sometimes in the springtime, when the sparkling fire owl comes to Hooper Bay and hovers around the people, they will listen closely to see if they can hear him make any noise. Sometimes—very rarely—he makes a little snapping with his beak, or a flutter with his wings. If people can hear him make any noise they are very glad, for that is the best of good omens. They say the little sparkling fire owl is sending them good luck. If they go hunting they are sure to get a seal, or an eider duck, or a fat fish.

The Eskimo people love the little sparkling fire owl because he brings them good luck and, too, when they see him they know the springtime has come to stay.

How the World Got Wisdom



NOW, WISDOM IS ANOTHER WORD FOR GOOD SENSE. Nowadays there is wisdom everywhere in the world, but there wouldn't be any at all if it hadn't been for Spider's accident. Would you like to hear a story about it?

When the world was very new, Nyame, the Sky God, gave all the wisdom in the world to Spider, and told him to do whatever he wished with it. Of course, Spider wanted to keep it all for himself, and so he put it in a huge clay pot and covered it up tightly.

"How lucky I am to have all this good sense," thought Spider. "One day I will become a king, for I will be the only wise man in the world. I must hide it carefully, where no one else can see it."

Spider ran through the forest as fast as his eight legs would carry him, looking for a place to hide his pot of wisdom.

"Where are you going?" asked the Tortoise.

"Where are you going?" asked the Hare. "And why are you in such a hurry?"

But Spider didn't answer. He just kept running, looking for a place to hide his wisdom before somebody saw it and took some of it away from him.

"I know what I'll do," said Spider to himself.

"I'll hide my wisdom in the top of the tallest tree in all the world."

At last he found just the tree. It was a great silk-cotton tree. At the bottom its roots came up above the ground and they were wide enough to hide an elephant. Its smooth trunk was wide enough for Spider's whole house. At the top the branches spread out like an umbrella, and they were covered with soft silvery leaves, and a fine gauze that looked like cotton. "It's the perfect hiding place," cried Spider. "No one will be able to climb it, because there are no branches near the ground."

So Spider went back to the place where he had left the pot of wisdom, and carried it to the foot of the great tree. Now, the silk-cotton tree is very hard to climb, for its outside is as smooth as a finger. But Spider was sure he could climb it. For one thing he had more legs than almost anybody else. People have two and animals have four, but Spider had eight.

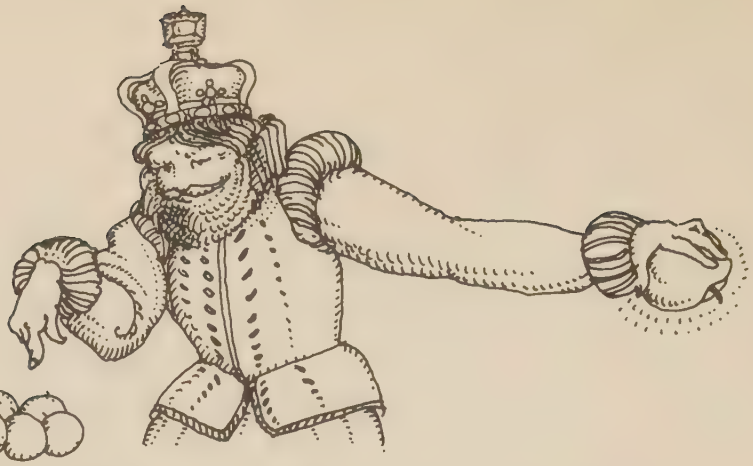
Spider tied the pot around his neck with a piece of strong rope, so that it hung right in front of him. Then he made ready to climb. He put his two top legs around the trunk of the tree as far as they would reach. He put the next two legs around the top of the pot, two more around the bottom of the pot, and the last two under the pot. Spider pulled with his two top legs, and pushed with his two bottom legs, and held the pot with his four middle legs. My but the pot was heavy! After all it contained all the wisdom in the world. Little by little, he began to go upward. Spider was feeling very pleased, when suddenly he slipped. In fact, he fell all the way back to the ground.

"Dear me," thought Spider. "I have eight legs. Surely I can climb this tree."

So he started again. He hugged the tree as tightly as he could, and pushed and pulled with all his might. The pot was *so* heavy, and his two bottom legs just couldn't catch on under its weight. But this time, his luck was no better than before. He fell right back down to the ground. Spider was getting warm. And I'm afraid he was getting angry. He decided to try once again. So he pushed and pulled harder than ever. But the same thing happened. No sooner did he get off the ground than his middle leg slipped. Then his right upper leg slipped and his left top leg slipped and his right bottom leg slipped, and BOOM! Down came Spider, pot and wisdom and all right on the ground again.

Now all this time, Kuma, Spider's eldest son, had been watching. "Father," said Kuma, "I have an idea. Hang the pot behind you instead of in front of you. Then you will be able to climb the tree."

When Spider heard this, he knew that Kuma had some wisdom too, and that he did not have all the wisdom in the world to himself. This made him so angry that he threw the pot to the ground. It broke into many pieces and the good sense poured out in all directions. It made such a noise that people came from everywhere to see what it was. Old women came from the market. Men came from the farms, little boys came from their games, and little girls ran out of the round houses. And when they saw the wisdom pouring out of the pot, they all reached down and took some of it. Even the animals got some. They spread it all over the world. In India and Spain and Panama, where it is always hot or where it is always cold, everybody has some wisdom. Because there was plenty to go around. Plenty for you and plenty for me.



The Golden Touch

ONCE UPON A TIME, there lived a king named Midas. Although this king had a good wife and a little daughter whom he loved very much, there was something he seemed to love much more dearly—and that was gold.

Each day he went into his countinghouse, where he counted stacks of golden coins again and again. It was his greatest pleasure in life, and he dreamed only of getting more golden coins to count.

While he was counting one day, he heard a mysterious voice say, "I have come to grant you whatever you wish for most."

King Midas did not hesitate very long. "I wish," he said, "that everything I touch would turn to gold."

"You have your wish," said the voice.

King Midas was overjoyed, thinking of all the gold that would now be his. He picked up a pebble. It turned to gold. He touched every flower he could find in the garden and they turned to gold. "What a wonderful gift!" he exclaimed.

Some time later, he sat down to eat. As he pulled the chair away from the table, it turned to gold. He reached out for some food, but to his mounting alarm, he discovered that the meat, the bread, the fruit—everything—turned into solid gold at his touch. It could not be eaten. Midas became frightened. Now he began to wonder how he would live with nothing to eat.

He walked out into the garden to think. Just then his little daughter ran up to him and gave him a hug. Midas bent down to kiss her—and SHE turned to gold!

As Midas gazed at his only daughter, now only no more than a golden statue, he realized how foolish he had been to love money for its own sake. He cried bitter tears. At last the same voice he had heard before said to him, "Go down to the river, wash your hands, and your golden touch will be gone. Then fill a pitcher with water from the river and sprinkle it over everything you have already turned to gold."

King Midas hurried along to do as he had been told. When the river water was sprinkled on the golden statue of his child, the little girl returned to life. The flowers returned to their natural color and beauty. Food could again be taken in hand without turning hard and shining yellow.

King Midas had learned his lesson. He no longer yearned for gold above all other things in the world.

The Soup Stone

ONE DAY A SOLDIER was walking home from the wars and came to a village. The wind was cold; the sky was gray, and the soldier was hungry. He stopped at a house on the edge of the village and asked for something to eat. "We have nothing for ourselves," the people said, so the soldier went on.

He stopped at the next house and asked for something to eat. "We have nothing ourselves," the people said.

"Have you got a big pot?" the soldier said. Yes, they had a big iron pot.

"Have you got water?" he asked. Yes, they had plenty of water.

"Fill the pot with water and put it on the fire," the soldier said, "for I have a soup stone with me."

"A soup stone?" they said. "What is that?"

"It is a stone that makes soup," the soldier replied. And they all gathered round to see this wonder.

The woman of the house filled the big pot with water and hung it over the fire. The soldier took a stone from his pocket (it looked like any stone a man might pick up on the road) and tossed it into the pot. "Now let it boil," he said. So they all sat down to wait for the pot to boil.

"Could you spare a bit of salt for it?" the soldier asked.

"Of course," the woman said, and she pulled out the salt box. The soldier took a fistful of salt and threw it in, for it was a big pot. Then they all sat back to wait.

"A few carrots would taste good in it," the soldier said longingly.

"Oh, we have a few carrots," the woman said, and she pulled them out from under a bench, where the soldier had been eying them. So they threw in the carrots. And while the carrots boiled, the soldier told them stories of his adventures.

"A few potatoes would be good, wouldn't they?" the soldier said. "They'd thicken the soup a bit."

"We have a few potatoes," said the oldest girl. "I'll get them." So they put the potatoes in the pot and waited for the soup to boil.

"An onion does give a good flavor," the soldier said.

"Run next door and ask the neighbor for an onion," the farmer told his smallest son. The child ran out of the house and came back with three onions. So they put the onions in. While they were waiting, they were cracking jokes and telling tales.

" . . . And I haven't tasted cabbage since I left my mother's house," the soldier was saying.

"Run out in the garden and pull a cabbage," said the mother. And a small girl ran out and came back with a cabbage. And they put that in.

"It won't be long now," the soldier said.

"Just a little longer," the woman said, stirring the pot with a long ladle.

At that moment the oldest son came in. He had been hunting and brought home two rabbits.

"Just what we need for the finishing touch!" cried the soldier, and it was only a matter of minutes before the rabbits were cut up and thrown into the pot.

"Ha!" said the hungry hunter. "The smell of a fine soup."

"The traveler has brought a soup stone," the farmer said to his son, "and he is making soup with it in the pot."

At last the soup was ready, and it was good. There was enough for all: the soldier and the farmer and his wife, the oldest girl and the oldest son, the little girl, and the little son.

"It's a wonderful soup," the farmer said.

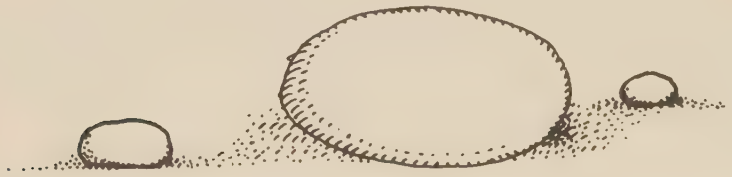
"It's a wonderful stone," the wife said.

"It is," the soldier said, "and it will make soup forever if you follow the formula we used today."

So they finished the soup. And when the soldier said good-bye, he gave the woman the stone to pay back the kindness. She protested politely.

"It's nothing," the soldier said and went on his way without the stone.

Luckily, he found another just before he came to the next village.



A Tug-of-War

TORTOISE considered himself a great personage. He went about calling attention to his greatness. He said to people, "We three, Elephant, Hippopotamus, and I, are the greatest, and we are equal in power and authority."

Thus he boasted, and his boast came to the ears of Elephant and Hippopotamus. They listened and then they laughed. "Pooh, that's nothing. He is a small person of no account, and his boasting can only be ignored."

The talebearer returned to Tortoise telling him what the two great ones had said. Tortoise grew very vexed indeed. "So, they despise me, do they? Well, I will just show them my power. I am equal to them, and they will know it before long! They will yet address me as Friend." And he set off.

He found Elephant in the forest, lying down; and his trunk was eight miles long, his ears as big as a house, and his four feet large beyond measure. Tortoise approached him and boldly called out, "Friend, I have come! Rise and greet me. Your Friend is here."

Elephant looked about astonished. Then spying Tortoise he rose up and asked indignantly, "Tortoise, small person, whom do you address as Friend?"

"You. I call you Friend. And are you not, Elephant?"

"Most certainly I am not," replied Elephant in anger. "Besides, you have been going about and saying certain things about your great power—that is equal to mine. How do you come to talk in such a way?"

Tortoise then said, "Elephant, don't get angry. Listen to me. True, I addressed you as Friend and said we were equal. You think that because you are of such a great size, you can surpass me, just because I am small? Let us have a test. Tomorrow morning we will have a tug-of-war."

Said Elephant, "What is the use of that? I can mash you with one foot."

"Be patient. At least try the test." And when Elephant unwillingly consented, Tortoise added, "When we tug, if one pulls over the other, he shall be considered greater, and if neither overpulls, then we are equal, and will call each other Friend."

Then Tortoise cut a very long vine and brought one end to Elephant. "This end is yours. I will go with my end to a certain spot; and we will begin to tug, and neither of us will stop to eat or sleep, until one pulls the other over, or the vine breaks." And he went off with the other end of the vine and hid it on the outskirts of the town where Hippopotamus lived.

Hippopotamus was bathing in the river and Tortoise shouted to him, "Friend, I have come! You! Come ashore! I am visiting you!"

There was a great splashing as Hippopotamus came to shore, bellowing angrily, "You are going to get it now! Whom do you call Friend?"

"Why, you of course. There is no one else here, is there?" answered Tortoise. "But do not be so quick to fight. I do not fear your size. I say we are equals and if you doubt me, let us have a trial. Tomorrow morning we will have a tug-of-war. He who shall overcome the other, shall be the superior. But if neither is found superior, then we are equals and will call each other Friend." Hippopotamus thought the plan was absurd, but finally he consented.

Tortoise then brought his end of the vine to Hippopotamus and said, "This end is yours. And now I go. Tomorrow when you feel a pull on the vine, know that I am ready at the other end. Then you begin to tug, and we will not eat or sleep until the test is ended."

In the morning, Tortoise went to the middle of the vine and shook it. Elephant immediately grabbed his end. Hippopotamus caught up his end, and the tugging began. Each pulled at the vine mightily and it remained taut. At times it was pulled in one direction, and then in the other, but neither was overpulling the other.

Tortoise watched the quivering vine, laughing in his heart. Then he went away to seek food, leaving the two at their tug, and hungry. He ate his belly full of mushrooms and then went comfortably to sleep.

Late in the afternoon he rose and said, "I will go and see whether those fools are still pulling." When he went there the vine was still stretched taut, with neither of them winning. At last, Tortoise nicked the vine with his knife. The vine parted, and at their ends Elephant and Hippopotamus, so suddenly released, fell with a great crash back onto the ground.

Tortoise started off with one end of the broken vine. He came on Elephant looking doleful and rubbing a sore leg. Elephant said, "Tortoise, I did not know you were so strong. When the vine broke I fell over and hurt my leg. Yes, we really are equals. Strength is not because the body is large. We will call each other Friend."

Most pleased with this victory over Elephant, Tortoise then went off to visit Hippopotamus, who looked sick and was rubbing his head. Hippopotamus said, "So, Tortoise, we are equal. We pulled and pulled and despite my great size I could not surpass you. When the vine broke I fell and hurt my head. Indeed, strength has no greatness of body. We will call each other Friend."

After that, whenever, they three and others met in council, the three sat together on the highest seats. And always they addressed each other as Friend.

Do you think they were really equal?

The Ant and the Grasshopper

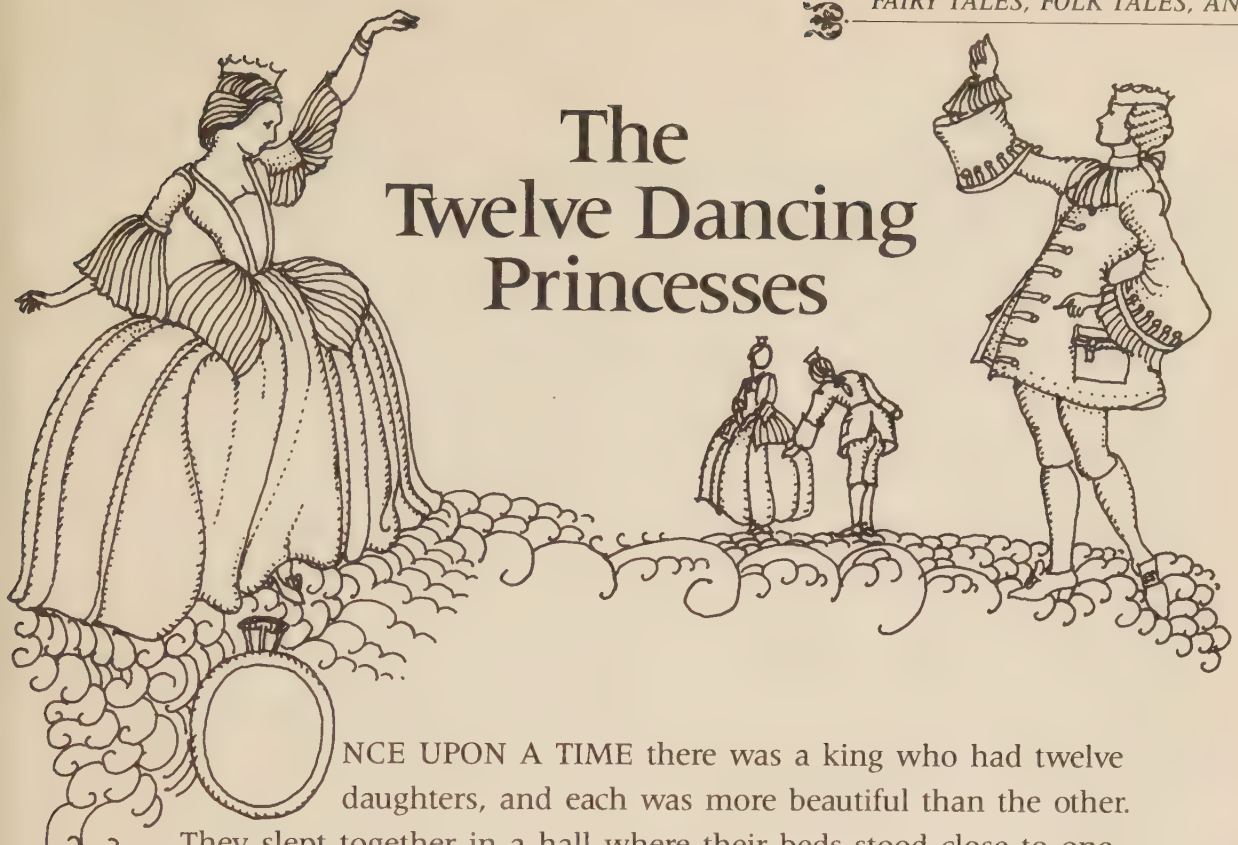
IN A FIELD ONE SUMMER'S DAY a grasshopper was hopping about, chirping and singing to its heart's content. An ant passed by, bearing along with great toil an ear of corn he was taking to the nest.

"Why not come and chat with me," said the grasshopper, "instead of toiling and moiling in that way?"

"I am helping to lay up food for the winter," said the ant, "and recommend you to do the same."

"Why bother about winter?" said the grasshopper. "We have got plenty of food at present." But the ant went on its way and continued its toil. When the winter came the grasshopper had no food, and found itself dying of hunger, while it saw the ants distributing every day corn and grain from the stores they had collected in the summer. Then the grasshopper knew—

It is best to prepare for the days of necessity.



The Twelve Dancing Princesses

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a king who had twelve daughters, and each was more beautiful than the other. They slept together in a hall where their beds stood close to one another. At night when they had gone to bed, the King locked the door and bolted it. But when he unlocked it in the morning, he noticed that their shoes had been danced to pieces, and nobody could explain how it happened.

So the King sent out a proclamation saying that anyone who could discover where the princesses did their night's dancing might choose one of them to be his wife and should reign after his death. But whoever presented himself, and failed to make the discovery after three days and nights, was to forfeit his life.

A prince soon appeared and offered to take the risk. He was well received, and at night was taken into a room adjoining the hall where the princesses slept. His bed was made up there, and he was to watch and see where they went to dance. The door of the room was left open, so that they could not do anything or leave without being seen. But the prince's eyes grew heavy and he fell asleep. When he woke in the morning, all the princesses had been dancing, for the soles of their shoes were full of holes. The second and third evenings passed with the same results. The prince was then granted no mercy, and his head was cut off. Many others came after him and offered to take the risk, but they all forfeited their lives.

Now it happened that a poor soldier, who had been wounded and could no longer serve, found himself on the road to the town where the King lived. There he fell in with an old woman who asked him where he was going.

"I really don't know myself," he said. And he added in fun, "I should like to discover where the King's daughters dance their shoes into holes, and after that I should like to become king."

"That's not so difficult," said the old woman. "You must not drink the wine which will be brought to you in the evening, but must pretend to be fast asleep." Whereupon she gave him a short cloak, saying, "When you wear this you will be invisible, and then you can slip out after the twelve princesses."

When the soldier heard this good advice he considered it seriously, plucked up the courage to appear before the King, and offered himself as suitor. He was as well received as the others and was dressed in royal garments.

In the evening, when bedtime came, he was conducted to the anteroom. As he was about to go to bed the eldest princess appeared, bringing him a cup of wine. But he had fastened a sponge under his chin and let the wine run down into it, so that he did not drink one drop. Then he lay down, and when he had been quiet a little while he began to snore as though in the deepest sleep.

The twelve princesses heard him and laughed. The eldest said, "He, too, must forfeit his life."

Then they got up, opened cupboards, chests, and cases, and brought out their beautiful dresses. They decked themselves before the glass, skipping about and reveling in the prospect of the dance.

Only the youngest sister said, "I don't know what it is. You may rejoice, but I feel so strange. A misfortune is certainly hanging over us."

"You are a little goose," answered the eldest. "You are always frightened. Have you forgotten how many princes have come here in vain? Why, I need not have given the soldier a sleeping draught at all! The blockhead would never have awakened."

When they were all ready they looked at the soldier, but his eyes were shut and he did not stir. So they thought they would soon be quite safe. Then the eldest went up to one of the beds and knocked

on it. It sank into the earth and they descended through the opening one after another, the eldest first.

The soldier, who had noticed everything, did not hesitate long, but threw on his cloak and went down behind the youngest. Halfway down he trod on her dress.

She was frightened and said, "What was that? Who is holding on to my dress?"

"Don't be so foolish. You must have caught it on a nail," said the eldest.

Then they went right down, and when they got quite underground they stood in a marvelously beautiful avenue of trees. All the leaves were silver, and glittered and shone.

The soldier thought, " I must take away some token with me." And as he broke off a twig, a sharp crack came from the tree.

The youngest cried out, "All is not well! Did you hear that sound?"

"Those are triumphal salutes because we have eluded our 'prince'!" said the eldest.

Next they came to an avenue where all the leaves were of gold, and at last into a third where they were of shining diamonds. From both these the soldier broke off a twig, and there was a crack each time which made the youngest princess start with terror. But the eldest maintained that the sounds were only triumphal salutes. They went faster and came to a great lake. Close to the bank lay twelve little boats and in every boat sat a handsome prince. They had expected the twelve princesses and each took one with him, but the soldier seated himself by the youngest.

Then said her prince, "I don't know why, but the boat is much heavier today. I am obliged to row with all my strength to get it along."

"I wonder why it is," said the youngest, "unless perhaps it is the hot weather. It is strangely hot."

On the opposite side of the lake stood a splendid brightly lighted castle from which came the sound of the joyous music of trumpets and drums. They rowed across, and every prince danced with his love. And the soldier danced too, unseen. If one of the princesses held a cup of wine he drank out of it, so that it was empty when she lifted it

to her lips. This frightened the youngest one, but the eldest always silenced her.

They danced till three next morning, when their shoes were danced into holes and they were obliged to stop. The princes took them back across the lake, and this time the soldier took his seat beside the eldest. On the bank they said farewell to their princes and promised to come again the next night.

When they got to the steps the soldier ran on ahead, lay down in bed, and when the twelve came lagging by, slowly and wearily, he began to snore again very loud, so that they said, "We are quite safe so far as he is concerned." Then they took off their beautiful dresses, put them away, placed the worn-out shoes under their beds, and lay down.

The next morning the soldier determined to say nothing, but to see the wonderful doings again. So he went with them the second and third nights. Everything was just the same as the first time, and they danced each time till their shoes were in holes. The third time the soldier took away a wine cup as a token.

When the appointed hour came for his answer, he took the three twigs and the cup with him and went before the King. The twelve princesses stood behind the door listening to hear what he would say.

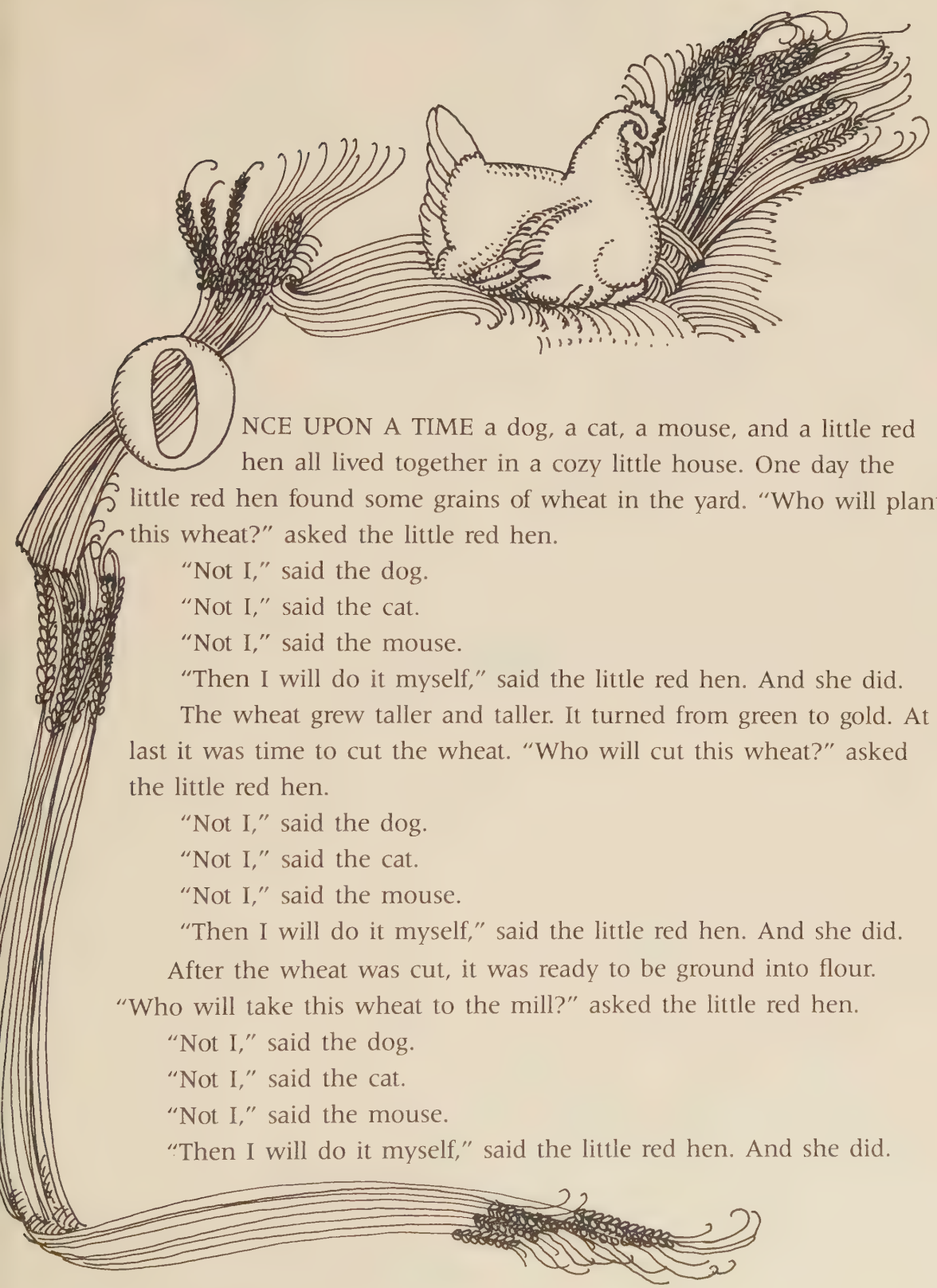
When the King put the question, "Where did my daughters dance their shoes into pieces in the night?" he answered, "With twelve princes in an underground castle." Then he produced the tokens.

The King sent for his daughters and asked them whether the soldier had spoken the truth. As they saw that they were betrayed and would gain nothing by lies, they were obliged to admit all.

Thereupon the King asked the soldier which one he would choose as his wife. He answered, "I am no longer young. Give me the eldest."

So the wedding was celebrated that very day, and the kingdom was promised to him on the King's death. But for every night which the underground princes had spent in dancing with the princesses, a day was added to their time of enchantment.

The Little Red Hen



ONCE UPON A TIME a dog, a cat, a mouse, and a little red hen all lived together in a cozy little house. One day the little red hen found some grains of wheat in the yard. "Who will plant this wheat?" asked the little red hen.

"Not I," said the dog.

"Not I," said the cat.

"Not I," said the mouse.

"Then I will do it myself," said the little red hen. And she did.

The wheat grew taller and taller. It turned from green to gold. At last it was time to cut the wheat. "Who will cut this wheat?" asked the little red hen.

"Not I," said the dog.

"Not I," said the cat.

"Not I," said the mouse.

"Then I will do it myself," said the little red hen. And she did.

After the wheat was cut, it was ready to be ground into flour. "Who will take this wheat to the mill?" asked the little red hen.

"Not I," said the dog.

"Not I," said the cat.

"Not I," said the mouse.

"Then I will do it myself," said the little red hen. And she did.

The little red hen carried the flour back to her house. "Who will make this flour into bread?" asked the little red hen.

"Not I," said the dog.

"Not I," said the cat.

"Not I," said the mouse.

"Then I will do it myself," said the little red hen. And she did.

When the bread was finished, the little red hen took it out of the oven. The cozy little house was filled with a delicious smell.

The dog and the cat and the mouse came running to the kitchen. "Who will eat this bread?" asked the little red hen.

"I will!" said the dog.

"I will!" said the cat.

"I will!" said the mouse.

"Oh, no you will not!" said the little red hen.

"You did not help me plant the wheat. You did not help me cut the wheat. You did not help me take the wheat to the mill. You did not help me bake the bread. And now you are not going to help me eat it. I am going to eat it all by myself."

And she did.

The Three Wishes

HERE ONCE WAS A POOR WOODSMAN who worked hard to provide a living for himself and his wife.

One day, as he was about to cut down a fine oak tree, a small voice cried:

"Please don't cut down my tree!"

The woodsman, in great surprise, stopped and looked about him. He saw no one, so once more he lifted his axe. Just as he started to swing it, however, he heard the voice again: "Please, Mr. Woodsman, don't harm my tree!"

Again the woodsman stopped, and this time he looked very hard for the owner of the voice. But still he could find no one, and once more he raised his axe. Just then there appeared before him a little man dressed all in green.

"Don't, I beg of you, cut down my tree," said the little man. "It is my home, and if it is destroyed I shall have nowhere to live."

The woodsman, who was a kindly man, agreed, and the little man in green was so grateful that he told the woodsman that he would grant him the first three wishes he and his wife might make, whatever they were. The poor man, overjoyed at his good fortune, thanked his little friend and rushed home to tell his wife.

"Just think!" he exclaimed. "Now we can have the cottage, the cow, and the chickens for which we have always wished."

"Stupid!" replied his wife. "If we can have whatever we like, why not wish for something far finer? I could be a queen and you a prince, and we could live in a golden castle with crystal windows."

But the man had his heart set on a pretty cottage. If he had to have a fine castle, he saw no reason why it must be of gold. And so he and his wife argued all day and far into the night about what they should wish for. The fire in the stove went out, and neither of them thought of eating. Late at night, though, the woodsman suddenly realized that he had not eaten all day.

"My, but I am hungry!" he said. "I do wish I had a bit of sausage."

And there in front of him appeared the most delicious-looking sausage you can imagine.

"Idiot!" cried his wife, almost weeping with anger. "You have used up your first wish. You and your stupid sausage!"

Now the woodsman began to lose patience.

"Oh, I wish the sausage were on the end of your nose!" he cried.

And there was the sausage, long and shiny, hanging from the end of his wife's nose.

The poor woman burst into tears of rage.

"Now your second wish is gone!" she cried.

"But we can still have your castle," said the woodcutter, half frightened at what had happened.

"Don't you dare wish for a castle!" screamed his wife. "What kind of a fine lady would I make with this sausage on my nose? You get it off!"

So the woodsman said solemnly, "I wish the sausage were off the end of my wife's nose." Instantly the sausage disappeared into thin air, and the woodcutter and his wife sat there in silence.

They had had their three wishes.

The Lad Who Went to the North Wind

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a widow who had one son, and he went out to the storehouse to fetch some oatmeal for cooking. But as he was coming back to the house, there came the North Wind, puffing and blowing. The North Wind caught up the oatmeal and blew it away. Then the lad went back to the storehouse for more, but no sooner had he come outside than the North Wind came and blew away the oatmeal with just one puff. Worse yet, the Wind did it a third time.

At this the lad got very angry, and as he thought it meant that the North Wind should behave so, he decided he'd go and find the North Wind and ask him to give back the oatmeal.

So off he went, but the way was long, and he walked and he walked, but at last he came to the North Wind's house.

"Good day," said the lad. "Thank you for coming to see us yesterday."

"Good day!" answered the North Wind in a loud, gruff voice. "Thanks for coming to see me. What do you want?"

"Oh," said the lad, "I only wished to ask you to be so kind as to let me have back that oatmeal you took from me, for my mother and I haven't much to live on. If you're to go on snapping up every morsel we have, we'll starve."

"I haven't got your oatmeal," said the North Wind, "but if you are in such need, I'll give you a cloth which will give you all the food you want if you will only say, 'Cloth, cloth, spread yourself and serve up a good dinner!' "

With this the lad was happy. But as the way was so long he couldn't get home in one day, so he stopped overnight at an inn. He went to sit down to supper, and he laid the cloth on a table and said, "Cloth, cloth, spread yourself and serve up a good dinner!"

And the cloth did.

Everyone at the inn thought this was a wonderful thing, but most of all the landlady. So when everyone was fast asleep, she took the lad's cloth and put another in its place. It looked just like the one the lad had got from the North Wind, but it couldn't serve up even a bit of stale bread.

When the lad woke, he took his cloth and went home to his mother.

"Now," said he, "I've been to the North Wind's house, and a good fellow he is. He gave me this cloth, and when I say to it, 'Cloth, cloth, spread yourself and serve up a good dinner!' I can get all the food I want.' "

"Seeing is believing," said his mother. "I shan't believe it until I see it."

So the lad made haste, and laid the cloth on the table. Then he said, "Cloth, cloth, spread yourself and serve up a good dinner!"

But the cloth served up nothing, not even a bit of stale bread.

"Well," said the lad, "there is nothing to do but to go to the North Wind again." And away he went.

So he walked and he walked, and late in the afternoon he came to where the North Wind lived.

"Good evening," said the lad.

"Good evening," said the North Wind in a loud, gruff voice.

"I want my rights for that oatmeal of ours you took," said the lad. "As for the cloth I got from you, it isn't worth a penny."

"I've got no oatmeal," said the North Wind. "But I'll give you a goat which gives forth golden coins whenever you say to it, 'Goat, goat, make money!' "

So the lad thought this a fine thing, but it was too far to get

home that day, so he turned in for the night at the same inn where he had slept before.

When he was settled, he tried out the goat the North Wind had given him and found it all right, but when the landlord saw the goat give forth golden coins, he changed it for an ordinary goat while the lad slept.

Next morning off went the lad. When he got home, he said to his mother, "What a good fellow the North Wind is! Now he has given me a goat that gives forth golden coins whenever I say, 'Goat, goat, make money!' "

"All very true, I daresay," said his mother. "But I shan't believe it until I see the gold coins made."

"Goat, goat, make money!" said the lad, but the goat didn't.

So the lad went back to the North Wind and got very angry, for he said the goat was worth nothing, and he must have his oatmeal back.

"Well," said the North Wind, "I've nothing else to give you except that old stick in the corner, but it's a stick that if you say, 'Stick, stick, lay on!' it lays on until you say, 'Stick, stick, now stop!' "

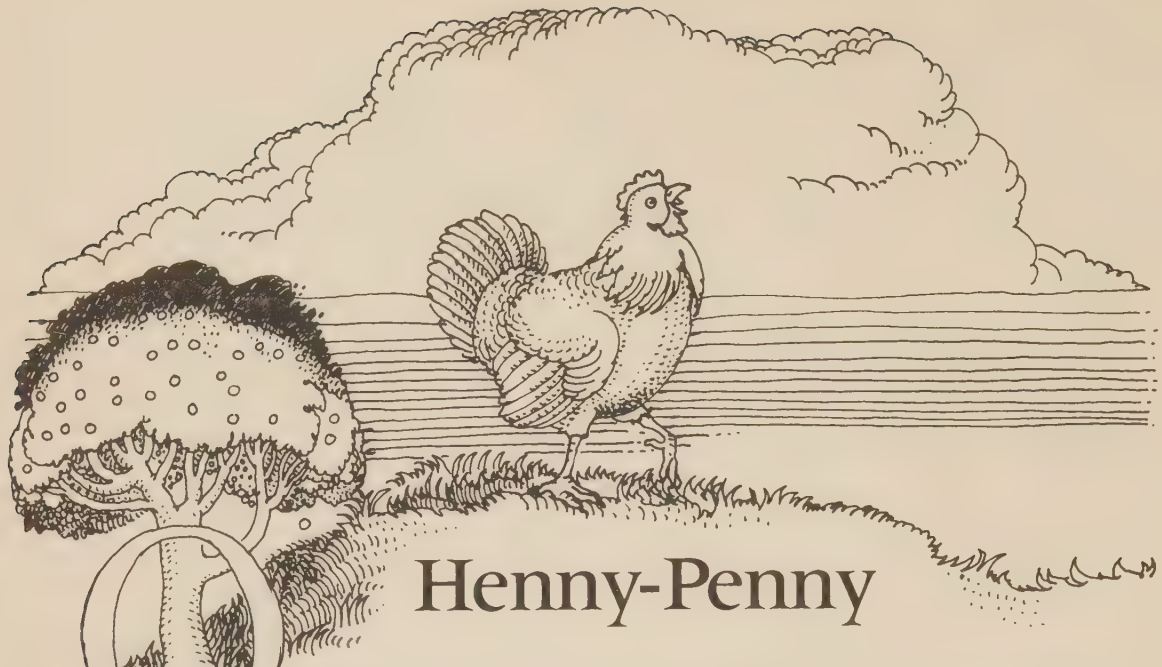
So, as the way was long, the lad turned in for the night at the same inn. By now he had pretty well guessed what had become of the cloth and the goat, so he lay down on the bed and began to snore, pretending to be asleep.

Now the landlord, who was sure the stick must be worth something, found one just like it. When he heard the lad snore, he was going to exchange the two, but just as he was about to take the stick, the lad yelled out, "Stick, stick, lay on!"

So the stick began to beat the landlord, and the landlord jumped over tables, chairs, and benches, and yelled and roared, "Oh, my! Oh, my! Bid the stick be still, and you shall have both your cloth and your goat!"

So the lad said, "Stick, stick, now stop!"

Then he took the cloth, put it in his pocket, and he went home with his stick in his hand, leading the goat by a rope, and so he got his rights for the oatmeal he had lost, and if he didn't live happily ever after that's not the fault of either you or me.



Henny-Penny

ONE DAY Henny-penny was picking up corn in the cornyard when—whack!—something hit her upon the head. "Goodness gracious me!" said Henny-penny; "the sky's a-going to fall: I must go and tell the king."

So she went along and she went along and she went along till she met Cocky-locky. "Where are you going, Henny-penny?" says Cocky-locky.

"Oh! I'm going to tell the king the sky's a-falling," says Henny-penny.

"May I come with you?" says Cocky-locky.

"Certainly," says Henny-penny. So Henny-penny and Cocky-locky went to tell the king the sky was falling.

They went along, and they went along, and they went along, till they met Ducky-daddles. "Where are you going to, Henny-penny and Cocky-locky?" says Ducky-daddles.

"Oh! we're going to tell the king the sky's a-falling," said Henny-penny and Cocky-locky.

"May I come with you?" says Ducky-daddles.

"Certainly," said Henny-penny and Cocky-locky. So Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, and Ducky-daddles went to tell the king the sky was a-falling.

So they went along, and they went along, and they went along, till they met Goosey-poosey. "Where are you going to, Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, and Ducky-daddles?" said Goosey-poosey.

"Oh! we're going to tell the king the sky's a-falling," said Henny-penny and Cocky-locky and Ducky-daddles.

"May I come with you?" said Goosey-poosey.

"Certainly," said Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, and Ducky-daddles. So Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, and Goosey-poosey went to tell the king the sky was a-falling.

So they went along, and they went along, and they went along, till they met Turkey-lurkey. "Where are you going, Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, and Goosey-poosey?" says Turkey-lurkey.

"Oh! we're going to tell the king the sky's a-falling," said Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, and Goosey-poosey.

"May I come with you, Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, and Goosey-poosey?" said Turkey-lurkey.

"Oh, certainly, Turkey-lurkey," said Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, and Goosey-poosey. So Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, and Turkey-lurkey all went to tell the king the sky was a-falling.

So they went along, and they went along, and they went along, till they met Foxy-woxy, and Foxy-woxy said to Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, and Turkey-lurkey: "Where are you going, Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, and Turkey-lurkey?"

And Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, and Turkey-lurkey said to Foxy-woxy: "We're going to tell the king the sky's a-falling."

"Oh! but this is not the way to the king, Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, and Turkey-lurkey," says Foxy-woxy; "I know the proper way; shall I show it to you?"

"Oh, certainly, Foxy-woxy," said Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, and Turkey-lurkey. So Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, Turkey-lurkey, and Foxy-woxy all went to tell the king the sky was a-falling.

So they went along, and they went along, and they went along, till they came to a narrow and dark hole. Now this was the door of

Foxy-woxy's cave. But Foxy-woxy said to Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, and Turkey-lurkey: "This is the short way to the king's palace: you'll soon get there if you follow me. I will go first and you come after, Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, and Turkey-lurkey."

"Why of course, certainly, without doubt, why not?" said Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, and Turkey-lurkey.

So Foxy-woxy went into his cave, and he didn't go very far, but turned round to wait for Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, and Turkey-lurkey. So first Turkey-lurkey went through the dark hole into the cave. He hadn't got far when "Hrumph," Foxy-woxy snapped off Turkey-lurkey's head and threw his body over his left shoulder.

Then Goosey-poosey went in, and "Hrumph," off went her head and Goosey-poosey was thrown beside Turkey-lurkey.

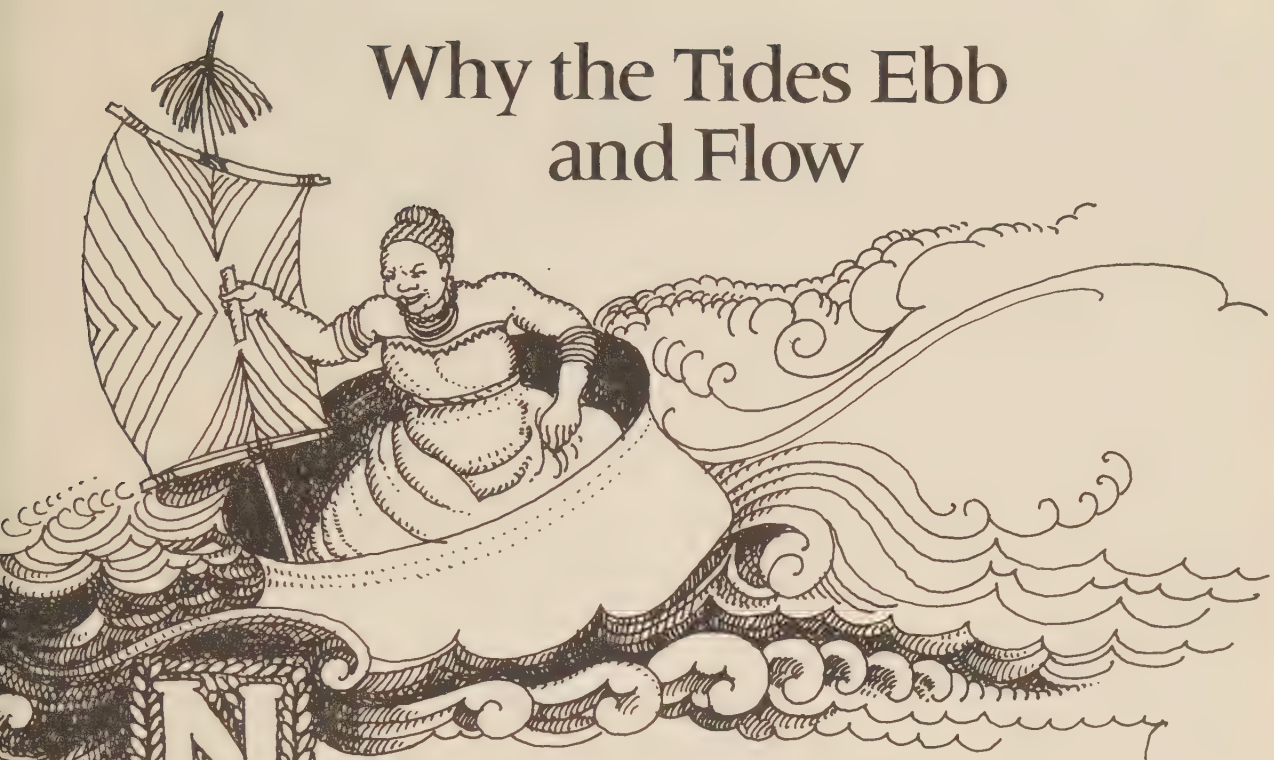
Then Ducky-daddles waddled down, and "Hrumph," snapped Foxy-woxy, and Ducky-daddles' head was off and Ducky-daddles was thrown alongside Turkey-lurkey and Goosey-poosey.

Then Cocky-locky strutted down into the cave, and he hadn't gone far when "Snap, Hrumph!" went Foxy-woxy and Cocky-locky was thrown alongside of Turkey-lurkey, Goosey-poosey, and Ducky-daddles.

But Foxy-woxy had made two bites at Cocky-locky, and when the first snap only hurt Cocky-locky, but didn't kill him, he called out to Henny-penny.

But she turned tail and off she ran home, so she never told the king the sky was a-falling.

Why the Tides Ebb and Flow



NOT IN MY TIME, not in your time, but in the old time, when the earth and sea were new, a stubborn old woman had no hut. She lived all by herself in the middle of a flower patch.

When the winds blew, she was cold. When the rains came, she was wet. And when the sun shone down, she was neither cold nor wet but she was burned from top to toe.

So one day she called to the Sky Spirit To-Whom-All-Things-Belonged, "O Great Spirit, I need a hut."

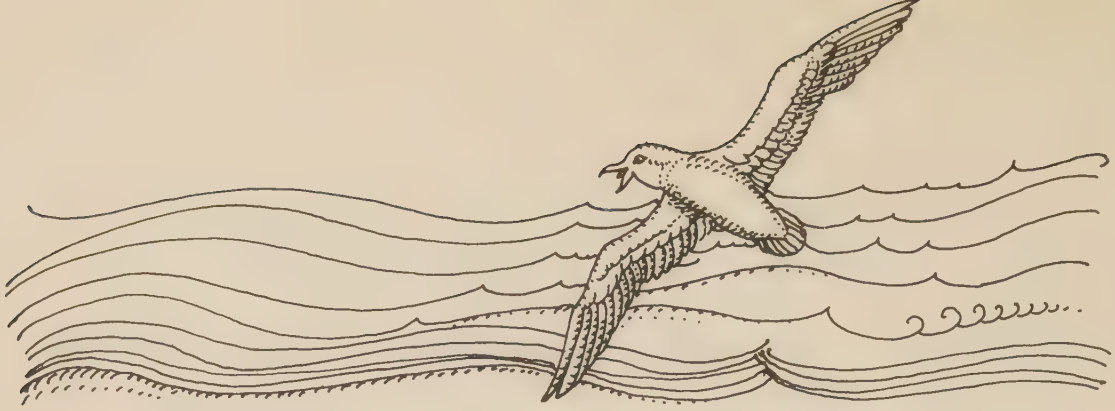
Sky Spirit was busy. He called down, "No hut today. Maybe tomorrow."

But the next day, and for many days after that, he was still too busy to send down a hut for the stubborn old woman, but still she wanted one.

So another day, after thinking and thinking, Old Woman called, "Then give me a rock to shelter me from the weather."

Sky Spirit was too busy to have been thinking and thinking. Too quickly, he answered, "Take one."

Then how happy was the stubborn woman. She knew exactly which rock she wanted. So she climbed into her stewpot and set sail on the great green ocean.



She sailed along, and she sailed along, and soon she saw Sea Bird.

He called:

"Ai-ee, Old Woman,
Listen to me.
You are sailing too close
To the hole in the sea."

"Oho!" answered Old Woman, "then I think I am sailing in the right direction."

She sailed along and she sailed along, and soon she saw Little Silver Fish.

He called:

"Ai-oo, Old Woman,
Listen to me!
You are much, much too close
To the hole in the sea."

"Aha!" answered Old Woman, "then I *know* I am sailing in the right direction."

She sailed along, and she sailed along, and soon she reached the still, quiet place in the sea. She looked down into the clear water, and she saw a rock more beautiful than any she had ever seen before.

"That is the rock I want," she said, and she reached down to get it.

But at that very moment, busy Sky Spirit called to her from his hut in the clouds:

"Old Woman, Old Woman,
Listen to me!
DON'T take the rock
From the hole in the sea!"

Stubborn Old Woman answered, "But that's the rock I want!" And she reached down and down.

Then Sky Spirit called again:

"Old Woman, Old Woman,
Are you listening to me?
I think you are taking
The rock from the sea."

Stubborn Old Woman answered, "But that's the rock I need!" And she reached down and down.

Then Sky Spirit called for a third time:

"Old Woman, Old Woman,
You're NOT listening to me.
Be SURE you don't take
The rock from the sea!"

Stubborn Old Woman answered, "BUT YOU SAID I COULD HAVE IT!"

And she pulled and pulled and pulled, until FOP! up came the rock from the ocean floor.

Then wasn't Sky Spirit sorry! With the rock gone, the sea began to pour down and down into the bottomless pit that was the hole in the sea.

Around and around in great circles went the water, faster and faster. And around and around in her stewpot went the little old woman, with the rock clutched tight in her arms.

"Put it back!" cried all the creatures of the air, very frightened.

"Put it back!" cried all the creatures of the sea, very much frightened, too.

"PUT IT BACK!" roared angry Sky Spirit from the clouds.

But the stubborn old woman would not put back the rock into the hole in the sea. "It's mine now!" she said.

So Sky Spirit had to hurry and send Little Dog down to earth.

"Go put your nose in the hole in the sea!" commanded Sky Spirit. And Little Dog did.

But his nose was too small, and the water was too cold, and down, down went the sea, *m'tia, m'toa,* TLOP!

Then Old Woman took shivering Little Dog into her stewpot. "From now on, you can be my little dog," she said, "and I will love you always."

Then Sky Spirit had to hurry and send Young Maiden down to earth.

"Go kneel in the hole in the sea!" he commanded. And Young Maiden did.

But her knees were too small, and the water was too cold. And down, down went the sea, *m'tia, m'toa,* TLOP!

Old Woman took shivering Young Maiden into her stewpot, too. "From now on, you will be my daughter," she said, "and I will love you forever."

For one last time, Sky Spirit had to hurry. He sent strong Young Man down to earth.

"Go sit in the hole in the sea!" commanded Sky Spirit. And strong Young Man did.

But still the hole was too big, and the water too cold. And down, down went the sea as before, *m'tia, m'toa,* TLOP!

Then Old Woman also took shivering Young Man into her stewpot. "From now on, you will be my daughter's husband," she said, "and I will love you, too."

They all clung together in the stewpot as it spun around and around in ever smaller circles, closer and closer to the hole in the sea.

"Put back the rock!" cried all the creatures of the sea.

"Put back the rock!" cried all the creatures of the air.

"Put back the rock," cried Sky Spirit, "and I will let you borrow it twice each day forevermore to pretty up your flower patch."

The stubborn old woman looked at Little Dog, who would love and protect her. She looked at Young Maiden, who would keep her company when the long day's work was done.

She looked at strong Young Man, *who would build her a hut*!

And Old Woman smiled.

Then she leaned over and put back the rock into the hole in the sea, FOM!

The water stopped circling. The sea filled up and filled up. And off home sailed the stubborn old woman, with her loving family.

But twice each day, she still goes a-sailing in her stewpot. Twice each day, she borrows the rock to pretty up her flower patch.

As she takes the rock away, the water goes down and down into the hole in the sea. That is low tide.

As she puts the rock back, the sea fills up and fills up. That is high tide. To this day, that is why the tides ebb and flow.

But some parts of Little Dog, Young Maiden, and Young Man never did warm up.

To this day, that is why all Little Dog's children have cold noses. That is why all Young Maiden's daughters have cold knees. And to this day, that is why all Young Man's sons stand with their backs to the fire.

The Old Woman Who Lost Her Dumplings

LONG, LONG AGO there was a funny old woman, who liked to laugh and to make dumplings of rice-flour.

One day, while she was preparing some dumplings for dinner, she let one fall; and it rolled into a hole in the earthen floor of her little kitchen and disappeared. The old woman tried to reach it by putting her hand down the hole, and all at once the earth gave way, and the old woman fell in.

She fell quite a distance, but was not a bit hurt; and when she got up on her feet again, she saw that she was standing on a road, just like the road before her house. It was quite light down there; and she could see plenty of rice-fields, but no one in them. How all this happened, I cannot tell you. But it seems that the old woman had fallen into another country.

The road she had fallen upon sloped very much: so, after having looked for her dumpling in vain, she thought that it must have rolled farther away down the slope. She ran down the road to look, crying:

"My dumpling, my dumpling! Where is that dumpling of mine?"

After a little while she saw a stone *Fizó* standing by the roadside, and she said:

"O Lord *Fizó*, did you see my dumpling?" *Fizó* answered:

"Yes, I saw your dumpling rolling by me down the road. But you had better not go any farther, because there is a wicked *Oni* living down there, who eats people."

But the old woman only laughed, and ran on further down the road, crying: "My dumpling, my dumpling! Where is that dumpling of mine?" And she came to another statue of *Fizó*, and asked it:

"O kind Lord *Fizó*, did you see my dumpling?"

And *Fizó* said:

"Yes, I saw your dumpling go by a little while ago. But you must not run any further, because there is a wicked *Oni* down there, who eats people."

But she only laughed, and ran on, still crying out: "My dumpling, my dumpling! Where is that dumpling of mine?" And she came to a third *Fizó* and asked it:

"O dear Lord *Fizó*, did you see my dumpling?"

But *Fizó* said:

"Don't talk about your dumpling now. Here is the *Oni* coming. Squat down here behind my sleeve, and don't make any noise."

Presently the *Oni* came very close, and stopped and bowed to *Fizó*, and said:

"Good-day, *Fizó San*!"

Fizó said good-day, too, very politely.

Then the *Oni* suddenly snuffed the air two or three times in a suspicious way, and cried out: "*Fizó San, Fizó San*! I smell a smell of mankind somewhere—don't you?"

"Oh!" said *Fizó*, "perhaps you are mistaken."

"No, no!" said the *Oni* after snuffing the air again, "I smell a smell of mankind."

Then the old woman could not help laughing—"*Te-he-he*!"—and the *Oni* immediately reached down his big hairy hand behind *Fizó's* sleeve, and pulled her out, still laughing, "*Te-he-he*!"

"Ah! ha!" cried the *Oni*.

Then *Fizó* said:

"What are you going to do with that good old woman? You must not hurt her."

"I won't," said the *Oni*. "But I will take her home with me to cook for us."

"*Te-he-he*!" laughed the old woman.

"Very well," said *Fizó* "but you must really be kind to her. If you are not, I shall be very angry."

"I won't hurt her at all," promised the *Oni*; "and she will only have to do a little work for us every day. Good-by, *Fizó San*."

Then the *Oni* took the old woman far down the road, till they came to a wide deep river, where there was a boat. He put her into the boat, and took her across the river to his house. It was a very large house. He led her at once into the kitchen, and told her to cook some dinner for himself and the other *Oni* who lived with him. And he gave her a small wooden rice-paddle, and said:

"You must always put only one grain of rice into the pot, and when you stir that one grain of rice in the water with this paddle, the grain will multiply until the pot is full."

So the old woman put just one rice-grain into the pot, as the *Oni* told her, and began to stir it with the paddle; and, as she stirred, the one grain became two,—then four,—then eight,—then sixteen, thirty-two, sixty-four, and so on. Every time she moved the paddle the rice increased in quantity; and in a few minutes the great pot was full.

After that, the funny old woman stayed a long time in the house of the *Oni*, and every day cooked food for him and for all his friends. The *Oni* never hurt or frightened her, and her work was made quite easy by the magic paddle—although she had to cook a very, very great quantity of rice, because an *Oni* eats much more than any human being eats.

But she felt lonely, and always wished very much to go back to her own little house, and make her dumplings. And one day, when the *Oni* were all out somewhere, she thought she would try to run away.

She first took the magic paddle, and slipped it under her girdle; and then she went down to the river. No one saw her; and the boat

was there. She got into it, and pushed off; and as she could row very well, she was soon far away from the shore.

But the river was very wide; and she had not rowed more than one-fourth of the way across, when the *Oni*, all of them, came back to the house.

They found that their cook was gone, and the magic paddle, too. They ran down to the river at once, and saw the old woman rowing away very fast.

Perhaps they could not swim: at all events they had no boat; and they thought the only way they could catch the funny old woman would be to drink up all the water of the river before she got to the other bank. So they knelt down, and began to drink so fast that before the old woman had got half way over, the water had become quite low.

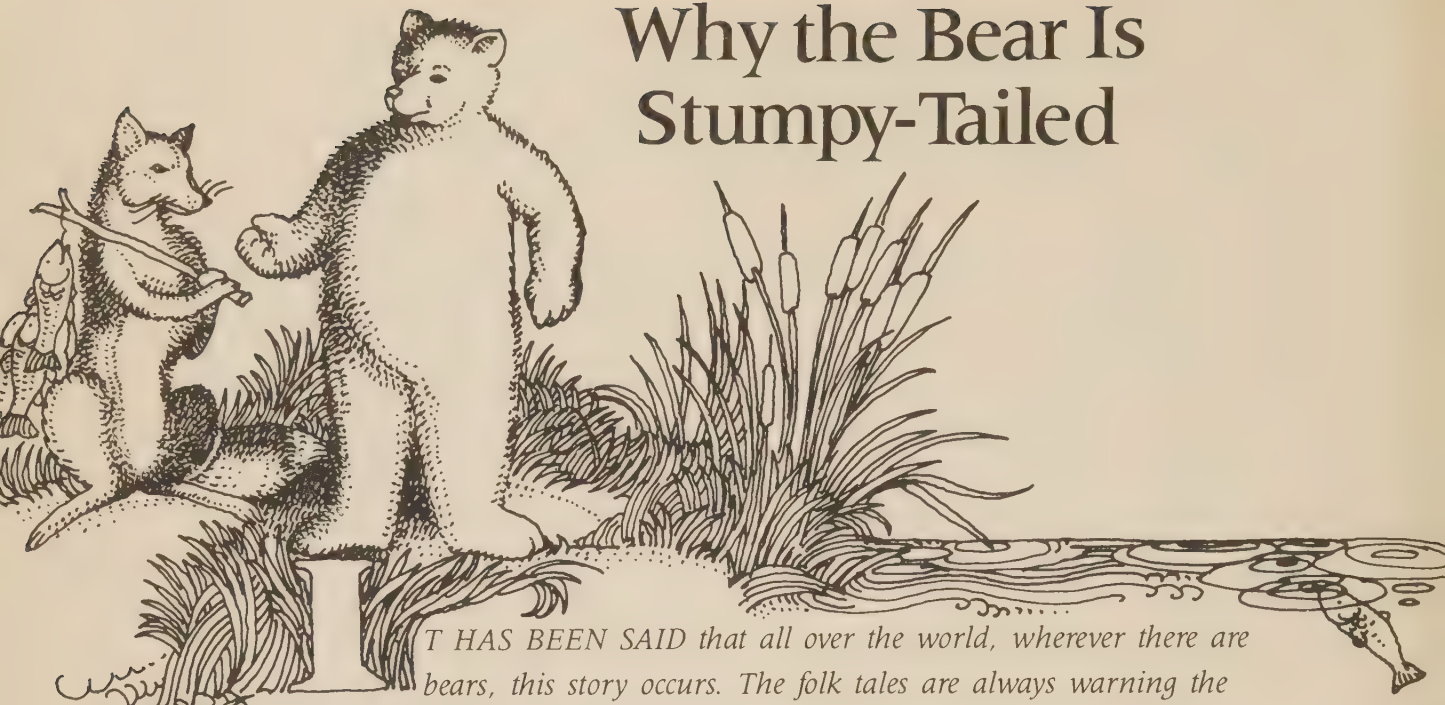
But the old woman kept on rowing until the water had got so shallow that the *Oni* stopped drinking, and began to wade across. Then she dropped her oar, took the magic paddle from her girdle, and shook it at the *Oni*, and made such funny faces that the *Oni* all burst out laughing.

But the moment they laughed, they could not help throwing up all the water they had drunk, and so the river became full again. The *Oni* could not cross; and the funny old woman got safely over to the other side, and ran away up the road as fast as she could.

She never stopped running until she found herself at home again.

After that she was very happy; for she could make dumplings whenever she pleased. Besides, she had the magic paddle to make rice for her. She sold her dumplings to her neighbors and passengers, and in quite a short time she became rich.

Why the Bear Is Stumpy-Tailed



IT HAS BEEN SAID that all over the world, wherever there are bears, this story occurs. The folk tales are always warning the unwary against the folly of credulity.

One day the Bear met the Fox, who came slinking along with a string of fish he had stolen.

"Whence did you get those from?" asked the Bear.

"Oh! my Lord Bruin, I've been out fishing and caught them," said the Fox.

So the Bear had a mind to learn to fish too, and bade the Fox tell him how he was to set about it.

"Oh! it's an easy craft for you," answered the Fox, "and soon learnt. You've only got to go upon the ice, and cut a hole and stick your tail down into it; and so you must go on holding it there as long as you can. You're not to mind if your tail smarts a little; that's when the fish bite. The longer you hold it there the more fish you'll get; and then all at once out with it, with a cross pull sideways, and with a strong pull too."

Yes; the Bear did as the Fox had said, and held his tail a long, long, long time in the hole, till it was fast frozen in. Then he pulled it out with a cross pull, and it snapped short off. That's why Bruin goes about with his stumpy tail this very day.

The Knee-High Man

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a knee-high man. He was no taller than a person's knees. Because he was so short, he was very unhappy. He wanted to be big like everybody else.

One day he decided to ask the biggest animal he could find how he could get big. So he went to see Mr. Horse.

"Mr. Horse, how can I get big like you?"

Mr. Horse said, "Well, eat a whole lot of corn. Then run around a lot. After a while you'll be as big as me."

The knee-high man did just that. He ate so much corn that his stomach hurt. Then he ran and ran and ran until his leg hurt. But he didn't get any bigger. So he decided that Mr. Horse had told him something wrong. He decided to go ask Mr. Bull.

"Mr. Bull? How can I get big like you?"

Mr. Bull said, "Eat a whole lot of grass. Then bellow and bellow as loud as you can. The first thing you know, you'll be as big as me."

So the knee-high man ate a whole field of grass. That made his stomach hurt. He bellowed and bellowed and bellowed all day and all night. That made his throat hurt. But he didn't get any bigger. So he decided that Mr. Bull was all wrong too.

Now he didn't know anyone else to ask. One night he heard Mr. Hoot Owl hooting, and he remembered that Mr. Owl knew everything. "Mr. Owl? How can I get big like Mr. Horse and Mr. Bull?"

"What do you want to be big for?" Mr. Hoot Owl asked.

"I want to be big so that when I get into a fight, I can whip everybody," the knee-high man said.

Mr. Hoot Owl hooted. "Anybody ever try to pick a fight with you?"

The knee-high man thought a minute. "Well, now that you mention it, nobody ever did try to start a fight with me."

Mr. Owl said, "Well, you don't have any reason to fight. Therefore, you don't have any reason to be bigger than you are."

"But, Mr. Owl," the knee-high man said, "I want to be big so I can see far into the distance."

Mr. Hoot Owl hooted. "If you climb a tall tree, you can see into the distance from the top."

The knee-high man was quiet for a minute. "Well, I hadn't thought of that."

Mr. Hoot Owl hooted again. "And that's what's wrong, Mr. Knee-High Man. You hadn't done any thinking at all. I'm smaller than you, and you don't see me worrying about being big. Mr. Knee-High Man, you wanted something that you didn't need."

The Mitten

IT WAS THE COLDEST DAY OF THE WINTER, and a little boy was trudging through the forest gathering firewood for his grandmother.

"Bring back all you can find," the old woman had said as she sat knitting a pair of mittens.

"The north wind blows cold, and we must have a good fire to keep us warm."

All morning the boy worked, picking up sticks, until his sled was well loaded. Then a very strange thing happened. Just as he picked up the last stick he dropped one of his mittens in the snow.

Now, how a boy could do this on the coldest day of winter I'll never know, but that's the way my grandfather tells the story.

Off he went with his load of wood, and the mitten was left lying on a snowdrift.

As soon as he was out of sight a little mouse came scurrying through the woods. She was very cold, and when she spied the little boy's mitten with its feathery fur cuff, she popped right in to get warm. It was just the right size for a tiny mouse.

Presently a green frog came hip-hopping over the snow.

"Anybody home?" she asked when she saw the mitten.

"Only me," said the mouse, "and come in quickly before you freeze."

They had no sooner settled themselves snugly in the red wool lining when an owl flew down.

"May I join you in that lovely mitten?" he asked.

"If you mind your manners," replied the mouse, for owls always made her nervous.

"And don't wiggle around too much," added the frog, "because it's a bit tight in here."

It wasn't long before a rabbit came down the forest path.

"Is there room for me in that nice warm mitten?" asked the rabbit. "It's awfully cold out here."

"Not much space left," said the mouse and the frog and the owl.

"But come in. We'll see what we can do."

Even before the rabbit had gotten herself tucked in, a fox trotted up to the mitten, and after a good deal of trouble she got herself in with the others. The mouse was beginning to think maybe she shouldn't have been so generous, but with the bitter wind outside, what else could she do?

And now, as if things weren't bad enough, the next visitor was a big gray wolf who wanted to come in, too. "I don't know how we'll manage it," said the mouse, "But we'll try."

Everyone moved around a bit, and finally the wolf was squeezed into the mitten. It was very crowded by now, but at least it was warm.

Things had just gotten arranged nicely when the animals heard a great snorting. It was a wild boar, and he was very anxious to get in out of the wind.

"Oh, dear!" cried the mouse, for the mitten was already beginning to stretch a little. "We just don't have any more room!"

"I'll be very careful," said the boar. With that he squinched himself into the mitten along with the mouse and the frog, the owl, the rabbit, the fox and the wolf. I know this is so because my grandfather told me.

But the worst was yet to come, for who should appear now but a bear! He was very big and very cold.

"No room! No room!" cried the animals even before the bear had a chance to speak.

"Nonsense!" said the bear.

"There's always room for one more." And, without so much as a please or thank you, he began crawling into the mitten. He put his paw in first, and the mitten creaked and groaned. He put his other paw in and one of the seams popped. Then he took a big breath and pushed himself in.

Now while all this was going on, along came a little black cricket. She was very old, and her creaky legs ached with the cold. When she saw the mitten she said to herself, "Now that looks like a nice warm place. I'll just hop over and see if I can squeeze in too!"

But, ah me, that's all that was needed to finish off the poor old mitten. The cricket had no more than put her first scratchy foot inside when, with a rip and a snap, the stitches came apart, the old leather cracked and the soft red lining split in half, popping all the animals into the snow!

Well at this very moment the little boy discovered that he had only one mitten, so back he went to see where he might have dropped the other one. But all he could find were the ripped-apart pieces. And he thought he saw a little mouse scurrying away with a bit of red wool perched on her head.

It looked very much like the lining from the thumb of his missing mitten.

"Oh, well," said the boy as he snuggled his cold hand inside his coat, "my grandmother will surely have my new mittens finished by now."

Then he hurried home, with the north wind nipping at his cheeks.

And my grandfather says he never did know what *really* happened to his mitten.

Why the Moon Is in the Sky

ANANSI THE SPIDER had six sons. Each son was named for what he could do best. The first son could see problems happening far away, so he was named See Trouble.

The second son could build roads through thick forests, so he was named Road Builder. The third son could drink up mighty rivers, so he was named River Drinker.

The fourth son could skin animals neatly and quickly, so he was called Game Skinner. The fifth son could throw stones a long way and always hit the mark, so he was called Stone Thrower.

The sixth son was born big and round. He was so plump that he was called Cushion.

One day, Anansi went on a trip. He was gone for many weeks. His sons were worried about him. See Trouble climbed to the top of a tall tree and looked around. Suddenly he shouted, "Father has fallen into a river! At this very moment he is being swallowed by a red fish."

"Follow me," Road Builder called to his brothers. "We don't have a moment to spare." Road Builder made a road through the forest to the river, and all the other brothers rushed after him.

River Drinker leaned over the river bank. He drank huge gulps of water, and soon the river was dry. Game Skinner ran to the red fish stranded on the dry river bottom. Carefully he cut the fish open, and Anansi jumped out.

Just then a hungry hawk dove down from the sky. The hawk grabbed Anansi in its sharp claws and flew up towards the clouds.

Stone Thrower picked up a stone and threw it at the hawk. WOK! The stone hit the hawk hard, and the hawk dropped Anansi. Down, down, down Anansi fell. "He will be killed on the hard ground," Cushion thought. "Only I can save him now."

Cushion ran. He lay down on the ground under Anansi and took a deep breath. PLOP! Anansi landed on soft Cushion, so he was not hurt. Father and sons returned home joyfully.

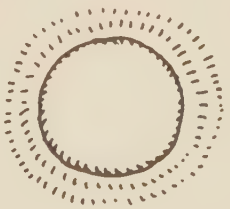
The next night, Anansi was walking in the forest when he saw a strange glow on the ground ahead of him. When he got closer he saw that it was a beautiful, shining ball. It lit the leaves with a silvery light. Anansi had never seen anything like it before.

"I will take this light home and give it to one of my sons," Anansi thought. "It is a perfect reward for the one who did the most to save my life." So Anansi picked up the light and started back.

"Nyame," he called to the sky god, "come and help me. Please hold this shining ball while I decide which son should have it." Nyame came and held the glowing ball.

When Anansi's sons saw the beautiful light, they all wanted to have it. "I found it in the forest," Anansi said. "I will give it to the one who did the most to save my life." The sons argued and argued. Each one said he had done the most. Anansi could not decide which son should have the reward.

Nyame held the lovely light for many days. Then he got tired of waiting, so he went back up to the sky and took the silvery light with him. There it shines for all to see—the lovely moon found by Anansi. It will shine there always. It is shining there now.



The Twelve Months

THERE WAS ONCE a widow who had a daughter named Holena. In the cottage with them lived Holena's stepsister, Marushka. Now Marushka was so pretty and good that the other two disliked her and made her do all the hard work. She had to sweep the rooms, cook, wash, sew, spin, and weave, and she had to bring in the hay from the meadow and milk the cow. Holena, who was not pretty, did nothing but dress up in her best clothes and amuse herself with one thing after another.

But Marushka never complained. Patiently she bore the scoldings and bad tempers of the mother and daughter. Holena's ugliness increased, while Marushka became even lovelier to look at. This made the other two more tyrannical and grumpy than ever. At length they determined to get rid of her, for they knew that Holena would have no suitors while Marushka was there to be seen.

One day in the middle of winter Holena said she wanted some violets. "Listen!" she cried to Marushka. "You must go up on the mountain and find me some violets. And they must be fresh and sweet-scented. Do you hear?"

"But whoever heard of violets blooming in the snow!" cried Marushka.

"You wretched creature! Do you dare to disobey me? Not another word! Off with you, and don't come back without the violets!"

The stepmother added her threats, and the two pushed Marushka out of the cottage and shut the door behind her.

Marushka, weeping, made her way to the mountain. The snow lay deep and there was no trace of any other human being. For a long time she wandered hither and thither, and lost herself in the woods. She became hungry and she shivered with cold and was almost ready to give up when she saw a light in the distance. She climbed toward it, until she had reached the very top of the mountain.

Upon the highest peak she found a large fire burning and twelve men in long white robes sitting around it. Three had white hair, three were not quite so old, three were young and handsome, and the rest still younger. These were the twelve months of the year, and they sat silently looking at the fire, each one on a block of stone. The great January was placed higher than the others. He was older than they, and his hair and beard were white as snow. In his hand he held a wand.

At first Marushka was afraid, but after a while her courage returned. Drawing near, she said, "Good men, may I warm myself at your fire? I am chilled by the winter cold."

The great January raised his head and asked, "What brings you here, my child? What do you seek?"

"I am looking for violets," replied Marushka.

"This is not the season for violets. Do you not see the snow everywhere?"

"Yes," was Marushka's reply, "but my stepmother and my stepsister have ordered me to bring them violets from your mountain. If I return without them, they will kill me. I pray you, good sirs, to tell me where to find them."

The great January arose and went over to one of the youngest of the months. Placing his wand in that month's hand, he said, "Brother March, do you take the highest place."

March obeyed, at the same time waving his wand over the fire. Immediately the flames rose toward the sky. The snow began to melt, the trees and shrubs to bud. The grass became green and between the blades peeped the pale primrose. It was spring, and the meadows turned blue with violets.

"Gather them quickly, Marushka," said March.

Joyfully, Marushka hastened to pick the flowers and soon had a large bouquet. She thanked the months and hastened home. Holena and her mother were amazed at the sight of the flowers and at their fragrance, which filled the house.

"Where did you pick them?" asked Holena.

"Under the trees on the mountain," replied Marushka.

Holena took the flowers, but without thanking Marushka for the trouble she had taken to get them.

The next day Holena called to Marushka again and said, "I long to taste strawberries. Run and fetch me some from the mountain, and see to it that they are sweet and ripe."

"But whoever heard of strawberries ripening in the snow?" said Marushka.

"Hold your tongue! Go after the strawberries and don't come back without them."

Holena's mother also ordered Marushka to gather the berries. They pushed her out of the house and bolted the door behind her.

Unhappily, Marushka made her way to the mountain again and climbed until she came to the fire around which sat the twelve months.

"Good men, may I warm myself at your fire? The winter wind chills me."

The great January raised his head and asked, "Why do you come here? What do you seek?"

"I am looking for strawberries," she replied.

"But we are in the midst of winter. Strawberries do not grow in the snow."

"I know," said Marushka sadly, "but my stepmother and stepsister have ordered me to bring them strawberries. I dare not return without them. Pray, good sirs, tell me where to find them."

The great January arose and went over to the month opposite him and, putting his wand into that month's hand, said, "Brother June, do you take the highest place."

June obeyed, and as he waved his wand over the fire, the flames leaped toward the sky. Instantly the snow melted, the earth became green with grass and the trees with leaves. Birds began to sing and flowers blossomed in the forest. It was summer, and in the sunny glades, star-shaped blooms changed into ripe, red strawberries.

"Gather them quickly," said June.

Joyfully, Marushka thanked the months and, when she had filled her apron, ran happily home. The strawberries greatly surprised Holena and her mother. "Wherever did you find them?" asked Holena, crossly.

"Up on the mountain," replied Marushka.

Holena gave a few to her mother and ate the rest herself. Not even one did she offer to Marushka. But on the third day she had tired of strawberries and fancied having some fresh, red apples.

"Run, Marushka," she demanded, "and fetch me fresh, red apples from the mountain."

"Apples in winter!" exclaimed Marushka. "Why, the trees have neither leaves nor fruit on them now."

"You idle girl! Go this minute, and don't come back unless you bring the apples."

As before, the widow added her commands and threats. The two seized Marushka roughly and turned her out of the house.

Poor Marushka went weeping through deep snow up the mountain till she came again to the fire around which sat the twelve months.

"Good men, may I warm myself at your fire?"

The great January raised his head and asked, "Why come you here? What do you seek?"

"I come to look for red apples," replied Marushka.

"But this is winter and not the season for apples," answered January.

"I know. But my stepmother and her daughter have ordered me to fetch them red apples from the mountain, and I dare not return without them. Pray, good sirs, tell me where to find them."

The great January arose and went to one of the elderly months, to whom he handed his wand. "Brother September, do you take the highest place."

September moved to the highest seat, which January had occupied. He waved the wand over the fire and a flare of red flames made the snow disappear. The trees leafed out, then brightened with autumn colors. A frosty wind began to scatter the leaves through the forest.

Marushka looked about and spied an apple tree on which hung ripe, red fruit. She ran and shook the tree. One apple fell and then another. "That is enough," said September. "Now hurry home."

Marushka thanked the months and went down the mountain joyfully.

At home Holena and her mother marveled at the fruit. "Where did you gather these apples?" Holena asked.

"On the mountaintop," answered Marushka.

"Why did you not bring more?" said Holena fretfully. "You must have eaten them on your way back, you wicked girl."

"No, I have not even tasted them," declared Marushka. "I shook the tree twice. One apple fell each time. I was not allowed to shake it again, but was told to return home."

Holena would not believe her, and spoke so harshly that Marushka wept bitterly and took refuge in the kitchen.

Holena and her mother ate the apples. Never before had they tasted such delicious fruit. When they had finished the two apples, they both longed for more.

"Mother," said Holena, "give me my cloak and I will go fetch more apples. I will not send Marushka because the good-for-nothing wretch would eat them on her way. I will find the tree, and no matter who cries 'Stop!' I shall not leave until I have shaken all the apples from the tree."

Holena's mother brought a warm cloak and hood and helped her daughter put them on. Then Holena took the road to the mountain while her mother stood at the window and watched her disappear in the distance.

Snow covered everything and not a footprint was to be seen anywhere, but Holena pushed on until she reached the mountaintop. There were the flaming fire and the twelve months seated about it. At first Holena was frightened and she hesitated to go nearer. But then she went close and warmed her hands, without asking permission. The great January inquired severely, "What has brought you here? What do you seek?"

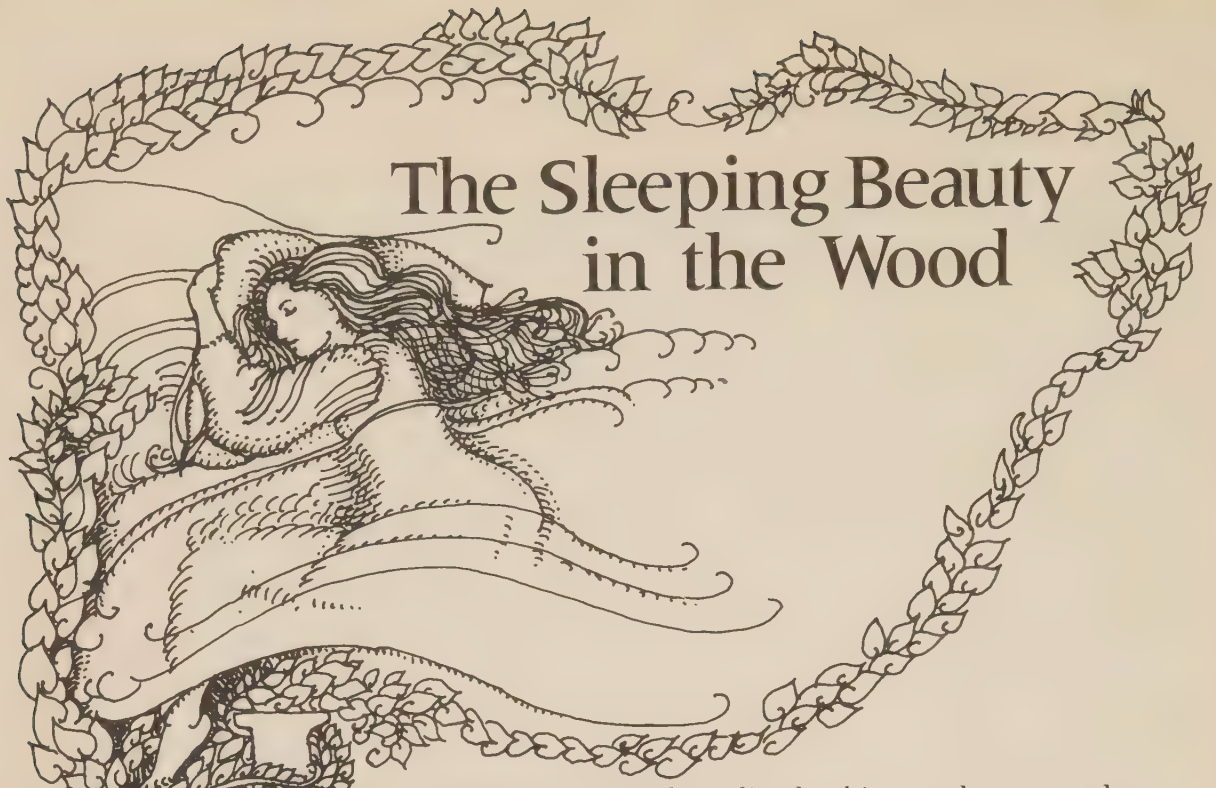
"I need not tell you," replied Holena. "What business is it of yours?"

January frowned and waved his wand over his head. Instantly the sky filled with clouds, snow began to fall, and the fire and the twelve months disappeared. Holena found herself alone in a wild storm. Although she tried to make her way home, she only wandered vainly hither and thither through the white forest.

Meanwhile, Holena's mother looked from the cottage window for her return. The hours passed slowly and she became alarmed. "Can it be that the apples have charmed her away from home?" she wondered. Finally, she put on her own hood and cloak and set out to search for her daughter. But the snow continued to blow in great drifts, covering everything. The icy north wind whistled through the mountain forests. No voice answered her cry. Neither mother nor daughter ever returned home.

Marushka lived on in the little cottage, and it and the field and cow became hers. In time an honest young farmer came to share them with her, and they were contented and happy as long as they lived.

The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood



IN A DISTANT LAND there lived a king and queen who could have no children. Nothing else would give them pleasure, and they moved through their days as if they were in mourning.

But after many, many years the queen at last bore a daughter. The christening was to be magnificent. For the child's godmothers, seven fairies were chosen. Each was to give her a gift, a talent or virtue that would make of the child perfection itself.

After the christening the company returned to the palace, where a great feast had been prepared to honor the seven fairies. Before each one was a golden plate with a knife and fork and spoon set with diamonds and rubies. But just as they were sitting down to eat, a very old fairy came into the hall. She had not been invited because she had shut herself in a high, distant tower for many years and it was thought that she was dead.

The king ordered a place laid for the old fairy, but he could not give her a golden plate with a knife and fork and spoon as others had, for only seven had been made. The old fairy was outraged and muttered threats beneath her breath. A young fairy who sat nearby heard her. Fearing that the uninvited one might harm the little princess, she hid herself behind the curtains. She wanted to give the last gift of all and in this way perhaps undo any evil that the old fairy was planning.

Soon it was time to give the gifts to the princess. The youngest fairy said she would grow up to be beautiful; the next, that she should have the wit of an angel; the third promised her grace; the fourth gave her the gift of dancing; the fifth, the gift of singing; and the last fairy said she would be able to play sweet music on any instrument she took up.

Now it was the old fairy's turn. She came near to the cradle, her head shaking with rage and spite. "The young princess's beauty and accomplishments will not help her," she announced. "For one day she will prick her hand on a tiny spindle and when this happens she will die." The terrible gift made all the company tremble and weep, and the queen could not be comforted.

But at this instant the young fairy who had hidden came from behind the curtains and cried out, "No, my king and queen, your child will not die of this wound. It is true, I have not the power to change an older fairy's gift. The princess will indeed pierce her finger with a spindle. But instead of dying, she shall only fall into a deep sleep. It will last a hundred years, and at the end of it a king's son will come and awaken her."

The young fairy's words were of scant comfort. To avoid the misfortune that had been foretold for his daughter, the king ordered all the spindles in the kingdom to be destroyed; anyone even found spinning was to be put to death.

Fifteen or sixteen years afterward the king and queen were away in the countryside and the young princess was running about in the palace. She went from room to room and came at last into a little garret on top of the tower, where an old woman was spinning with her spindle. The old woman had never heard of the king's orders and so had gone on making her thread in the way of her mother and grandmother before her.

"What are you doing, my good woman?" asked the princess.

"I am spinning, pretty child," said the old woman, for she did not know who the princess was.

"How clever!" said the princess. "How do you do it? Give it to me so I can try."

Either because she was careless or because the old fairy had ordained it, no sooner had the girl taken the spindle than it pierced

her hand and she fell down in a swoon. The good old woman cried out for help. Servants and courtiers and ladies came running from every room in the palace. They threw water upon the princess's face; they unlaced her and struck her on the palms of her hands and rubbed her temples with cologne. But it was no use; nothing would awaken her.

Then the king, who had returned from the countryside, saw that the old fairy's cruel gift had come to pass and his daughter must sleep for a hundred years. By his order she was carried into the finest room in the palace and laid upon a bed embroidered with silver and gold. The color in her face was undimmed and she was as beautiful as ever. It is true that her eyes were shut, but those who listened closely could hear her breathe, so they knew she was not dead.

The young fairy who had saved the princess's life was far away in the kingdom of Matakin, but a dwarf in seven-league boots came there to give her the news. At once the fairy left for the palace in a fiery chariot drawn by dragons. The king greeted her gently and showed her the room where the princess slept. Though the fairy saw that she was well provided for, she thought how sad the princess would be when she woke up alone in that great palace with the people she knew dead and gone.

So she touched everyone with her magic ring. She touched the housekeepers, the maids-in-waiting, the courtiers, the cooks, the scullions, and the footmen. Then she went into the stable and touched the horses and the stable boys. She even touched Puff, the princess's little dog, who was curled up on the bed beside her. At once they all fell fast asleep and would not wake until the princess woke. Everything in the palace was motionless. The spits on the fire with their partridge meats and pheasants stopped turning, and the flames died down and slept.

The king and queen watched the fairy in silence. And when she was done they kissed their beloved daughter good-bye and left the palace forever. Within a quarter of an hour, a great number of trees interlaced with brambles, and thorns grew up around the park and formed a hedge so thick that neither man nor beast could penetrate it and so tall that only the tallest turrets of the palace could be seen. In this way the fairy made a magical safe place where the princess could sleep in peace.

* * * * * *

At the end of a hundred years the son of a king who lived nearby went hunting in the countryside. He asked the people about the turrets he saw in the woods and why the hedge grew there so thickly. Each told him a different story. Some said it was a place full of ghosts; others said the witches went there to hold their sabbath meetings; still others said it was the home of an ogre who caught children and ate them alive.

The prince did not know what to believe. Then a very old man said to him, "Please, Your Highness, more than fifty years past, I heard my father say there was at one time in this castle a princess, the most beautiful ever seen. Because she was bewitched she must sleep for a hundred years and could be awakened only by a prince."

Never had the king's son heard of such a marvelous adventure. Fired by love and the desire for glory, he resolved at once to gain entry to the palace. He prepared to cut down the hedge with his sword, but as soon as he came there all the great trees, the bushes, and the brambles parted to let him pass through. He came out upon a broad avenue and at the end of it was the palace. But when he looked behind to see if his servants were still with him, he discovered that the hedge had closed again and he was all alone. However, this did not deter him, for he was a young prince in search of love and glory.

Quickly he walked into the palace courtyard, but what he saw made him stop in amazement. A frightful silence hung over the place and the image of death was everywhere. A score of men were outstretched upon the paving stones, their limbs at grotesque angles. But then the prince saw beside the porters goblets still filled with wine. He leaned down next to them and felt the movement of their chests and then he knew they were alive and had fallen asleep while drinking their wine.

Next he crossed a court paved with marble and came into a guard room. Guards were standing in their ranks with their muskets on their shoulders and snoring with all their might. He went upstairs and through several rooms filled with people, men and women both. Some were standing and others were sitting, but all were sleeping soundly.

Finally he entered a gilded chamber where he saw upon a bed embroidered with gold and silver a girl of fifteen or sixteen years. Her

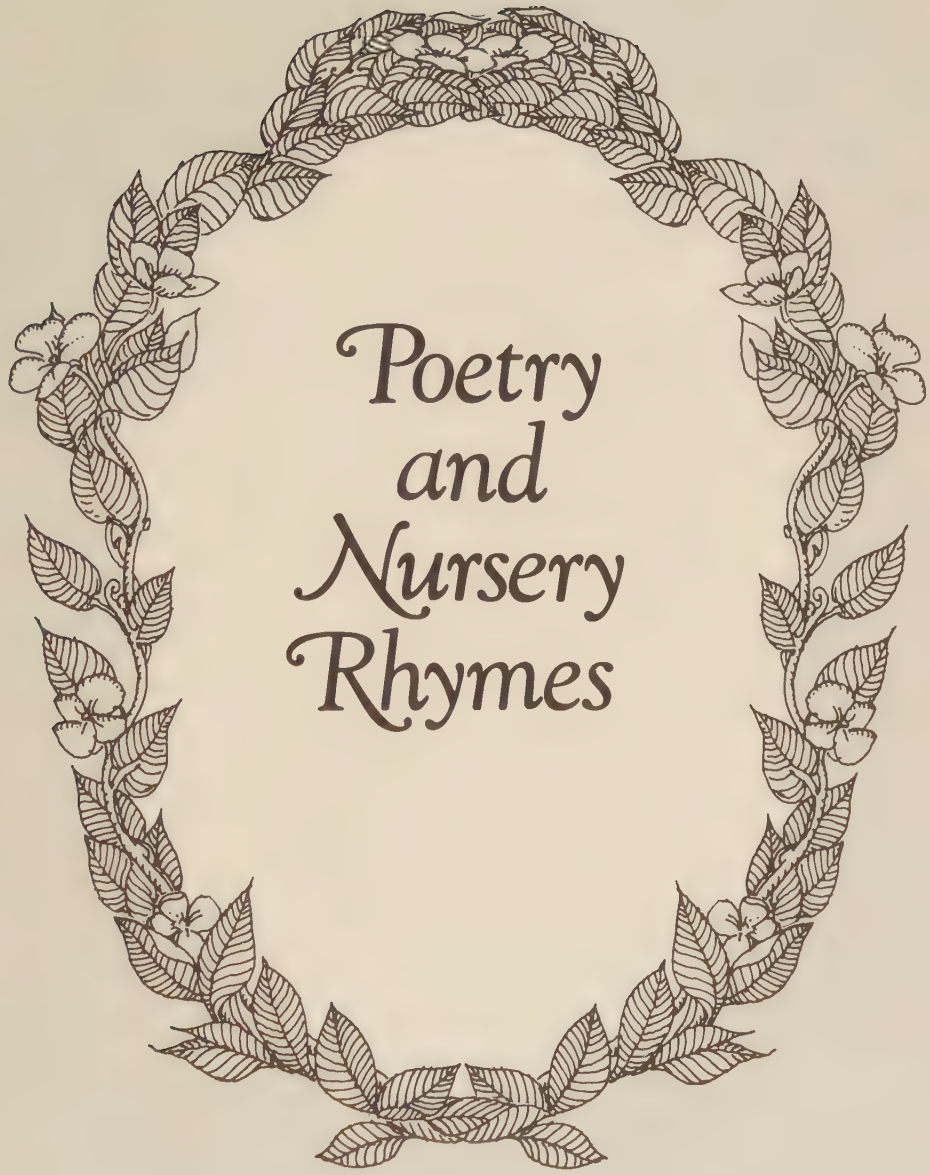
coral lips were parted slightly and her beauty was so luminous that she seemed almost to shine. The prince approached her, trembling, and fell upon his knees.

Then, as the end of the enchantment had come, the princess awoke. She gazed at the king's son tenderly as if she already knew him. "Is it you, my prince?" she said at last. "You have waited a long time."

The prince was thrilled by her words and told her that he loved her better than he did himself. They spoke for many hours, and though their conversation made little sense, it hardly mattered. The princess laughed merrily and nodded at the prince's remarks. It was almost as if she had imagined the moment of her awakening many times over and knew what he would say. Perhaps the good fairy, during so long a sleep, had given her very pleasant dreams.

In the meantime all the palace had woken with the princess. They were naturally concerned with their own needs, and since they were not in love, they were ready to keel over with hunger. The lady of honor at last lost patience and told the princess that dinner must be served. At this the prince helped her up from the bed. Her clothing was magnificent, but he took care not to tell her that she was dressed like his grandmother.

They went together into the great mirrored hall, where they ate their meal to the old-fashioned melodies of violins and oboes that had been silent for a hundred years. After supper the chaplain married them in the palace chapel without losing any time. That night they slept little, as the princess was so well rested and they still had much to say. And in the morning, as dawn was breaking, they traveled to the prince's city where his parents eagerly awaited them.



Poetry and Nursery Rhymes

What Is Yellow?

Yellow is the color of the sun
The feeling of fun
The yolk of an egg
A duck's bill
A canary bird
And a daffodil.
Yellow's sweet corn
Ripe oats
Hummingbirds'
Little throats
Summer squash and
Chinese silk
The cream on top
Of Jersey milk
Dandelions and
Daisy hearts
Custard pies and
Lemon tarts.
Yellow blinks
On summer nights
In the off-and-on of
Firefly lights.
Yellow's a topaz,
A candle flame.
Felicity's a
Yellow name.
Yellow's mimosa,
And I guess,
Yellow's the color of
Happiness

Like Acrobats on a High Trapeze

Like acrobats on a high trapeze
The Colors pose and bend their knees
Twist and turn and leap and blend
Into shapes and feelings without end . . .

The Colors Live Between Black and White

The Colors live
Between black and white
In a land that we
Know best by sight.
But knowing best
Isn't everything,
For colors dance
And colors sing,
And colors laugh
And colors cry—
Turn off the light
And colors die,
And they make you feel
Every feeling there is
From the grumpiest grump
To the fizziest fizz.
And you and you and I
Know well
Each has a taste
And each has a smell
And each has a wonderful
Story to tell . . .

From Hailstones and Halibut Bones
Mary O'Neill

Little Boy Blue

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.
Where is the boy that looks after the sheep?
He's under the haystack fast asleep!

Hector Protector

Hector Protector was dressed all in green;
Hector Protector was sent to the Queen.
The Queen did not like him,
No more did the King;
So Hector Protector was sent back
again.

Jack and Jill

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

Jack Be Nimble

Jack be nimble,
Jack be quick,
Jack jump over
The candlestick.

Hey, Diddle, Diddle

Hey, diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed
To see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

Baa, Baa, Black Sheep

Baa, baa, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, sir, yes, sir,
Three bags full;
One for my master,
And one for my dame,
And one for the little boy
Who lives down the lane.

The Land of Counterpane

When I was sick and lay abed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so,
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bedclothes, through the hills;

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And sees before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane.

Robert Louis Stevenson

Daddy Fell into the Pond

Everyone grumbled. The sky was gray.
We had nothing to do and nothing to say.
We were nearing the end of a dismal day,
And there seemed to be nothing beyond,
THEN
Daddy fell into the pond!

And everyone's face grew merry and bright,
And Timothy danced for sheer delight.
"Give me the camera, quick, oh quick!
He's crawling out of the duckweed." *Click!*

Then the gardener suddenly slapped his knee,
And doubled up, shaking silently,
And the ducks all quacked as if they were daft
And it sounded as if the old drake laughed.

Oh, there wasn't a thing that didn't respond
WHEN
Daddy fell into the pond!

Alfred Noyes

Old King Cole

Old King Cole
  Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
  He called for his pipe,
  And he called for his bowl,
  And he called for his fiddlers three.

Now every fiddler, he had a fiddle,
  And a very fine fiddle had he;
Twee tweedle dee, tweedle dee,
  went the fiddlers.

Oh, there's none so rare,
  As can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers three!

Diddle, Diddle, Dumpling

Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John
  Went to bed with his trousers on;
One shoe off, and one shoe on,
  Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John.

Over in the Meadow

Over in the meadow
in the sand in the sun
Lived an old mother turtle
and her little turtle ONE.

Dig said the mother.
We dig said the one.
So they dug all day
in the sand in the sun.

Over in the meadow
where the stream runs blue
Lived an old mother fish
and her little fishes TWO.

Swim said the mother.
We swim said the two.
So they swam all day
where the stream runs blue.

Over in the meadow
in a hole in a tree
Lived an old mother owl
and her little owls THREE.

Sleep said the mother.
We sleep said the three.
So they slept all day
in the hole in the tree.

Over in the meadow
by the old barn door
Lived an old mother mouse
and her little mousies FOUR.

Squeak said the mother.
We squeak said the four.
So they squeaked all day
by the old barn door.

Over in the meadow
in a snug beehive
Lived an old mother bee
and her little bees FIVE.

Buzz said the mother.
We buzz said the five.
So they buzzed all day
in the snug beehive.

Over in the meadow
in a nest built of sticks
Lived an old mother crow
and her little crows SIX.

Caw said the mother
We caw said the six.
So they cawed all day
in the nest built of sticks.

Over in the meadow
where the grass grows even
Lived an old mother frog
and her little froggies SEVEN.

Jump said the mother
We jump said the seven.
So they jumped all day
where the grass grows even.

Over in the meadow
by the old mossy gate
Lived an old mother lizard
and her little lizards EIGHT.

Bask said the mother.
We basked said the eight.
So they basked all day
by the old mossy gate.

Over in the meadow
by the big scotch pine
Lived an old mother duck
and her little ducks NINE.

Quack said the mother.
We quack said the nine.
So they quacked all day
by the big scotch pine.

Over in the meadow
in a cozy wee den
Lived an old mother beaver
and her little beavers TEN.

Gnaw said the mother
We gnaw said the ten.
So they gnawed all day
in the cozy wee den.

Who lived in the meadow?
ONE little turtle
TWO little fishes
THREE little owls
FOUR little mousies
FIVE little bees

SIX little crows
SEVEN little froggies
EIGHT little lizards

NINE little ducks

TEN little beavers
all lived over in the meadow!

Holding Hands

Elephants walking
Along the trails

Are holding hands
By holding tails

Trunks and tails
Are handy things

When elephants walk
In circus rings.

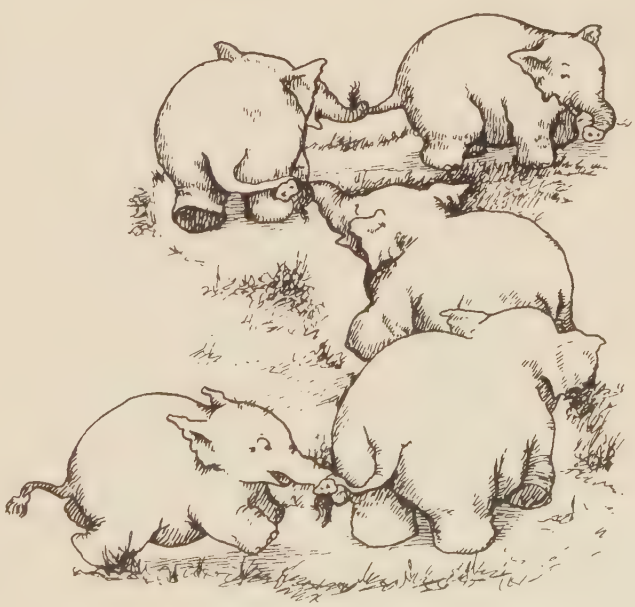
Elephants work
And elephants play

And elephants walk
And feel so gay.

And when they walk—
It never fails

They're holding hands
By holding tails.

Lenore M. Link



Since Hanna Moved Away

The tires on my bike are flat.
The sky is grouchy gray.
At least it sure feels like that
Since Hanna moved away.

Chocolate ice cream tastes like
prunes.
December's come to stay.
They've taken back the Mays and
Junes
Since Hanna moved away.

Flowers smell like halibut.
Velvet feels like hay.
Every handsome dog's a mutt
Since Hanna moved away.

Nothing's fun to laugh about.
Nothing's fun to play.
They call me, but I won't come out
Since Hanna moved away.

Judith Viorst

The Three Little Kittens

Three little kittens
They lost their mittens,
  And they began to cry,
Oh, Mother dear,
We sadly fear
  Our mittens we have lost.
What! lost your mittens,
You naughty kittens!
  Then you shall have no pie.
  Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.
  No, you shall have no pie.

The three little kittens
They found their mittens,
  And they began to cry,
Oh, Mother dear,
See here, see here,
  Our mittens we have found.
Put on your mittens,
You silly kittens,
  And you shall have some pie.
  Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r,
  Oh, let us have some pie.

The three little kittens
Put on their mittens
  And soon ate up the pie;
Oh, Mother dear,
We greatly fear
  Our mittens we have soiled.
What! soiled your mittens,
You naughty kittens!
  Then they began to sigh,
  Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow,
  Then they began to sigh.
The three little kittens
They washed their mittens,
  And hung them out to dry;
Oh, Mother dear,
Do you not hear,
  Our mittens we have washed.
What! washed your mittens,
Then you're good kittens,
  But I smell a rat close by.
  Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow,
  We smell a rat close by.

Fog

The fog comes
on little cat feet.

It sits looking
over harbor and city
on silent haunches
and then moves on.

Carl Sandburg

Wee Willie Winkie

Wee Willie Winkie
runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs,
in his nightgown,
Rapping at the window,
crying through the lock,
"Are the children in their beds?
Now it's eight o'clock."

Wiggly Giggles

I've got the wiggly-wiggles today,
And I just can't sit still.
My teacher says she'll have to find
A stop-me-wiggle pill.

I've got the giggly-giggles today;
I couldn't tell you why.
But if Mary hiccups one more time
I'll giggle till I cry.

I've got to stamp my wiggles out
And hold my giggles in,
Cause wiggling makes me giggle
And gigglers never win.

Stacy Jo Crossen and Natalie Anne Covell

The House That Jack Built

This is the house that Jack built.
This is the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cow with the crumpled
horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

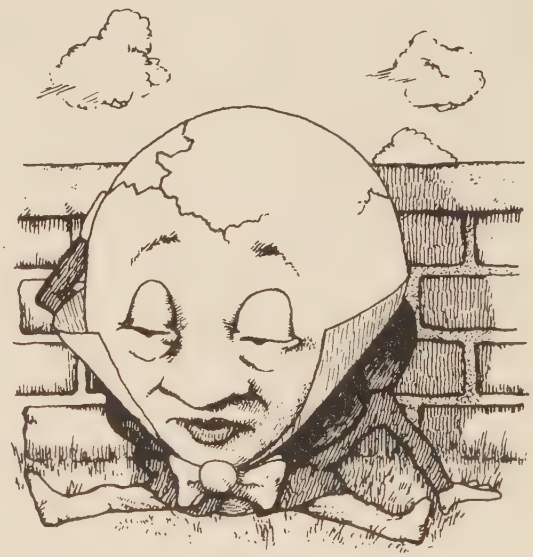
This is the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled
horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the farmer sowing the corn,
That kept the cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.



Humpty Dumpty

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
All the king's horses,
And all the king's men,
Couldn't put Humpty together again.

The Secret Song

Who saw the petals
drop from the rose?
I, said the spider,
But nobody knows.

Who saw the sunset
flash on a bird?
I, said the fish,
But nobody heard.

Who saw the fog
come over the sea?
I, said the sea pigeon,
Only me.

Who saw the first
green light of the sun?
I, said the night owl,
The only one.

Who saw the moss
creep over the stone?
I, said the gray fox,
All alone.

Margaret Wise Brown

We Can Jump

We can jump, jump, jump.
We can hop, hop, hop.
We can clap, clap, clap.
We can stop, stop, stop.
We can shake our heads for 'yes.'
We can shake our heads for 'no.'
We can bend our knees a little bit,
And sit down slow.

Oodles of Noodles

I love noodles. Give me oodles.
Make a mound up to the sun.
Noodles are my favorite foodles.
I eat noodles by the ton.

Lucia and James L. Hymes, Jr.

This Is Just to Say

I have eaten
the plums
that were in
the icebox

and which
you were probably
saving
for breakfast

Forgive me
they were delicious
so sweet
and so cold.

William Carlos Williams

The Months

January brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow.

February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lakes again.

March brings breezes, loud and shrill,
Stirs the dancing daffodil.

April brings the primrose sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet.

May brings flocks of pretty lambs,
Skipping by their fleecy dams.

June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies.

Hot July brings cooling showers,
Apricots, and gillyflowers.

August brings the sheaves of corn;
Then the harvest home is borne.

Clear September brings blue skies,
Goldenrod, and apple pies.

Fresh October brings the pheasant,
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.

Dull November brings the blast,
Makes the leaves go whirling fast.

Chill December brings the sleet,
Blazing fire and Christmas treat.

Sara Coleridge

Little Bo-Peep

Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,
And doesn't know where to find them;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
Wagging their tails behind them.

Keep a Poem in Your Pocket

Keep a poem in your pocket
and a picture in your head
and you'll never feel lonely
at night when you're in bed.

The little poem will sing to you
the little picture bring to you
a dozen dreams to dance to you
at night when you're in bed.

So—
Keep a picture in your pocket
and a poem in your head
and you'll never feel lonely
at night when you're in bed.

Beatrice Schenk de Regniers

Pease Porridge Hot

Pease porridge hot, pease porridge cold,
Pease porridge in the pot, nine days old.
Some like it hot, some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot, nine days old.

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat,
They took some honey, and plenty of money

Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy, O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are,
You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing!
Oh! let us be married, too long we have tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away, for a year and a day,
To the land where the Bong-tree grows;
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose,
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

Edward Lear

I Saw a Ship A-Sailing

I saw a ship a-sailing,
  A-sailing on the sea,
And oh but it was laden
  With pretty things for me.

There were comfits in the cabin,
  And sweetmeats in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
  And the masts were all of gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors,
  That stood between the decks,
Were four-and-twenty white mice
  With chains about their necks

The captain was a duck
  With a jacket on his back,
And when the ship began to move
  The captain said Quack! Quack!

The Swing

How do you like to go up in a swing,
  Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
  Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
  Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
  Over the countryside—

Till I look down on the garden green,
  Down on the roof so brown—
Up in the air I go flying again,
  Up in the air and down!

Robert Louis Stevenson

Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
  How does your garden grow?
With silver bells and cockle shells,
  And pretty maids all in a row.

Rope Rhyme

Get set, ready now, jump right in
Bounce and kick and giggle and spin
Listen to the rope when it hits the ground
Listen to that clappedy-slappedy sound
Jump right up when it tells you to
Come back down, whatever you do
Count to a hundred, count by ten
Start to count all over again
That's what jumping is all about
Get set, ready now,
  jump
    right
      out!

Eloise Greenfield

Mary Had a Little Lamb

Mary had a little lamb,
  Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went
  The lamb was sure to go.

It followed her to school one day,
  That was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play
  To see a lamb at school.

Good Books, Good Times!

Good books.
Good times.
Good stories.
Good rhymes.
Good beginnings.
Good ends.
Good people.
Good friends.
Good fiction.
Good facts.
Good adventures.
Good acts.
Good stories.
Good rhymes.
Good books.
Good times.

Lee Bennett Hopkins

Sarah Cynthia Sylvia Stout Would Not Take the Garbage Out

Sarah Cynthia Sylvia Stout
Would not take the garbage out!
She'd scour the pots and scrape the pans,
Candy the yams and spice the hams,
And though her daddy would scream and shout,
She simply would not take the garbage out.
And so it piled up to the ceilings:
Coffee grounds, potato peelings,
Brown bananas, rotten peas,
Chunks of sour cottage cheese.
It filled the can, it covered the floor,

It cracked the window and blocked the door
With bacon rinds and chicken bones,
Drippy ends of ice cream cones,
Prune pits, peach pits, orange peel,
Gloppy glumps of cold oatmeal,
Pizza crusts and withered greens,
Soggy beans and tangerines,
Crusts of black burned buttered toast,
Gristly bits of beefy roasts . . .
The garbage rolled on down the hall,
It raised the roof, it broke the wall . . .
Greasy napkins, cookie crumbs,
Globs of gooey bubble gum,
Cellophane from green baloney,
Rubbery blubbery macaroni,
Peanut butter, caked and dry,
Curdled milk and crusts of pie,
Moldy melons, dried-up mustard,
Eggshells mixed with lemon custard,
Cold french fries and rancid meat,
Yellow lumps of Cream of Wheat.
At last the garbage reached so high
That finally it touched the sky.
And all the neighbors moved away,
And none of her friends would come to play.
And finally Sarah Cynthia Stout said,
"OK, I'll take the garbage out!"
But then, of course, it was too late . . .
The garbage reached across the state,
From New York to the Golden Gate,
And there, in the garbage she did hate,
Poor Sarah met an awful fate,
That I cannot right now relate
Because the hour is much too late.
But children, remember Sarah Stout
And always take the garbage out!

Shel Silverstein

74th Street

Hey, this little kid gets roller skates.
She puts them on.
She stands up and almost
flops over backwards.
She sticks out a foot like
she's going somewhere and
falls down and
smacks her hand. She
grabs hold of a step to get up and
sticks out the other foot and
slides about six inches and
falls and
skins her knee.

And then, you know what?

She brushes off the dirt and the
blood and puts some
spit on it and then
sticks out the other foot
again.

Myra Cohn Livingston

Old Mother Hubbard

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
to fetch her poor dog a bone;
But when she got there
The cupboard was bare
And so the poor dog had none.

She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread;
But when she came back
The poor dog was dead.

She went to the undertaker's
To buy him a coffin;
But when she came back
The poor dog was laughing.

She took a clean dish
To get him some tripe;
But when she came back
He was smoking a pipe.

She went to the fishmonger's
To buy him some fish;
But when she came back
He was licking the dish.

She went to the tavern
For white wine and red;
But when she came back
The dog stood on his head.

She went to the fruiterer's
To buy him some fruit;
But when she came back
He was playing the flute.

She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat;
But when she came back
He was riding a goat.

She went to the hatter's
To buy him a hat;
But when she came back
He was feeding the cat.

She went to the barber's
To buy him a wig;
But when she came back
He was dancing a jig.

She went to the cobbler's
To buy him some shoes;
But when she came back
He was reading the news.

She went to the seamstress
To buy him some linen;
But when she came back
The dog was a-spinning.

She went to the hosier's
To buy him some hose;
But when she came back
He was dressed in his clothes.

The dame made a curtsey,
The dog made a bow;
The dame said, Your Servant,
The dog said, Bow-bow.

To Market, to Market

To Market, to market, to buy a fat pig,
Home again, home again, jiggety-jig;
To market, to market, to buy a fat hog,
Home again, home again, jiggety-jog.

Vern

When walking in a tiny rain
Across the vacant lot,
A pup's a good companion—
If a pup you've got.

And when you've had a scold,
And no one loves you very,
And you cannot be merry,
A pup will let you look at him,
And even let you hold
His little wiggly warmness—

And let you snuggle down beside.
Nor mock the tears you have to hide.

Gwendolyn Brooks

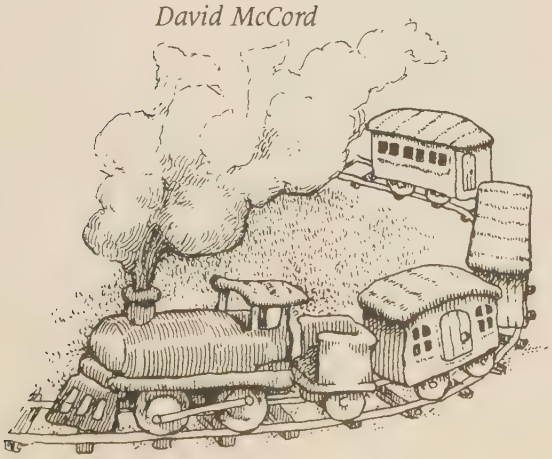
Song of the Train

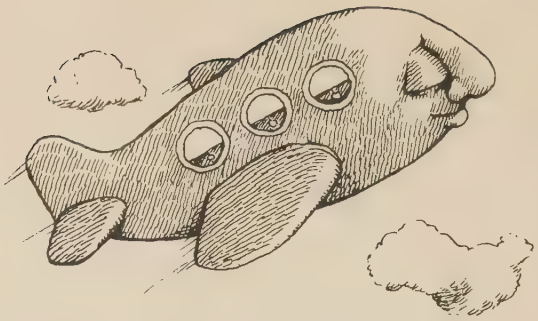
Clickety-clack
Wheels on the track,
This is the way
They begin the attack:
Click-ety-clack,
Click-ety-clack,
Click-ety, *clack*-ety
Click-ety
Clack.

Clickety-clack,
Over the crack,
Faster and faster
The song of the track:
Clickety-clack,
Clickety-clack,
Clickety, clackety,
Clackety.
Clack.

Riding in front,
Riding in back,
Everyone hears
The song of the track:
Clickety-clack,
Clickety-clack,
Clickety, *clickety,*
Clackety
Clack

David McCord





Riding in an Airplane

Azzoomm, azzoomm loud and strong—
Azzoomm, azzoomm a steady song—
  And UP I went
  UP and UP
    For a ride
    In an airplane.

The machinery roarrrred
And whirrred
And jiggled my ears
Yet I
Just sat right
On a chair
Inside that airplane
And made myself
Stare
Out of a window.

There
Way down below
I saw autos
Scuttling along.
  They looked to me
  Like fast little lady bugs—
  So small!
And I saw houses
That seemed to be
  Only as big as match boxes—
    That's all!

Dorothy W. Baruch

Where Go the Boats?

Dark brown is the river,
Golden is the sand.
It flows along forever,
With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating—
Where will all come home?

On goes the river
And out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
Away down the hill.

Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore.

Robert Louis Stevenson

One Day When We Went Walking

One day when we went walking,
I found a dragon's tooth,
A dreadful dragon's tooth.
"A locust thorn," said Ruth.

One day when we went walking,
I found a brownie's shoe,
A brownie's button shoe.
"A dry pea pod," said Sue.

One day when we went walking,
I found a mermaid's fan,
A merry mermaid's fan.
"A scallop shell," said Dan.

One day when we went walking,
I found a fairy's dress,
A fairy's flannel dress.
"A mullein leaf," said Bess.

Next time that I go walking—
Unless I meet an elf,
A funny, friendly elf—
I'm going by myself!

Valine Hobbs

The Wind

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
O wind, a-blowing all day long
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

Robert Louis Stevenson

The Yak

Yickity-yackity, yickity-yak,
the yak has a scriffily, scraffily back;
some yaks are brown yaks and some yaks
are black,
yickity-yackity, yickity-yak.

Sniggildy-snaggildy, sniggildy-snag,
the yak is all covered with shiggildy-shag;
he walks with a ziggildy-zaggildy-zag,
sniggildy-snaggildy, sniggildy-snag.

Yickity-yackity, yickity-yak,
the yak has a scriffily, scraffily back;
some yaks are brown and some yaks
are black,
yickity-yackity, yickity-yak.

Jack Prelutsky

Hug O' War

I will not play at tug o' war.
I'd rather play at hug o' war,
Where everyone hugs
Instead of tugs
Where everyone giggles
And rolls on the rug,
Where everyone kisses,
And everyone grins,
And everyone cuddles,
And everyone wins.

Shel Silverstein

Hickory, Dickory, Dock

Hickory, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock.
The clock struck one,
The mouse ran down,
Hickory, dickory, dock.

The A B C Bunny

A for Apple, big and red
B for Bunny snug a-bed
C for Crash!
D for Dash!
E for Elsewhere in a flash

F for Frog—he's fat and funny
"Looks like rain," says he to Bunny
G for Gale!
H for Hail!
Hippy-hop goes Bunny's tail
I for Insects here and there
J for Jay with jaunty air
K for Kitten, catnip-crazy
L for Lizard—look how lazy
M for Mealtime—munch, munch, munch!
M-m-m these greens are good for lunch
N for Napping in a Nook
O for Owl with bookish look
P for prickly Porcupine
Pins and needles on his spine
Q for Quail
R for Rail
S for Squirrel Swishy-tail

T for Tripping back to Town
U for Up and Up-side-down
V for View
Valley too
W—"We welcome you!"
X for eXit—off, away!
That's enough for us today
Y for You, take one last look
Z for Zero—close the book!

Wanda Gág

Sing a Song of People

Sing a song of people
Walking fast or slow;
People in the city,
Up and down they go.

People on the sidewalk,
People on the bus;
People passing, passing,
In back and front of us,
People on the subway
Underneath the ground;
People riding taxis
Round and round and round.

People with their hats on,
Going in the doors;
People with umbrellas
When it rains and pours.
People in tall buildings
And in stores below;
Riding elevators
Up and down they go.

People walking singly,
People in a crowd;
People saying nothing,
People talking loud.
People laughing, smiling,
Grumpy people too;
People who just hurry
And never look at you!

Sing a song of people
Who like to come and go;
Sing of city people
You see but never know!

Lois Lenski

Every Time I Climb a Tree

Every time I climb a tree
Every time I climb a tree
Every time I climb a tree
I scrape a leg
Or skin a knee
And every time I climb a tree
I find some ants
Or dodge a bee
And get the ants
All over me

And every time I climb a tree
Where have you been
They say to me
But don't they know that I am free
Every time I climb a tree?
I like it best
To spot a nest
That has an egg
or maybe three

And then I skin
The other leg
But every time I climb a tree
I see a lot of things to see
Swallows rooftops and TV
And all the fields and farms there be
Every time I climb a tree
Though climbing may be good for ants
It isn't awfully good for pants
But still it's pretty good for me
Every time I climb a tree

David McCord

Songs
and
Fingerplays

Two Little Apples

Way, way up in an apple tree
Two little apples smiled at me.
I shook that tree as hard as I could,
Down came those apples—
Ummmm, they were good.

Line 1: stretch hands high overhead
Line 2: clench both fists to represent apples
Line 3: shake body
Line 4: stoop to floor, putting fists on floor
Line 5: rub stomach to indicate having eaten apples

Five Little Fishies

Five little fishies swimming in a pool,
(wiggle five fingers)

First one said, "The pool is cool."
(wrap arms around body)

Second one said, "The pool is deep."
(voice deep)

Third one said, "I want to sleep."
(rest head on hands)

Fourth one said, "Let's dive and dip."
(hand dives and dips)

Fifth one said, "I spy a ship."
(peer out under hand)

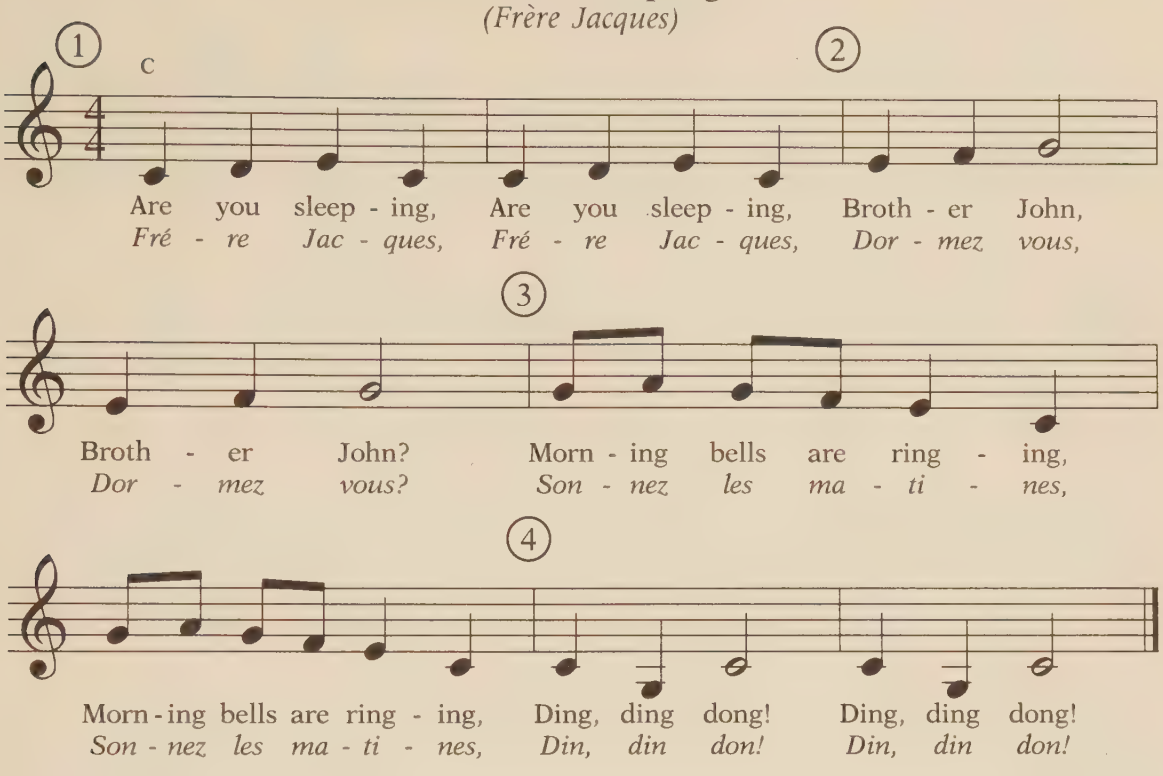
Fisherman boat comes,
(fingers form V and move away from body)

Line goes ker-splash,
(pantomime throwing fishing line)

Away the five little fishies dash.
(wiggle five fingers away)

Are You Sleeping?

(Frère Jacques)

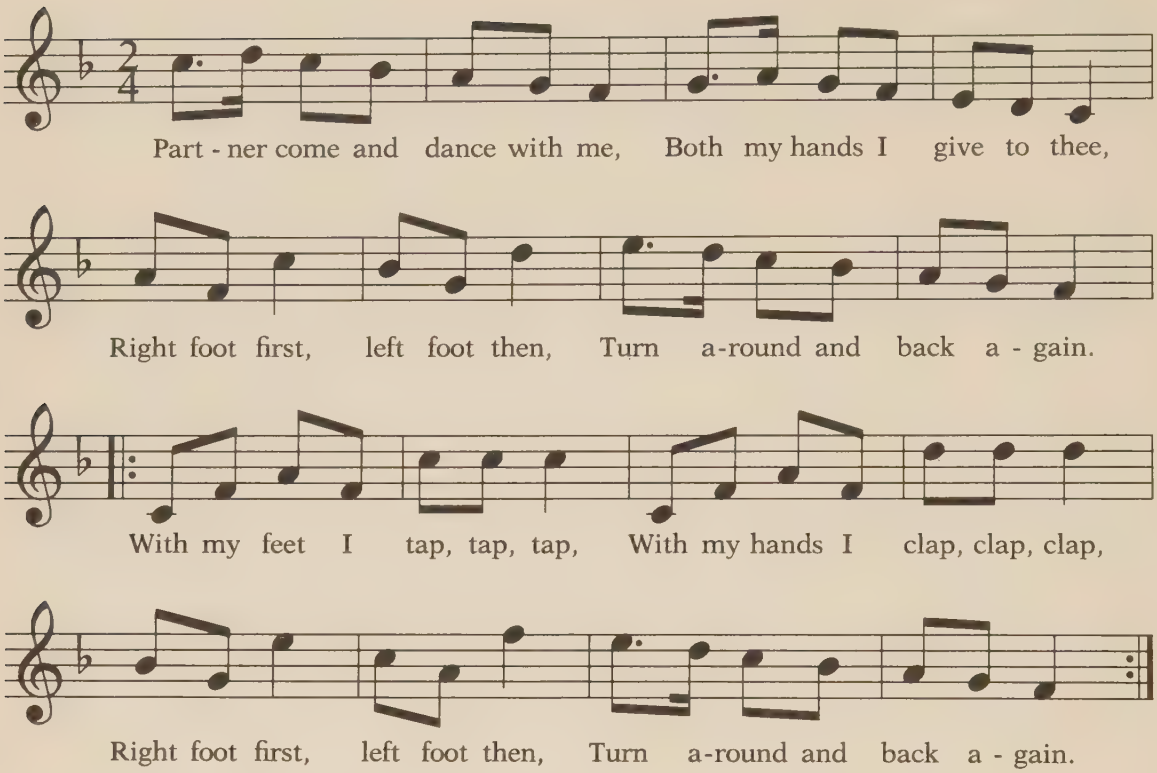

1
C
2
Are you sleep - ing, Are you sleep - ing, Broth - er John,
Fré - re Jac - ques, Fré - re Jac - ques, Dor - mez vous,
3
Broth - er John? Morn - ing bells are ring - ing,
Dor - mez vous? Son - nez les ma - ti - nes,
4
Morn - ing bells are ring - ing, Ding, ding dong! Ding, ding dong!
Son - nez les ma - ti - nes, Din, din don! Din, din don!

What Are You Wearing?

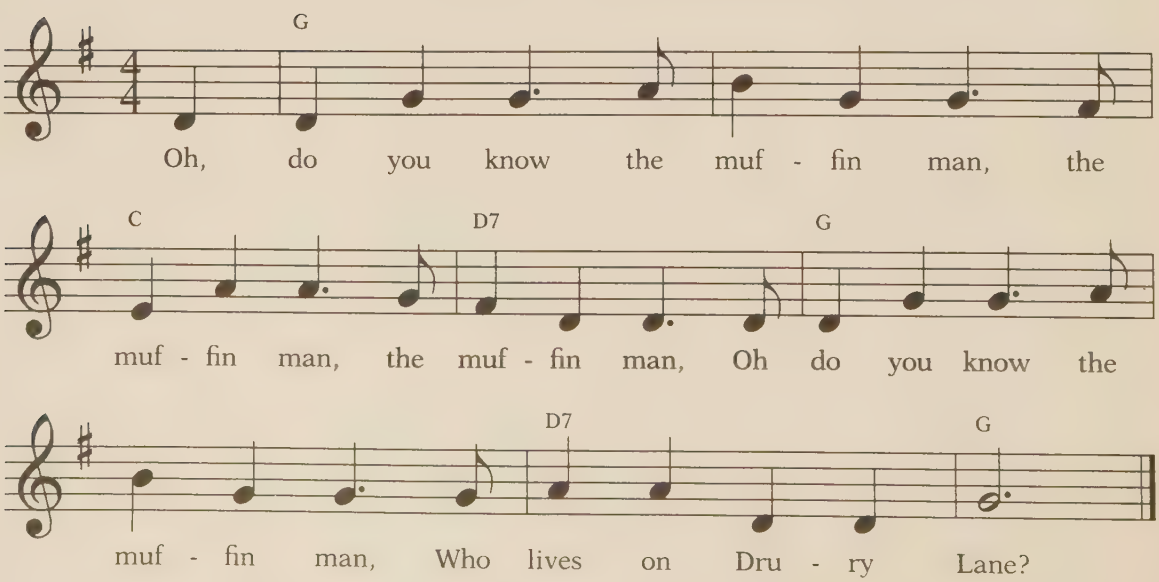
Use child's name and articles of clothing.

The Partner Dance

German Folk Song from Hansel and Gretel
Music by Engelbert Humperdinck


Part - ner come and dance with me, Both my hands I give to thee,
Right foot first, left foot then, Turn a-round and back a - gain.
With my feet I tap, tap, tap, With my hands I clap, clap, clap,
Right foot first, left foot then, Turn a-round and back a - gain.

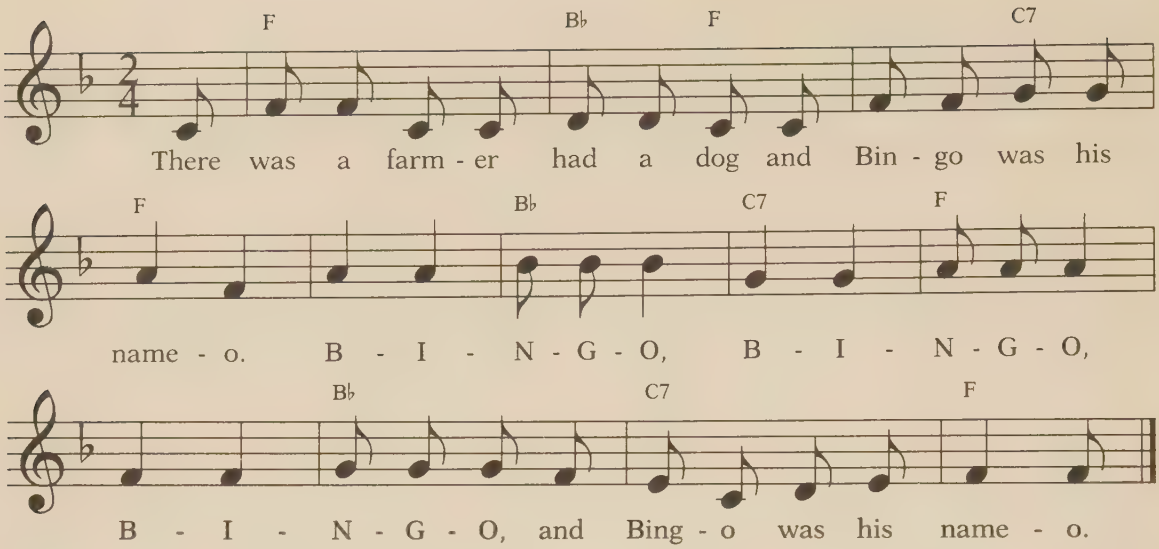
Do You Know the Muffin Man?



Did You Ever See a Lassie?

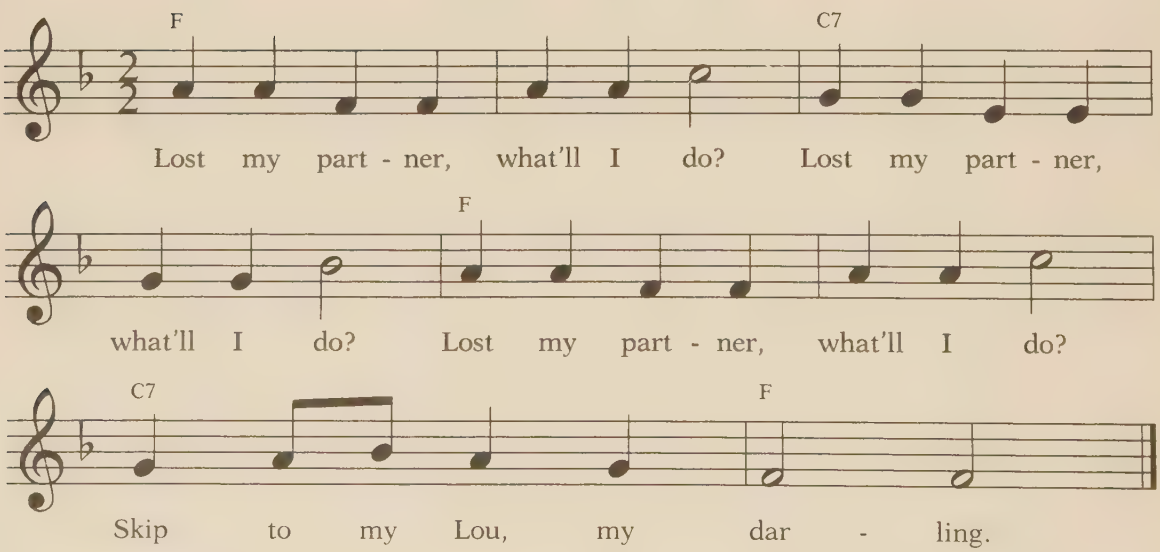
F
C7
Did you ev - er see a las - sie, a las - sie, a
(lad - die)
F
las - sie, Did you ev - er see a las - sie go
C7
F
C7
F
this way and that? Go this way and that way, go
C7
F
this way and that way, Did you ev - er see a
C7
F
las - sie go this way and that?

Bingo



2. . . . (Clap)-I-N-G-O . . .
3. . . . (X)-(X)-N-G-O . . .
4. . . . (X)-(X)-(X)-G-O . . .
5. . . . (X)-(X)-(X)-(X)-O . . .
6. . . . (X)-(X)-(X)-(X)-(X) . . .

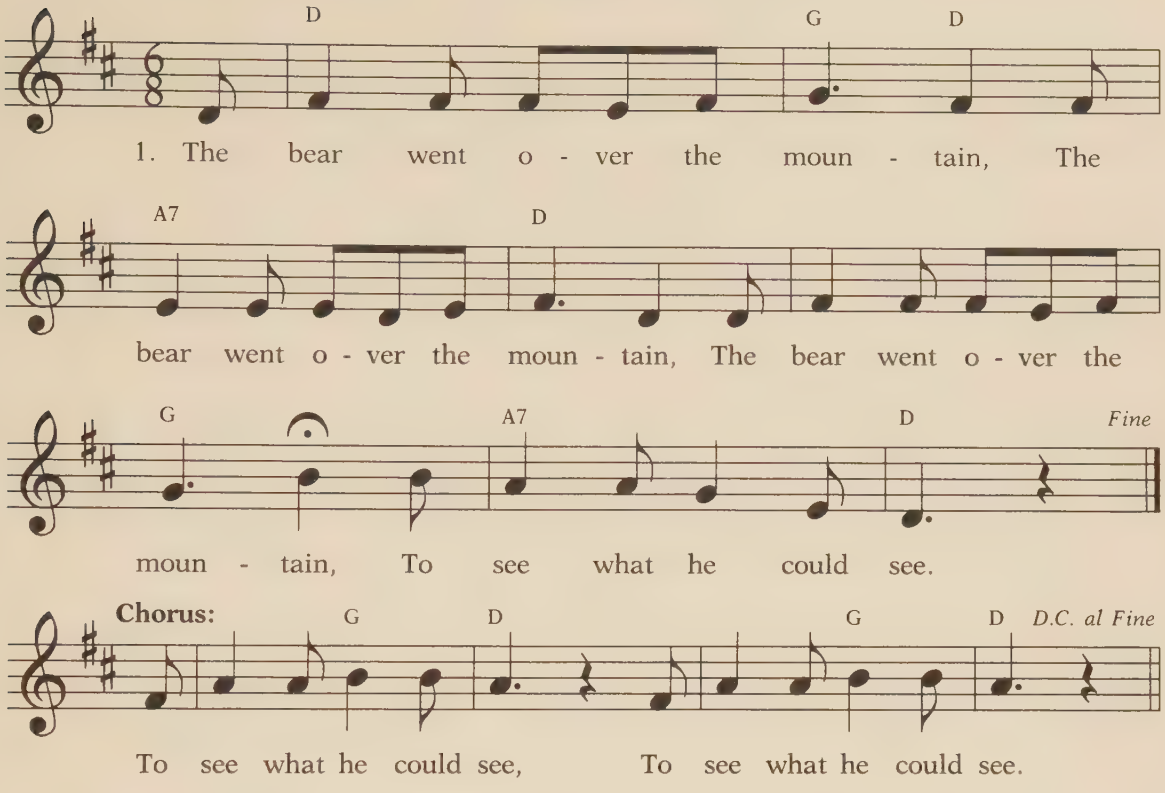
Skip to My Lou



Chorus (to be sung after each verse):
Lou, Lou, skip to my Lou . . .
Skip to my Lou, my darling.

2. I'll get another, a better one too;
3. Can't get a redbird, a bluebird'll do;
4. Cat's in the buttermilk, skip to my Lou;
5. Flies in the sugar bowl, shoo, fly, shoo.

The Bear Went Over the Mountain

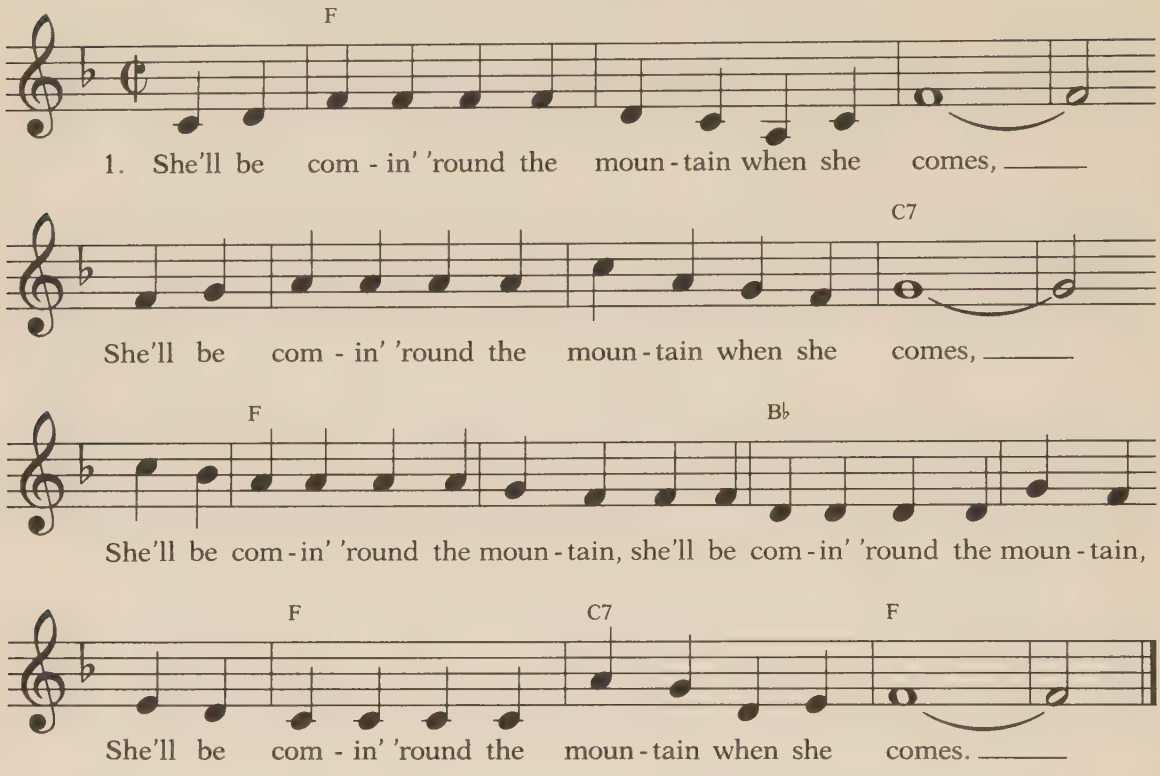


2. The other side of the mountain,
The other side of the mountain,
The other side of the mountain,
Was all that he could see.

Chorus: Was all that he could see,
Was all that he could see,

D.C.: The other side of the mountain.

She'll Be Comin' 'Round the Mountain


F
1. She'll be com - in' 'round the moun - tain when she comes,
C7
She'll be com - in' 'round the moun - tain when she comes,
F
B♭
She'll be com - in' 'round the moun - tain, she'll be com - in' 'round the moun - tain,
F
C7
F
She'll be com - in' 'round the moun - tain when she comes.

2. She'll be drivin' six white horses when she comes.
   Whoa back! (pull on reins)

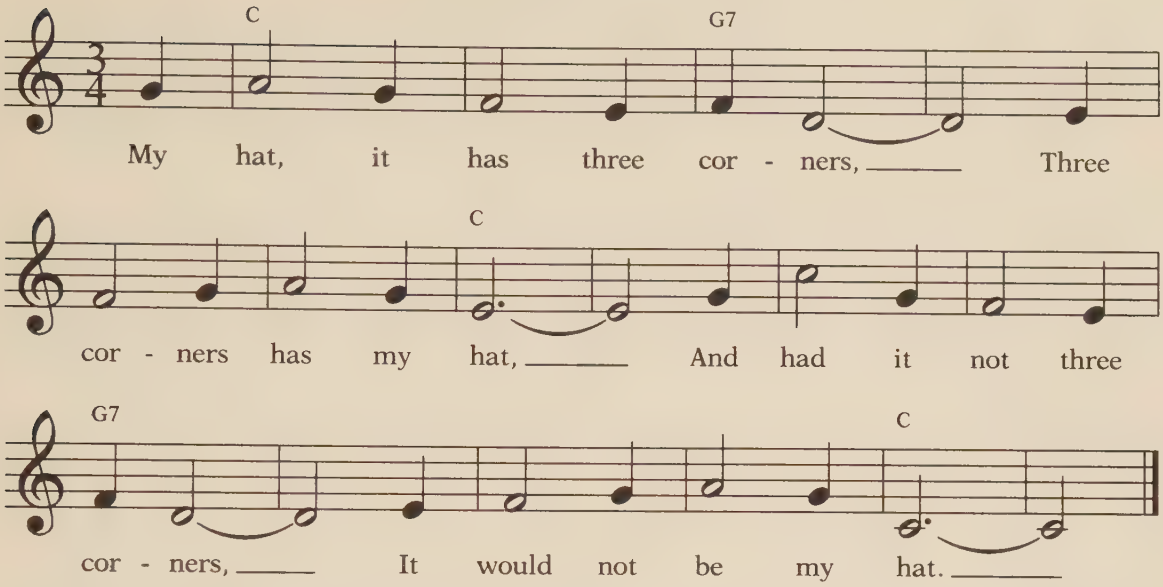
3. Oh, we'll all go out to greet her when she comes.
   Hi, there! (wave)

4. Then we'll kill the old red rooster when she comes.
   Hack, hack! (make chopping motion)

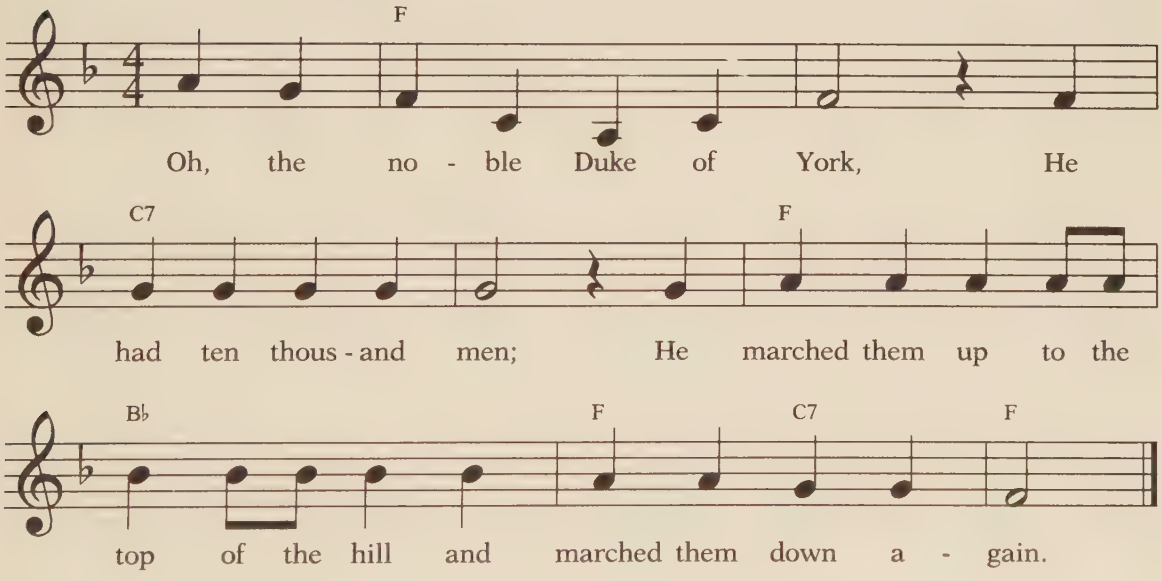
5. And we'll all have chicken dumplins' when she comes.
   Yum, yum! (rub stomach)

6. Oh, she'll have to sleep with Grandma when she comes.
   Snore, snore! (make snoring sound)

My Hat, It Has Three Corners



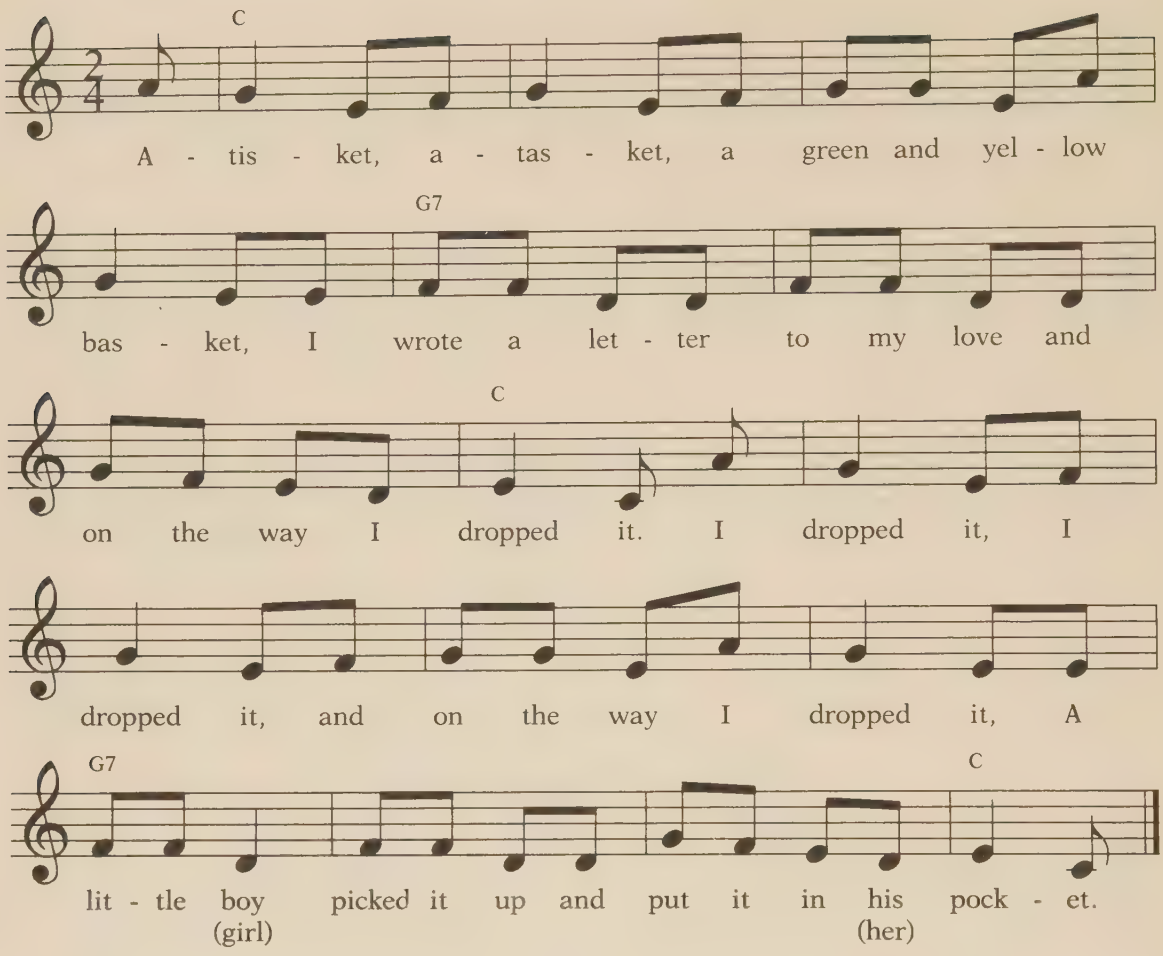
The Noble Duke of York



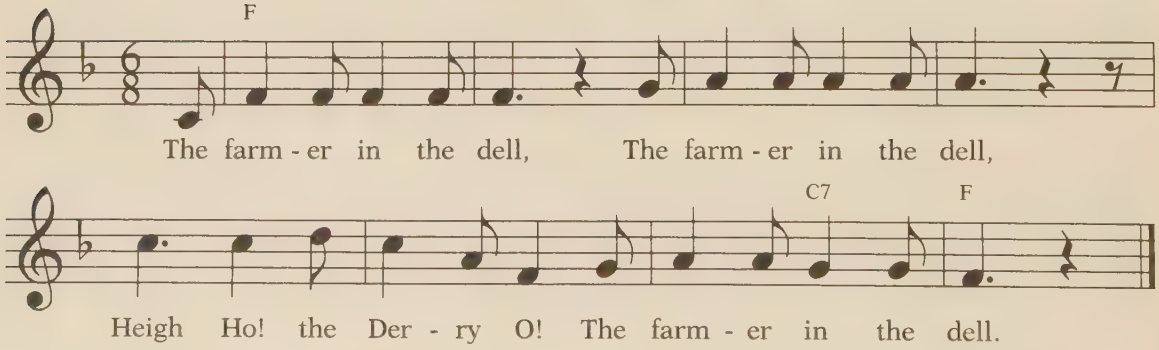
2. And when you're up, you're up,
And when you're down, you're down,
And when you're only half way up,
You're neither up nor down.

3. Oh, a-hunting we will go,
A-hunting we will go;
We'll catch a little fox and put
him in a box
And then we'll let him go.

A-Tisket, A-Tasket

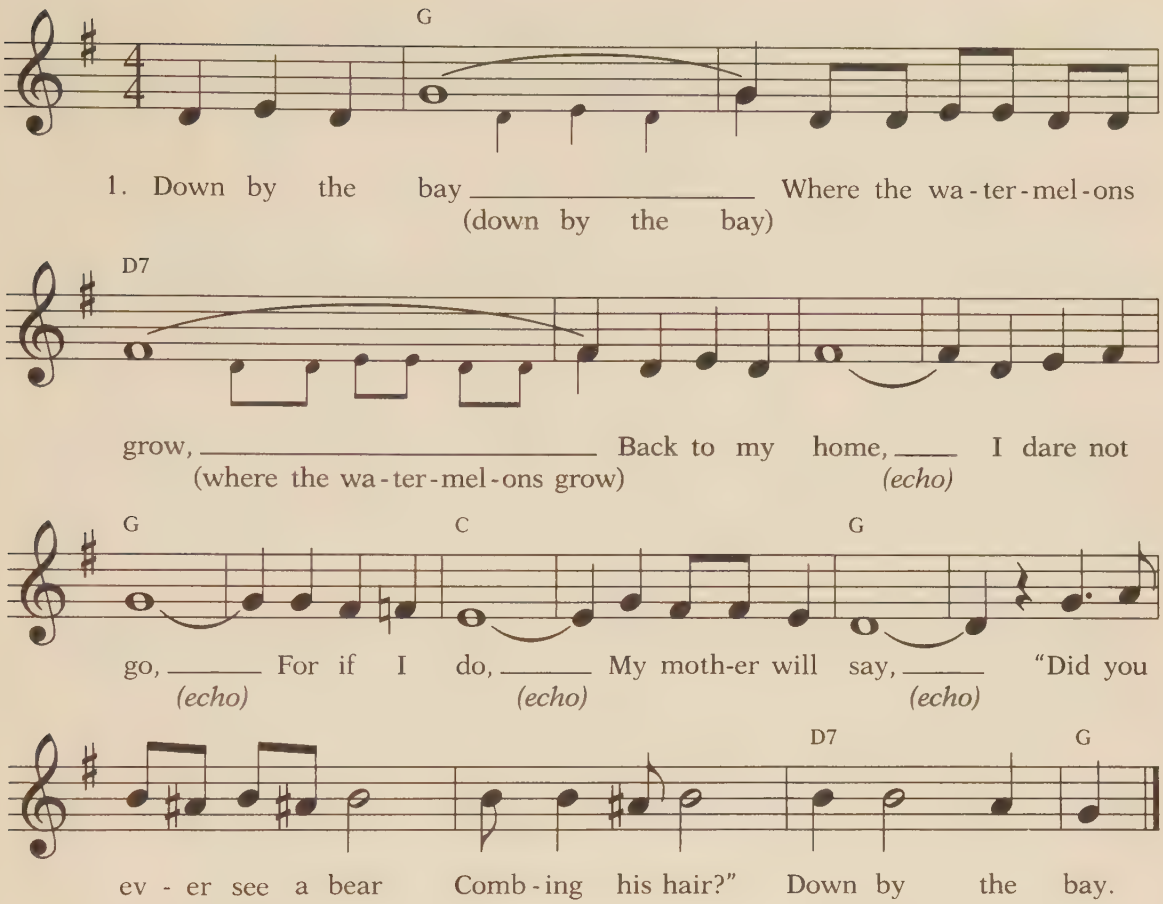

C
A - tis - ket, a - tas - ket, a green and yel - low
G7
bas - ket, I wrote a let - ter to my love and
C
on the way I dropped it. I dropped it, I
dropped it, and on the way I dropped it, A
G7
C
lit - tle boy picked it up and put it in his pock - et.
(girl)
(her)

The Farmer in the Dell



2. The farmer takes the wife
3. The wife takes the child
4. The child takes the nurse
5. The nurse takes the dog
6. The dog takes the cat
7. The cat takes the rat
8. The rat takes the cheese
9. The cheese stands alone

Down by the Bay

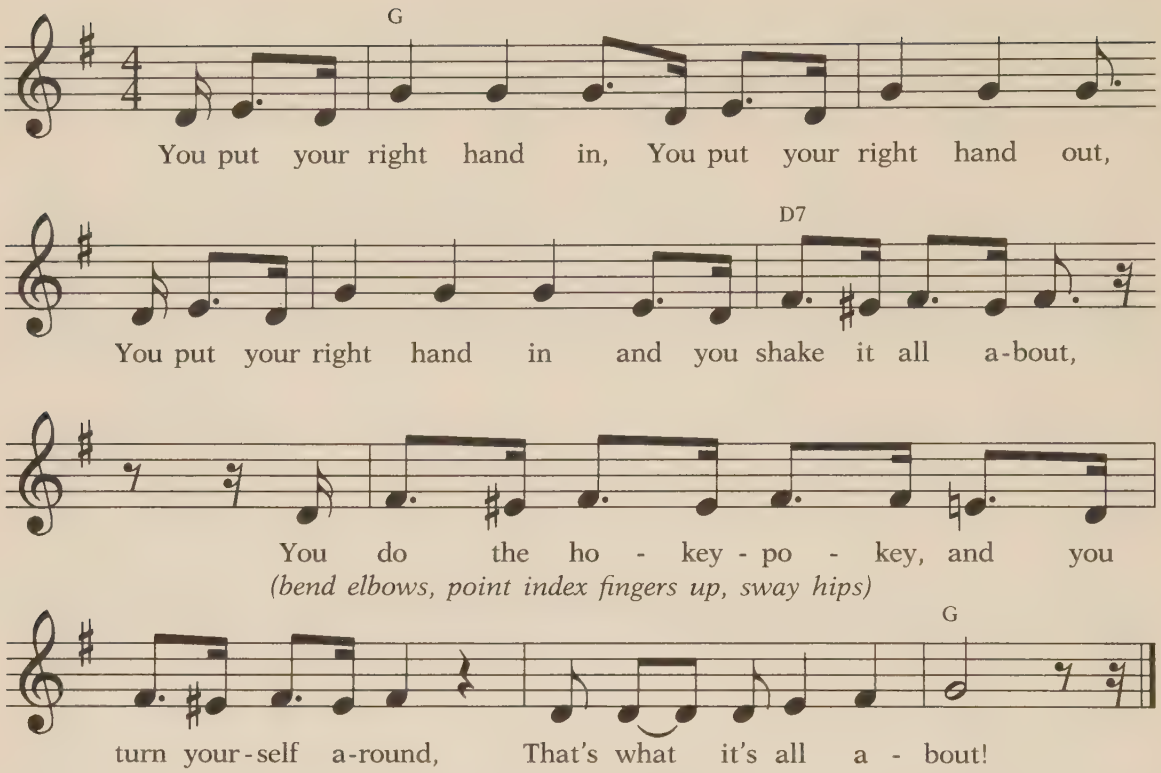


2. . . . "Did you ever see a bee
With a sunburned knee?" . . .

3. . . . "Did you ever see a moose
Kissing a goose?" . . .

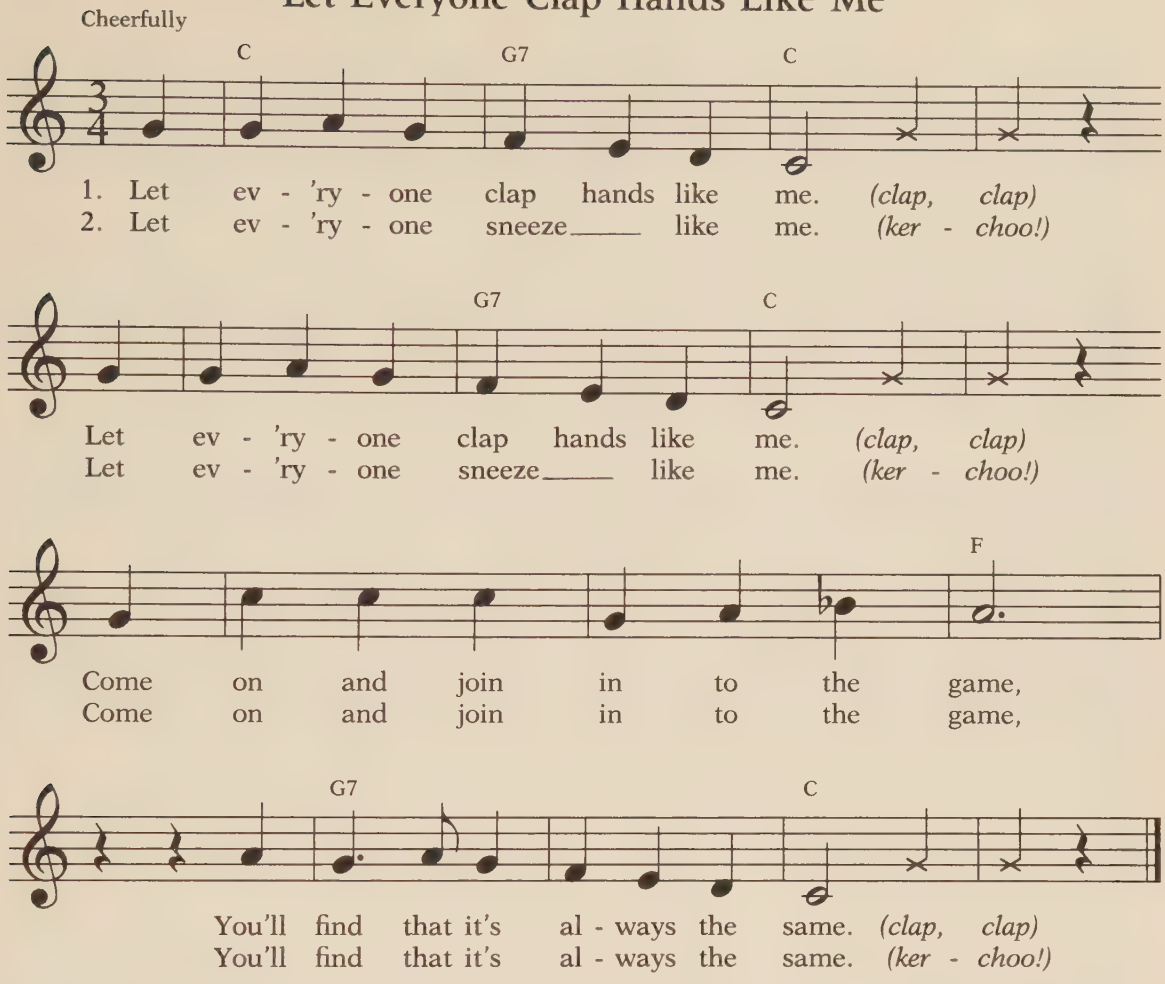
4. . . . "Did you ever see a whale
With a polka dot tail?" . . .

The Hokey-Pokey


G
You put your right hand in, You put your right hand out,
D7
You put your right hand in and you shake it all a-bout,
You do the ho - key - po - key, and you
(bend elbows, point index fingers up, sway hips)
G
turn your-self a-round, That's what it's all a - bout!
(clap in rhythm)

2. You put your left hand in . . .
3. Right foot in
4. Left foot in
5. Right shoulder in
6. Left shoulder in
7. Right hip in
8. Left hip in
9. Head in
10. Whole self in

Let Everyone Clap Hands Like Me


Cheerfully
C
G7
C
1. Let ev - 'ry - one clap hands like me. (clap, clap)
2. Let ev - 'ry - one sneeze like me. (ker - choo!)
G7
C
Let ev - 'ry - one clap hands like me. (clap, clap)
Let ev - 'ry - one sneeze like me. (ker - choo!)
F
Come on and join in to the game,
Come on and join in to the game,
G7
C
You'll find that it's al - ways the same. (clap, clap)
You'll find that it's al - ways the same. (ker - choo!)

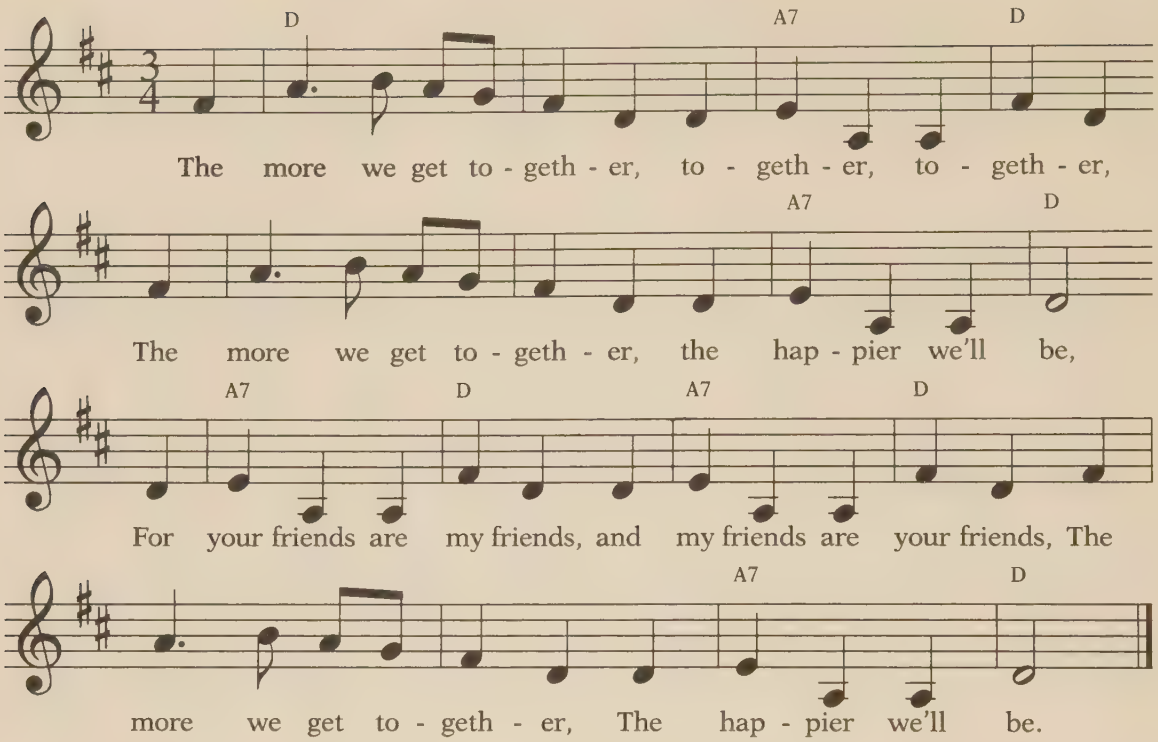
3. Let everyone yawn like me. *(yawn)*
Let everyone yawn like me. *(yawn)*
Come on and join in to the game,
You'll find that it's always the same. *(yawn)*

4. Let everyone jump up like me. *(jump)*
Let everyone jump up like me. *(jump)*
Come on and join in to the game,
You'll find that it's always the same. *(jump)*

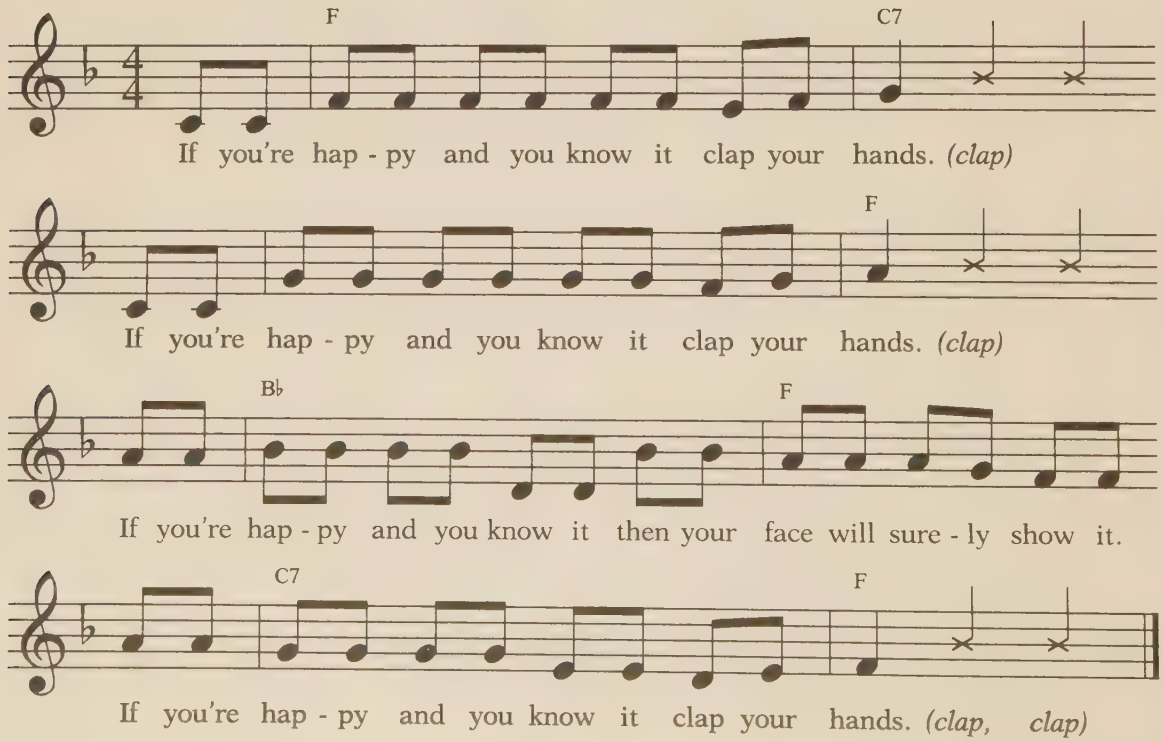
5. Let everyone sit down like me. *(sit)*
Let everyone sit down like me. *(sit)*
Come on and join in to the game,
You'll find that it's always the same. *(sit)*

6. Let everyone laugh like me. *(ha-ha)*
Let everyone laugh like me. *(ha-ha)*
Come on and join in to the game,
You'll find that it's always the same. *(ha-ha)*

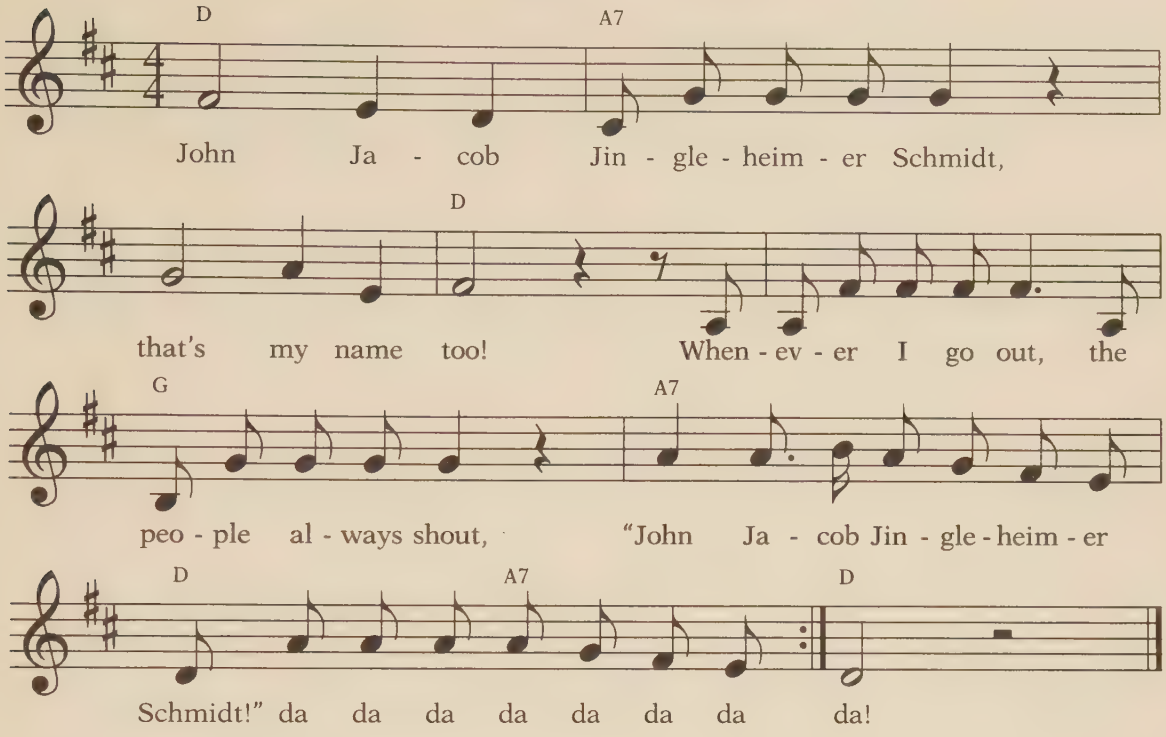
The More We Get Together


D
A7
D
The more we get to - geth - er, to - geth - er, to - geth - er,
A7
D
The more we get to - geth - er, the hap - pier we'll be,
A7
D
A7
D
For your friends are my friends, and my friends are your friends, The
A7
D
more we get to - geth - er, The hap - pier we'll be.

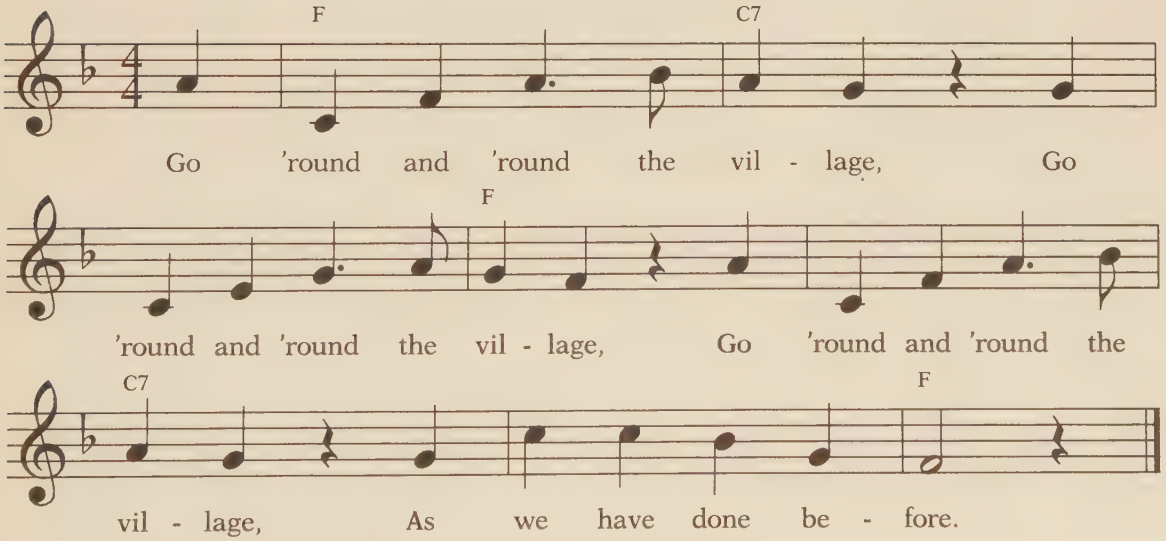
If You're Happy


F
C7
If you're hap - py and you know it clap your hands. (clap)
F
If you're hap - py and you know it clap your hands. (clap)
B♭
F
If you're hap - py and you know it then your face will sure - ly show it.
C7
F
If you're hap - py and you know it clap your hands. (clap, clap)

John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt

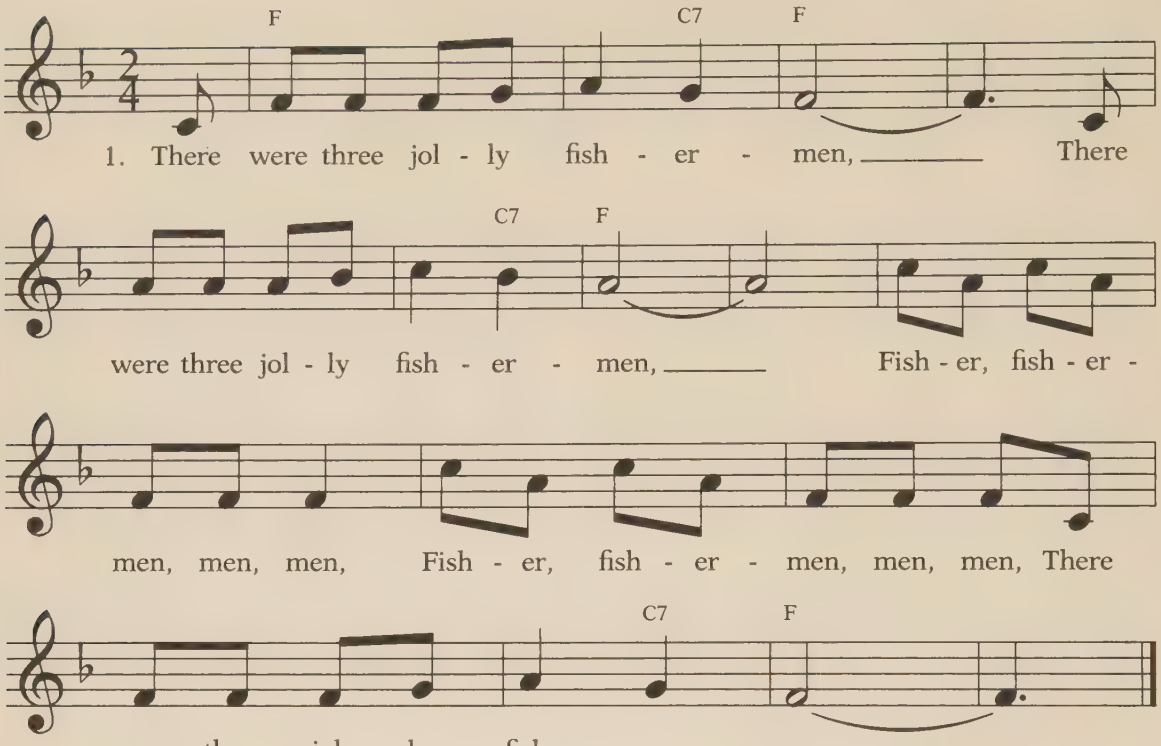

D
A7
John Ja - cob Jin - gle - heim - er Schmidt,
D
that's my name too! When - ev - er I go out, the
G
A7
peo - ple al - ways shout, "John Ja - cob Jin - gle - heim - er
D
A7
D
Schmidt!" da da da da da da da da!

'Round the Village


F
C7
Go 'round and 'round the vil - lage, Go
F
'round and 'round the vil - lage, Go 'round and 'round the
C7
F
vil - lage, As we have done be - fore.

2. Go in and out the window . . .
3. Now come and face your partner
4. Now follow me to London

Three Jolly Fishermen


F
C7
F
1. There were three jol - ly fish - er - men, There
C7
F
were three jol - ly fish - er - men, Fish - er, fish - er -
men, men, men, Fish - er, fish - er - men, men, men, There
C7
F
were three jol - ly fish - er - men.

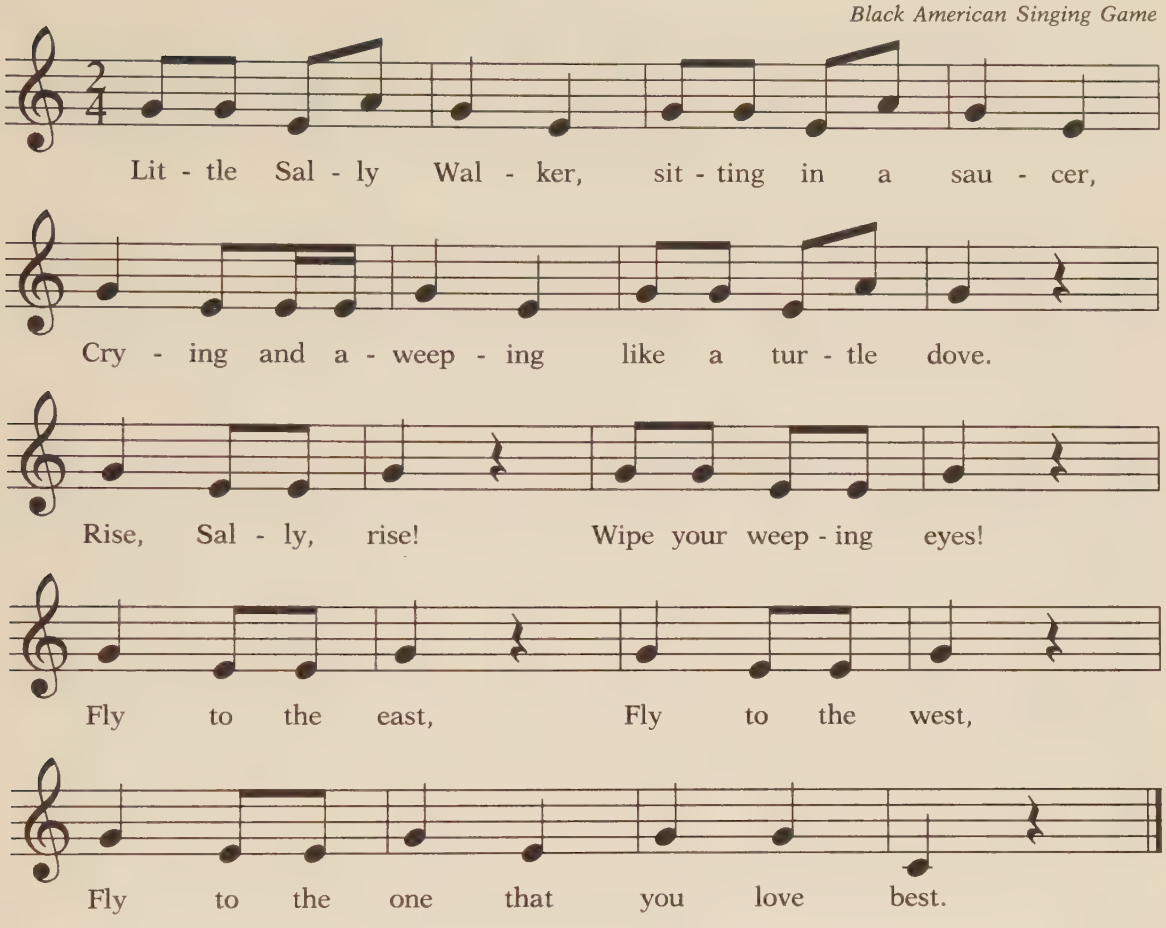
2. The first one's name was Abraham,
The first one's name was Abraham,
Abra, Abra, ham, ham, ham,
Abra, Abra, ham, ham, ham,
The first one's name was Abraham.

3. The second one's name was Isaac . . .
I, I, zak, zak, zak . . .

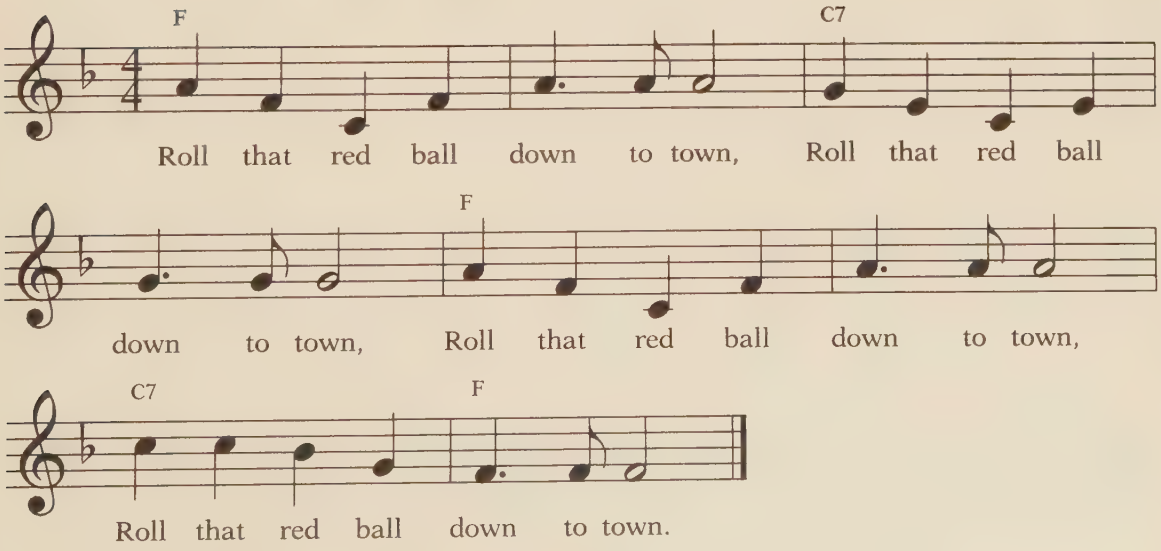
4. The third one's name was Jacob . . .
Ja, Ja, cub, cub, cub . . .

Little Sally Walker

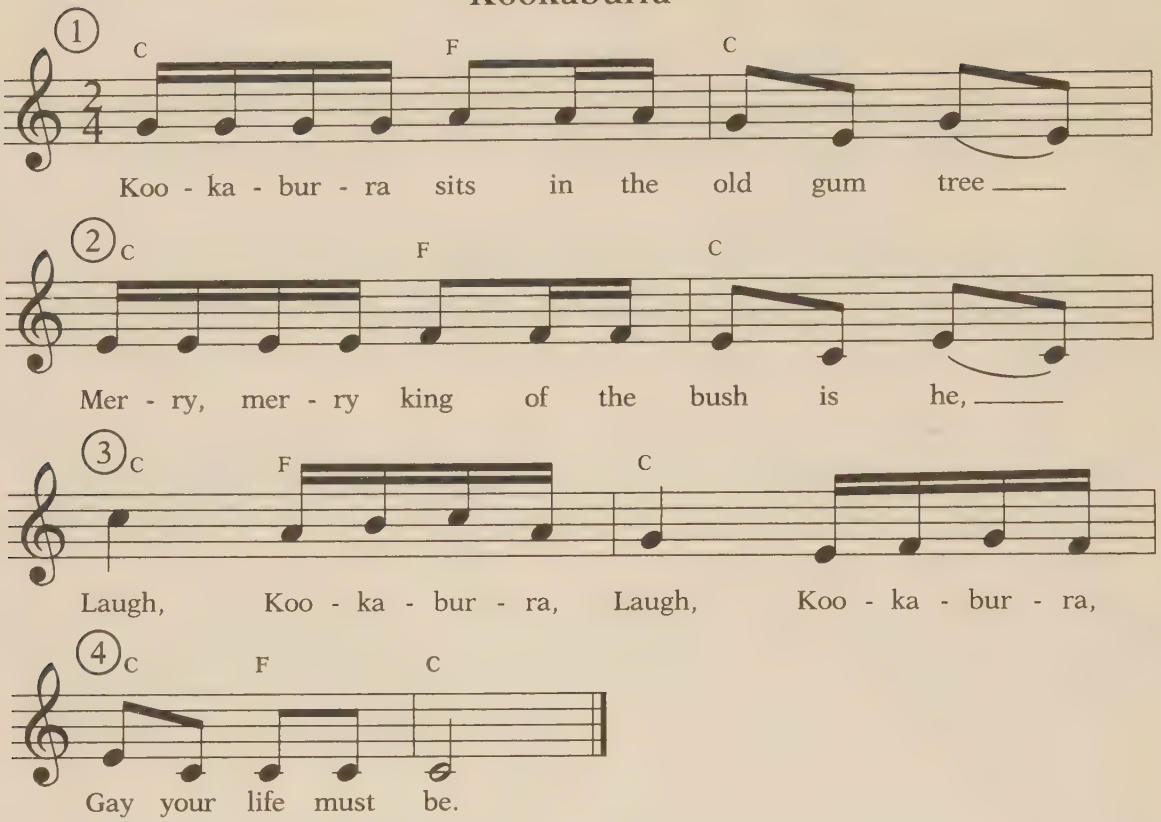
Black American Singing Game


Lit - tle Sal - ly Wal - ker, sit - ting in a sau - cer,
Cry - ing and a - weep - ing like a tur - tle dove.
Rise, Sal - ly, rise! Wipe your weep - ing eyes!
Fly to the east, Fly to the west,
Fly to the one that you love best.

Roll That Ball

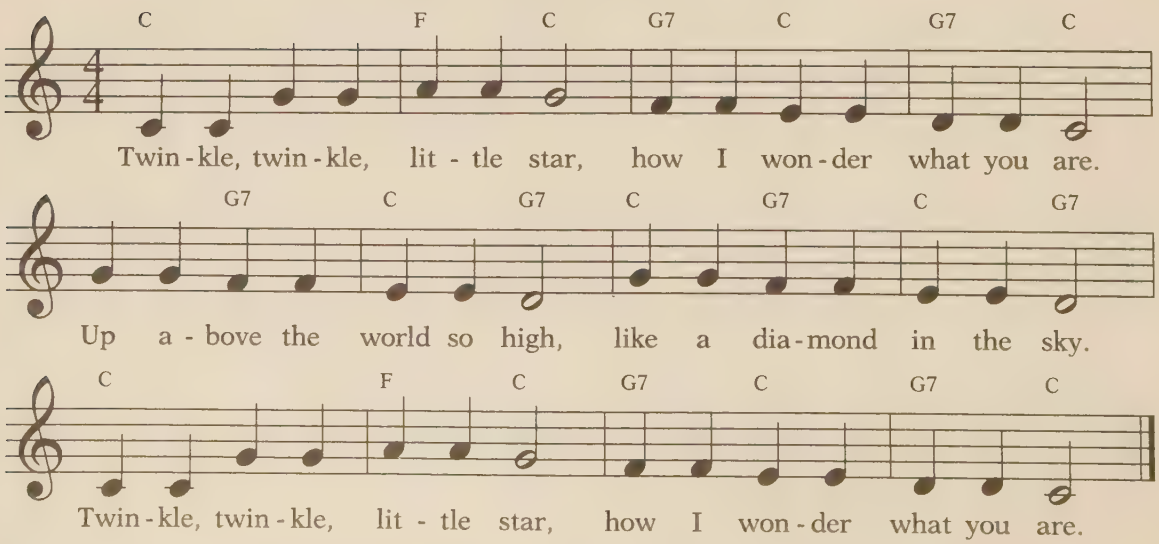

F
C7
Roll that red ball down to town, Roll that red ball
F
down to town, Roll that red ball down to town,
C7
F
Roll that red ball down to town.

Kookaburra


1
C F C
Koo - ka - bur - ra sits in the old gum tree
2 C F C
Mer - ry, mer - ry king of the bush is he,
3 C F C
Laugh, Koo - ka - bur - ra, Laugh, Koo - ka - bur - ra,
4 C F C
Gay your life must be.

2. Kookaburra sits in the old gum tree,
Eating all the gumdrops he can see,
Stop, Kookaburra, stop, Kookaburra,
Leave some there for me.

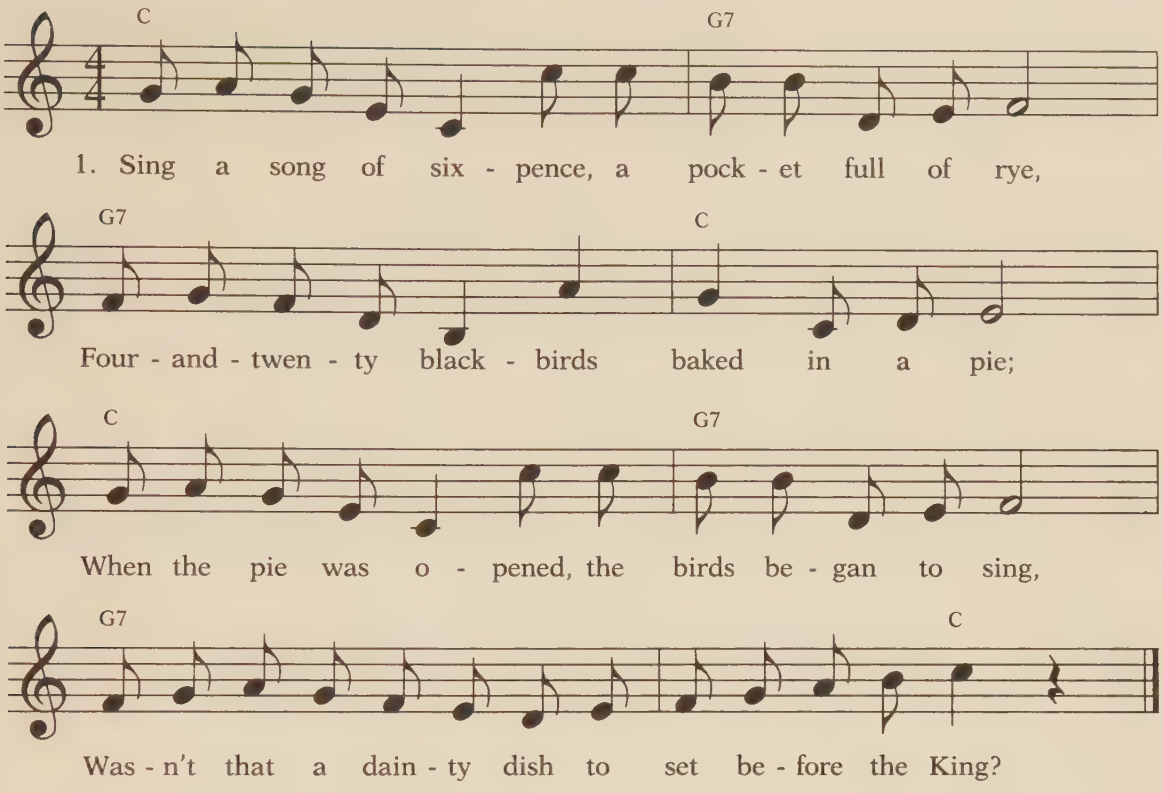
Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star


C F C G7 C G7 C
Twin-kle, twin-kle, lit - tle star, how I won-der what you are.
G7 C G7 C G7 C G7
Up a - bove the world so high, like a dia-mond in the sky.
C F C G7 C G7 C
Twin-kle, twin-kle, lit - tle star, how I won-der what you are.

Sing a Song of Sixpence

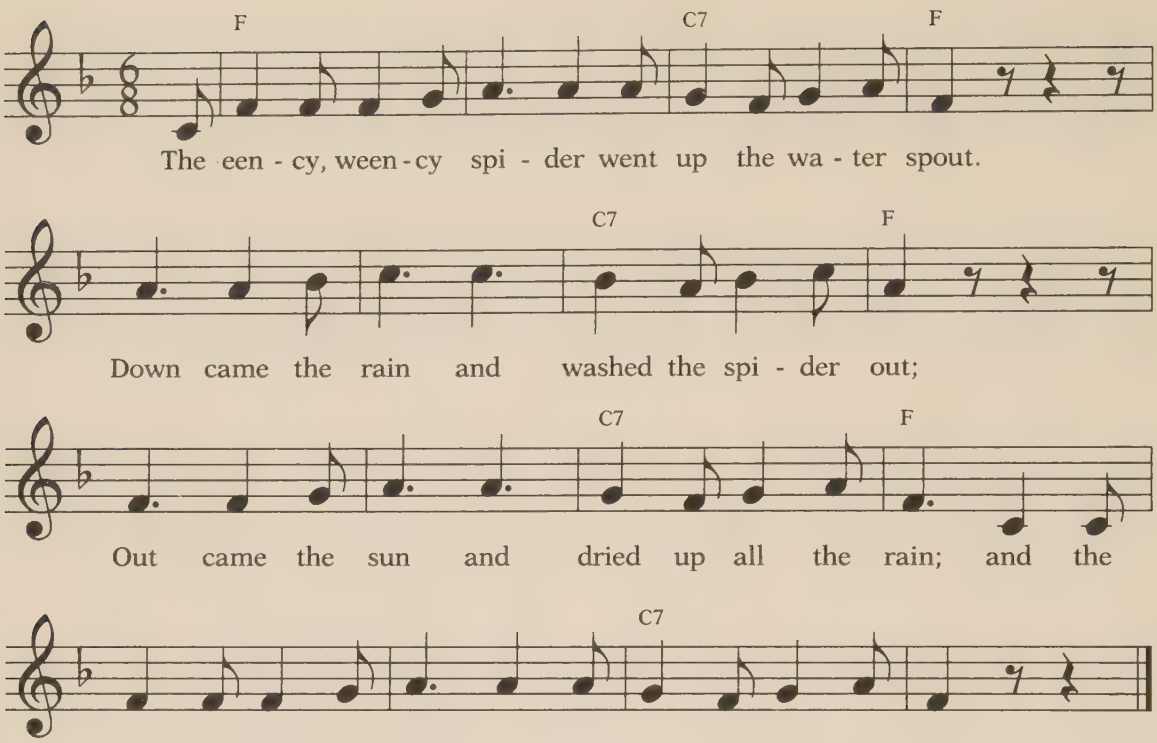
Briskly

English Traditional Song


C
G7
1. Sing a song of six - pence, a pock - et full of rye,
G7
C
Four - and - twen - ty black - birds baked in a pie;
C
G7
When the pie was o - pened, the birds be - gan to sing,
G7
C
Was - n't that a dain - ty dish to set be - fore the King?

2. The King was in his counting house, counting out his money,
The Queen was in the parlor, eating bread and honey,
The maid was in the garden, hanging out the clothes,
Along came a blackbird and nipped off her nose!

Eency Weency Spider


F
C7
F
The een - cy, ween - cy spi - der went up the wa - ter spout.
C7
F
Down came the rain and washed the spi - der out;
C7
F
Out came the sun and dried up all the rain; and the
C7
een - cy, ween - cy spi - der went up the spout a - gain.

Line 1: make circles out of thumbs and forefingers—
put tips together—twist upward
Line 2: wiggle fingers while moving downward—push outward
Line 3: make a big circle with arms over head
Line 4: make circles out of thumbs and forefingers—
put together—twist upward

S.C.F.

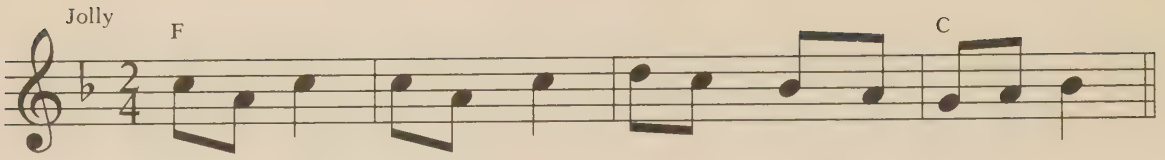
Oh, Susanna

Stephen Foster

D
1. I ___ came from Al - a - bam - a with my ban - jo
It ___ rained all night the day I left, the weath - er
A7
D
on my knee, I'm ___ goin' to Lou - si - an - a there my
it was dry, The ___ sun so hot I froze to death, Su -
A7
D
Chorus G
true love for to see.
san - na don't you cry.
Oh Su - san - na, Oh,
D
A7
D
don't you cry for me, For I come from Al - a -
A7
D
bam - a with my ban - jo on my knee.

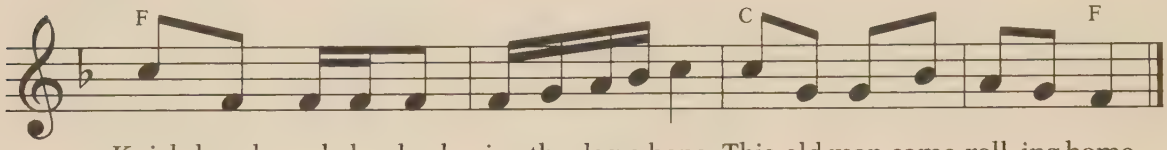
2. I had a dream the other night
When everything was still,
I thought I saw Susanna dear,
A-comin' down the hill.
A buckwheat cake was in her mouth,
A tear was in her eye,
Says I, "I'm coming from the South,
Susanna, don't you cry."
(Chorus)

This Old Man



1. This old man, he played one, He played knick-knack on my drum,
2. This old man, he played two, He played knick-knack on my shoe,

Chorus:



Knick-knack, pad-dy whack, give the dog a bone, This old man came roll-ing home.

3. This old man, he played three,
He played knick-knack on my knee.
(Chorus)

4. This old man, he played four,
He played knick-knack on my door.
(Chorus)

5. This old man, he played five,
He played knick-knack on my hive.
(Chorus)

6. This old man, he played six,
He played knick-knack on my sticks.
(Chorus)

7. This old man, he played seven,
He played knick-knack up to heaven.
(Chorus)

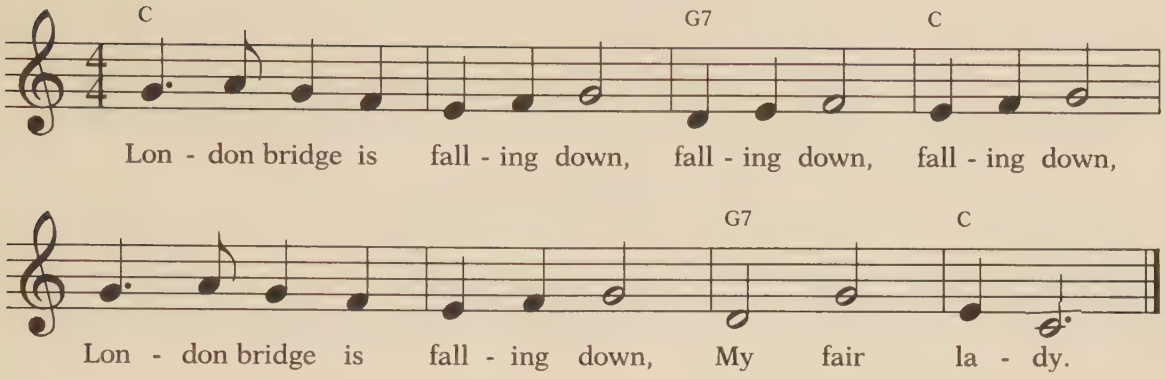
8. This old man, he played eight,
He played knick-knack at the gate.
(Chorus)

9. This old man, he played nine,
He played knick-knack on my line.
(Chorus)

10. This old man, he played ten,
He played knick-knack over again.
(Chorus)

Chorus: With a knick-knack, paddy whack, give the dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

London Bridge



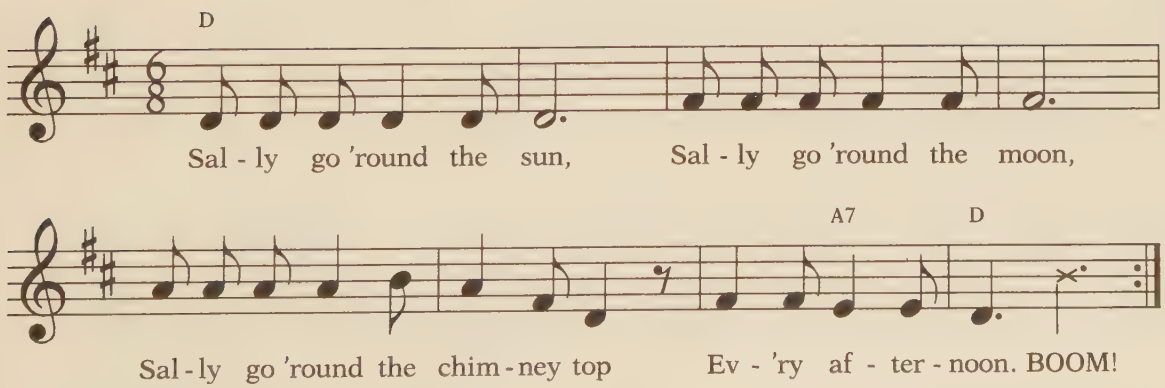
Chorus: (sung after each verse)
Take the key and lock her up . . .

2. Build it up with iron bars

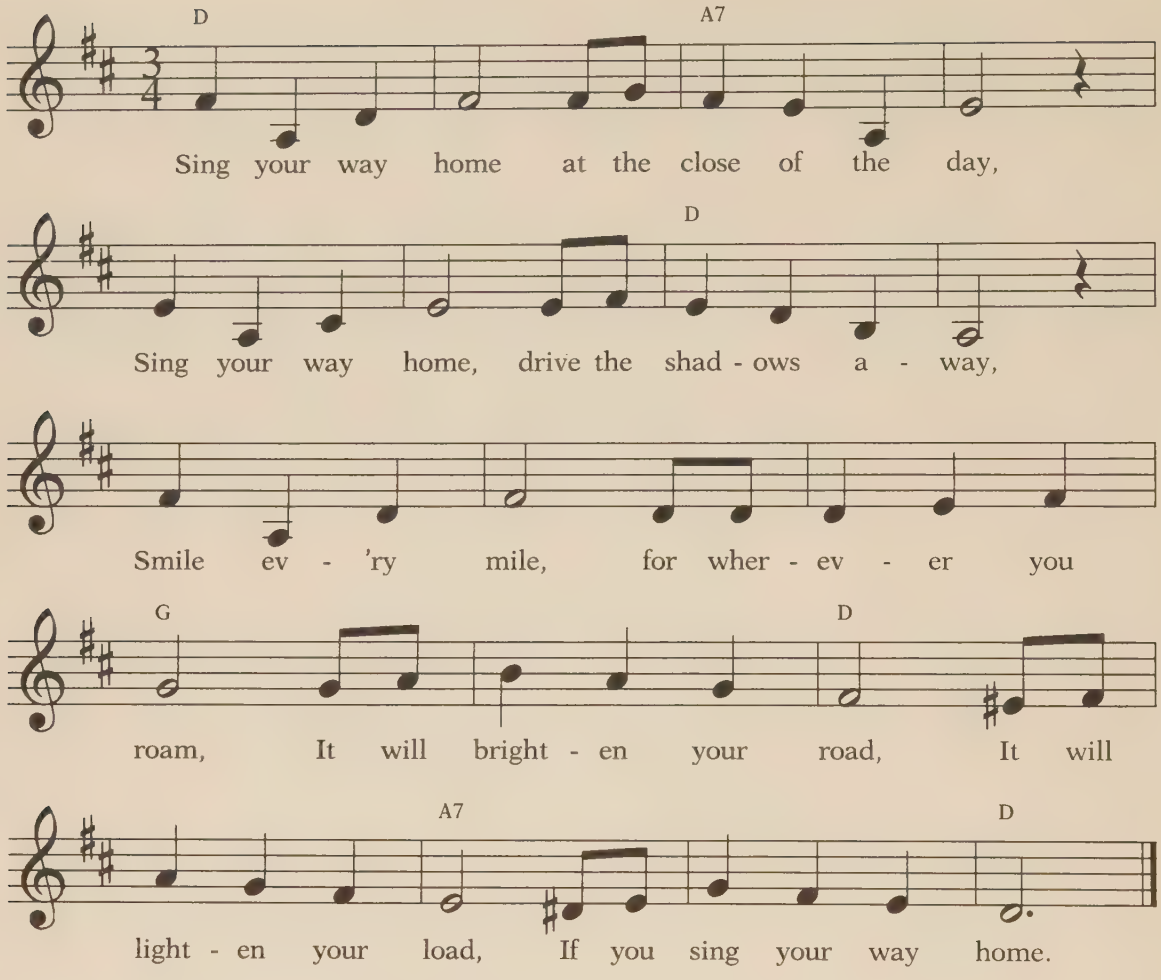
3. Iron bars will bend and break

4. Build it up with silver and gold

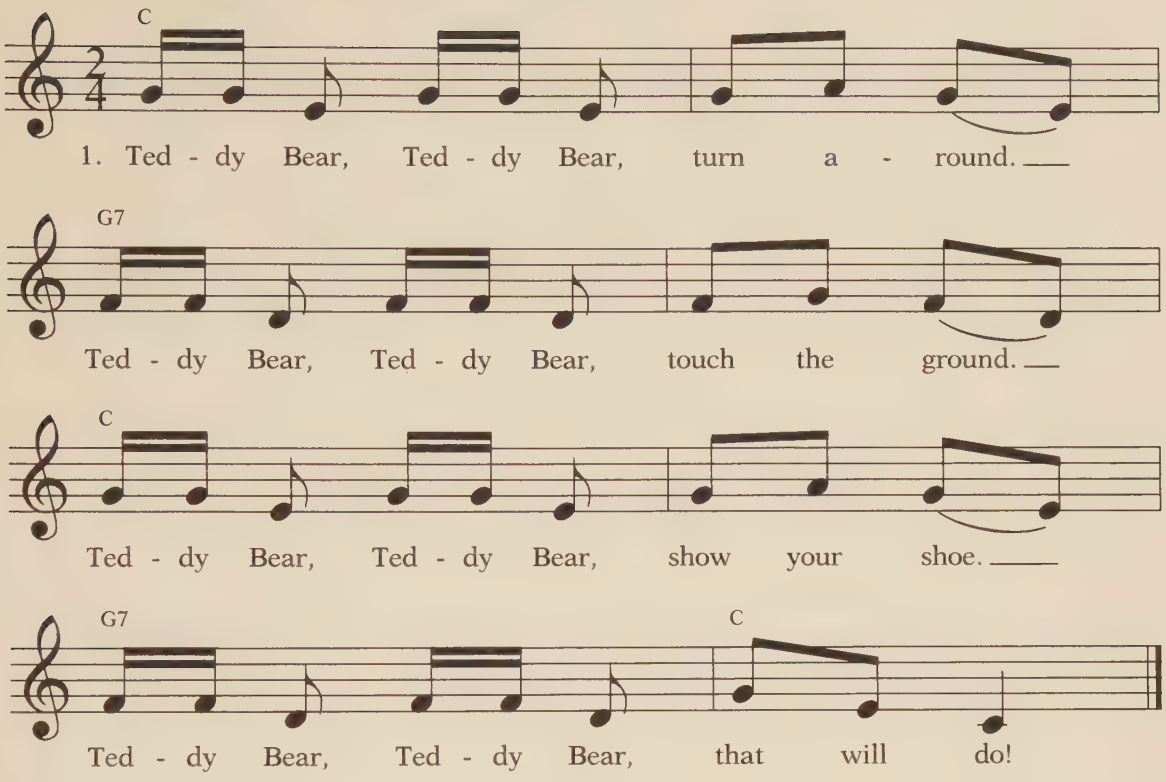
Sally Go 'Round the Sun



Sing Your Way Home

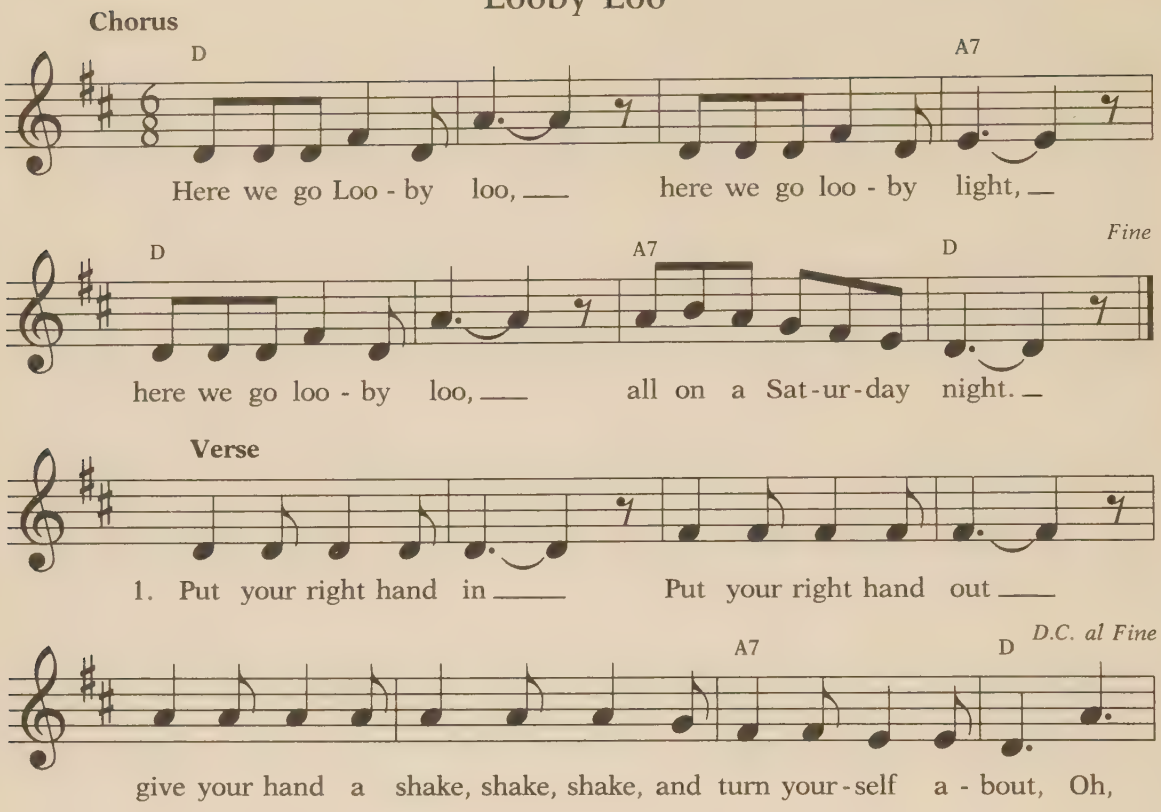

D
A7
Sing your way home at the close of the day,
D
Sing your way home, drive the shad - ows a - way,
Smile ev - 'ry mile, for wher - ev - er you
G
D
roam, It will bright - en your road, It will
A7
D
light - en your load, If you sing your way home.

Teddy Bear


C
1. Ted - dy Bear, Ted - dy Bear, turn a - round.
G7
Ted - dy Bear, Ted - dy Bear, touch the ground.
C
Ted - dy Bear, Ted - dy Bear, show your shoe.
G7
C
Ted - dy Bear, Ted - dy Bear, that will do!

2. Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, go upstairs,
Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, say your prayers,
Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, switch off the light.
Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, say good-night.

Looby Loo

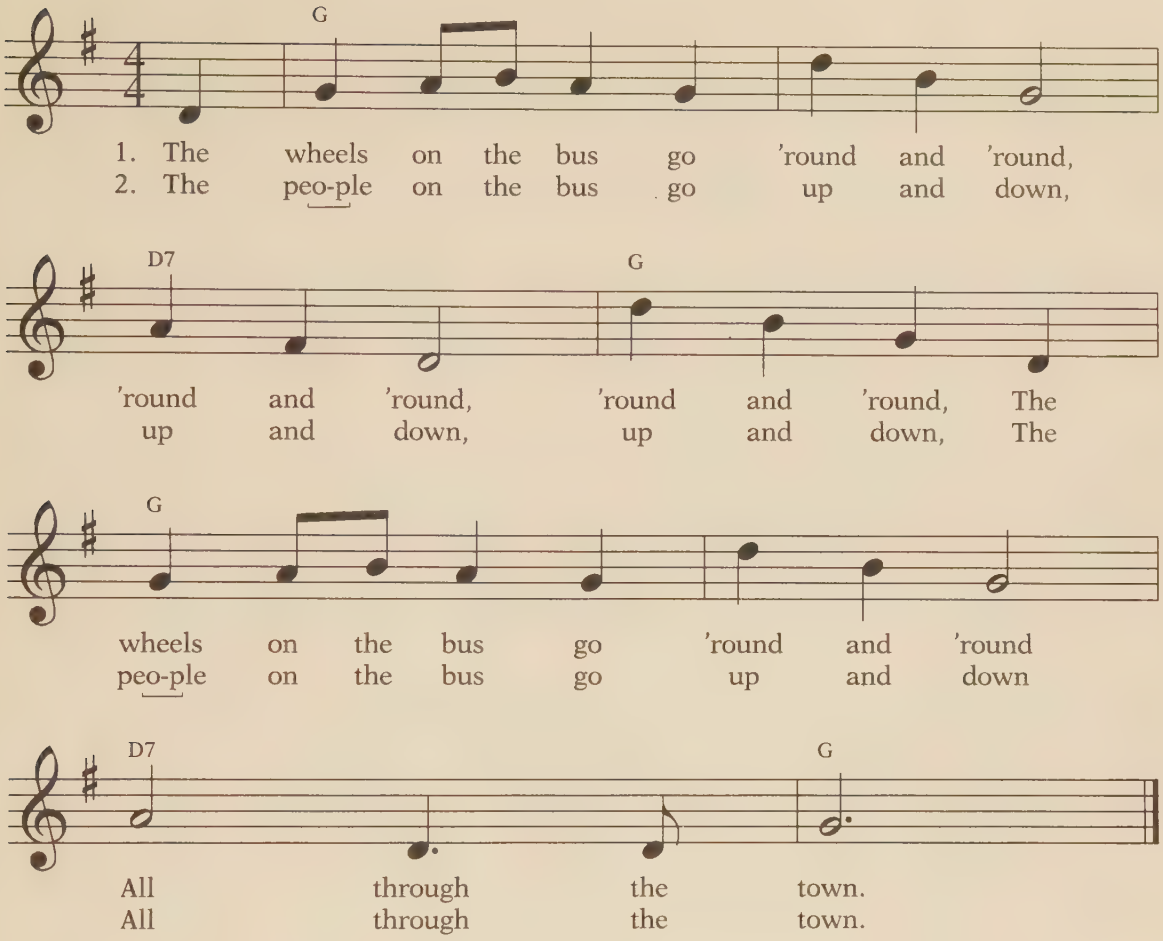

Chorus
D
A7
Here we go Loo - by loo, here we go loo - by light,
D
A7
D
Fine
here we go loo - by loo, all on a Sat-ur-day night.
Verse
1. Put your right hand in Put your right hand out
A7
D
D.C. al Fine
give your hand a shake, shake, shake, and turn your-self a - bout, Oh,

2. left hand
3. right foot
4. left foot
5. head
6. whole self

After each verse, join hands and circle around on chorus.

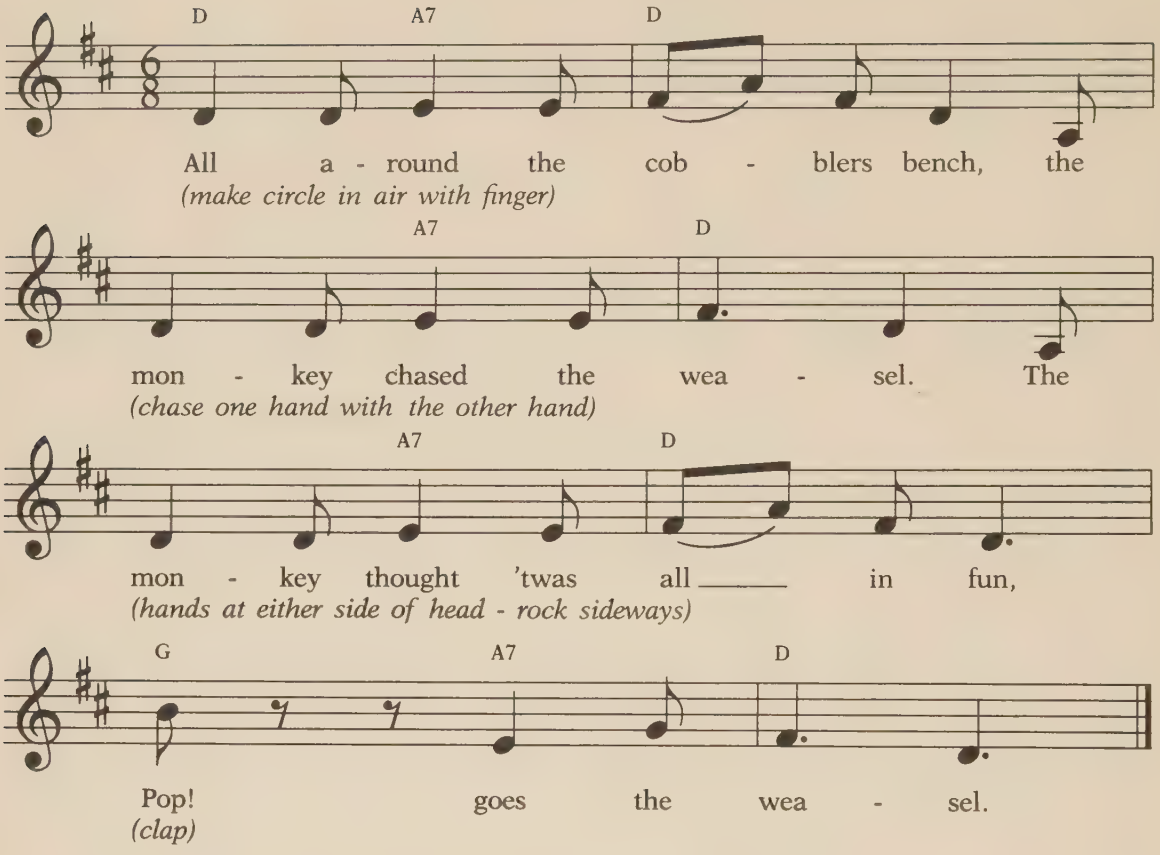
The Wheels on the Bus

Play Song


G
1. The wheels on the bus go 'round and 'round,
2. The peo-ple on the bus go up and down,
D7
G
'round and 'round, 'round and 'round, The
up and down, up and down, The
G
wheels on the bus go 'round and 'round
peo-ple on the bus go up and down
D7
G
All through the town.
All through the town.

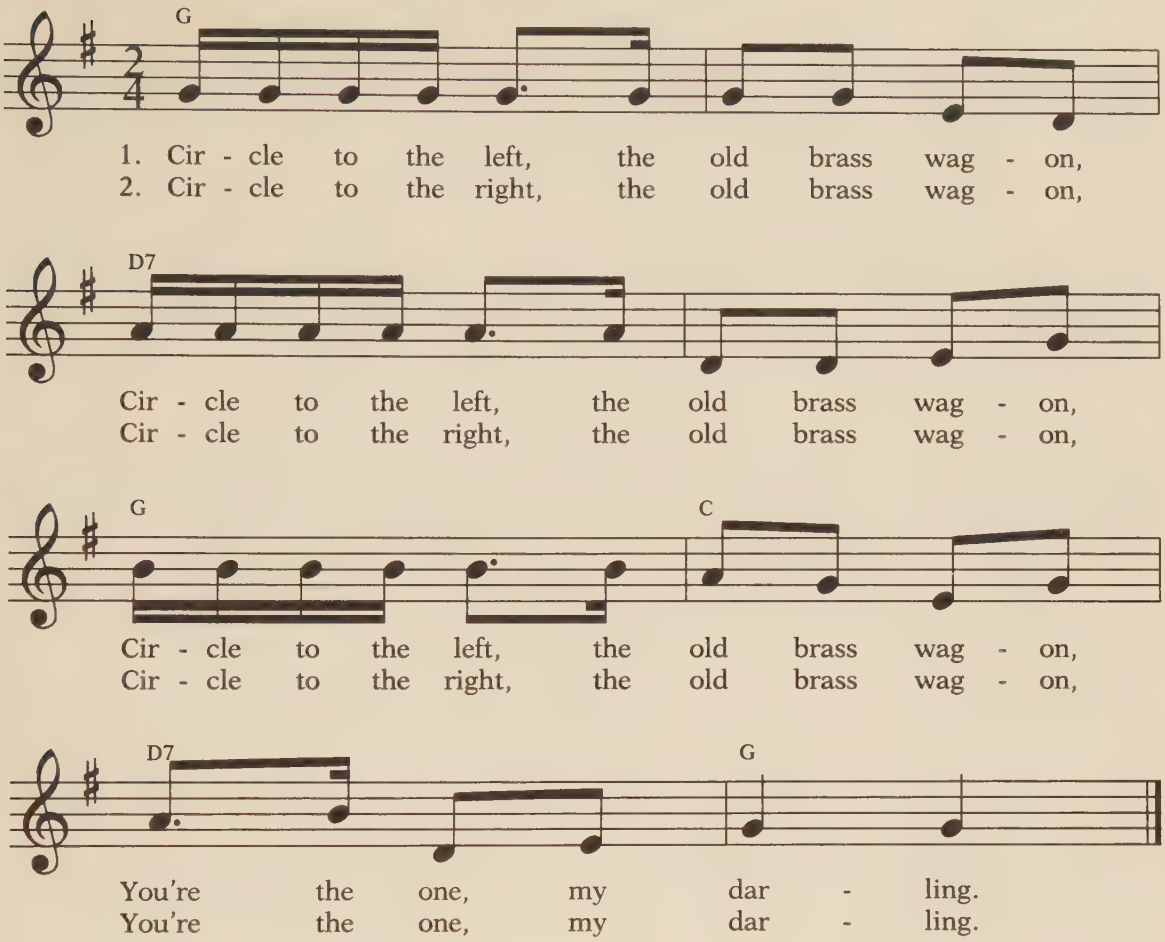
3. The horn on the bus goes "Toot! toot! toot!"
4. The wiper on the bus goes "Swish! swish! swish!"
5. The driver on the bus says, "Let them on!"
6. The money in the bus goes "Clink, clink, clink."
7. There's a baby on the bus goes "Wah, wah, wah!"

Pop! Goes the Weasel



The Old Brass Wagon

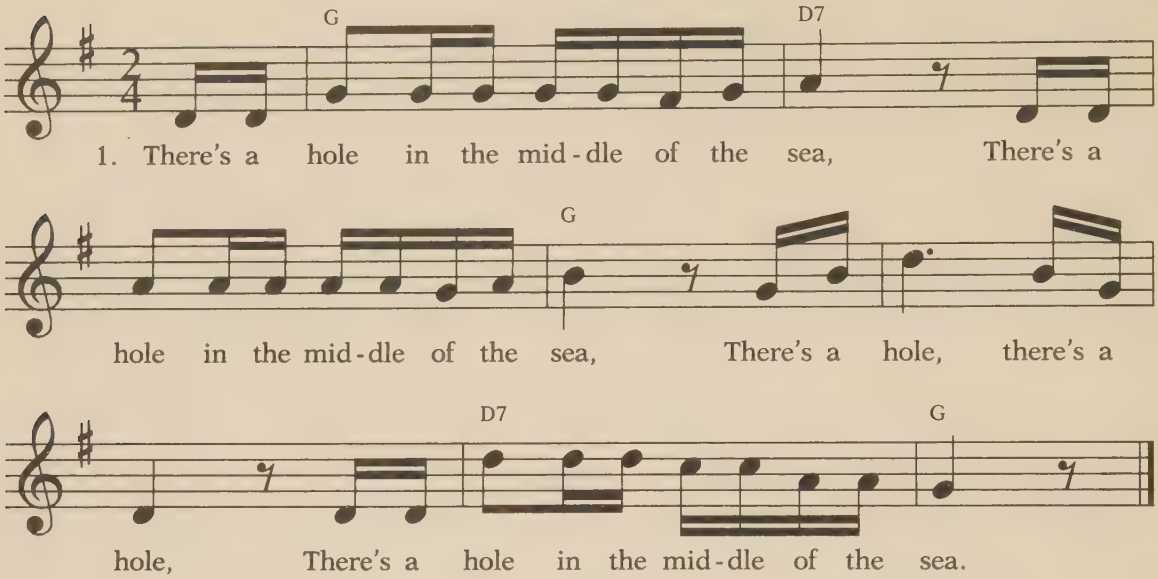
American Singing Game


G
1. Cir - cle to the left, the old brass wag - on,
2. Cir - cle to the right, the old brass wag - on,
D7
Cir - cle to the left, the old brass wag - on,
Cir - cle to the right, the old brass wag - on,
G
C
Cir - cle to the left, the old brass wag - on,
Cir - cle to the right, the old brass wag - on,
D7
G
You're the one, my dar - ling.
You're the one, my dar - ling.

3. Everybody in, the old brass wagon, (3 times)
   You're the one, my darling.

4. Everybody out, the old brass wagon, (3 times)
   You're the one, my darling.

There's a Hole in the Middle of the Sea


G
D7
1. There's a hole in the mid-dle of the sea, There's a
G
hole in the mid-dle of the sea, There's a hole, there's a
D7
G
hole, There's a hole in the mid-dle of the sea.

2. There's a log in the hole in the middle of the sea,
   There's a log in the hole in the middle of the sea,
   There's a log, there's a log,
   There's a log in the hole in the middle of the sea.

3. There's a bump on the log in the hole in the middle of the sea . . .

4. There's a frog on the bump on the log in the hole in the middle of the sea . . .

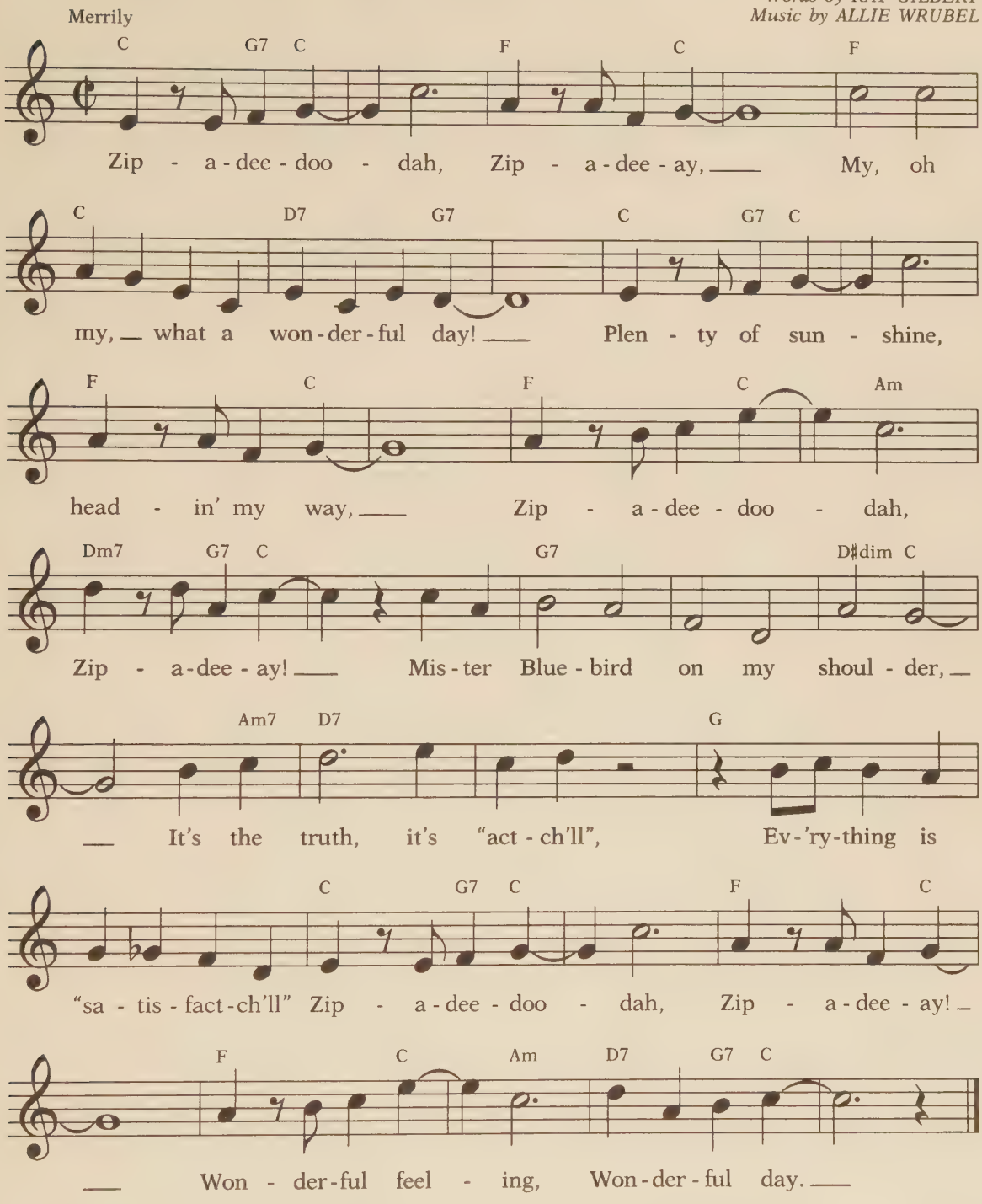
5. There's a fly on the frog on the bump on the log in the hole in the middle of the sea . . .

6. There's a wing on the fly on the frog on the bump on the log in the hole in the middle of the sea . . .

7. There's a flea on the wing on the fly on the frog on the bump on the log in the hole in the middle of the sea . . .

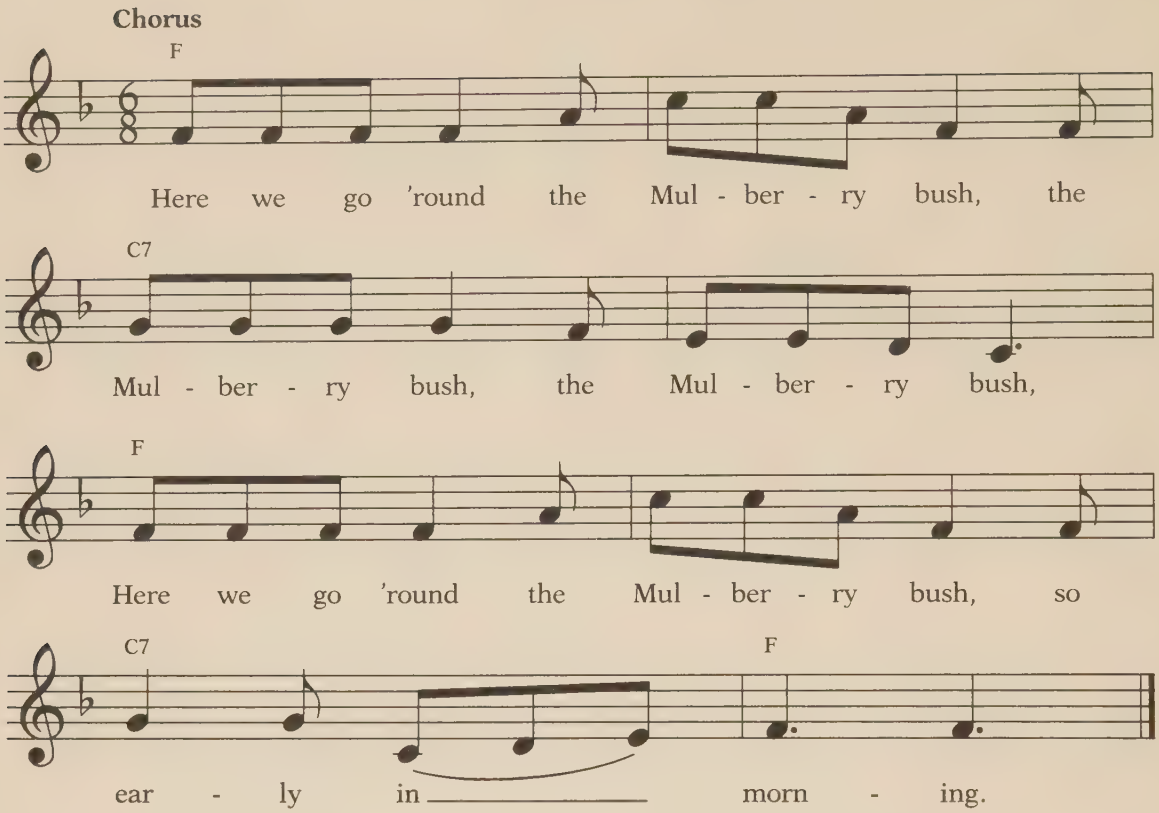
Zip-a-Dee-Doo-Dah

Words by RAY GILBERT
Music by ALLIE WRUBEL


Merrily
C G7 C F C F
Zip - a - dee - doo - dah, Zip - a - dee - ay, My, oh
C D7 G7 C G7 C
my, what a won - der - ful day! Plen - ty of sun - shine,
F C F C Am
head - in' my way, Zip - a - dee - doo - dah,
Dm7 G7 C G7 D♯dim C
Zip - a - dee - ay! Mis - ter Blue - bird on my shoul - der,
Am7 D7 G
It's the truth, it's "act - ch'll", Ev - 'ry - thing is
C G7 C F C
"sa - tis - fact - ch'll" Zip - a - dee - doo - dah, Zip - a - dee - ay!
F C Am D7 G7 C
Won - der - ful feel - ing, Won - der - ful day.

From the Walt Disney Production "SONG OF THE SOUTH"

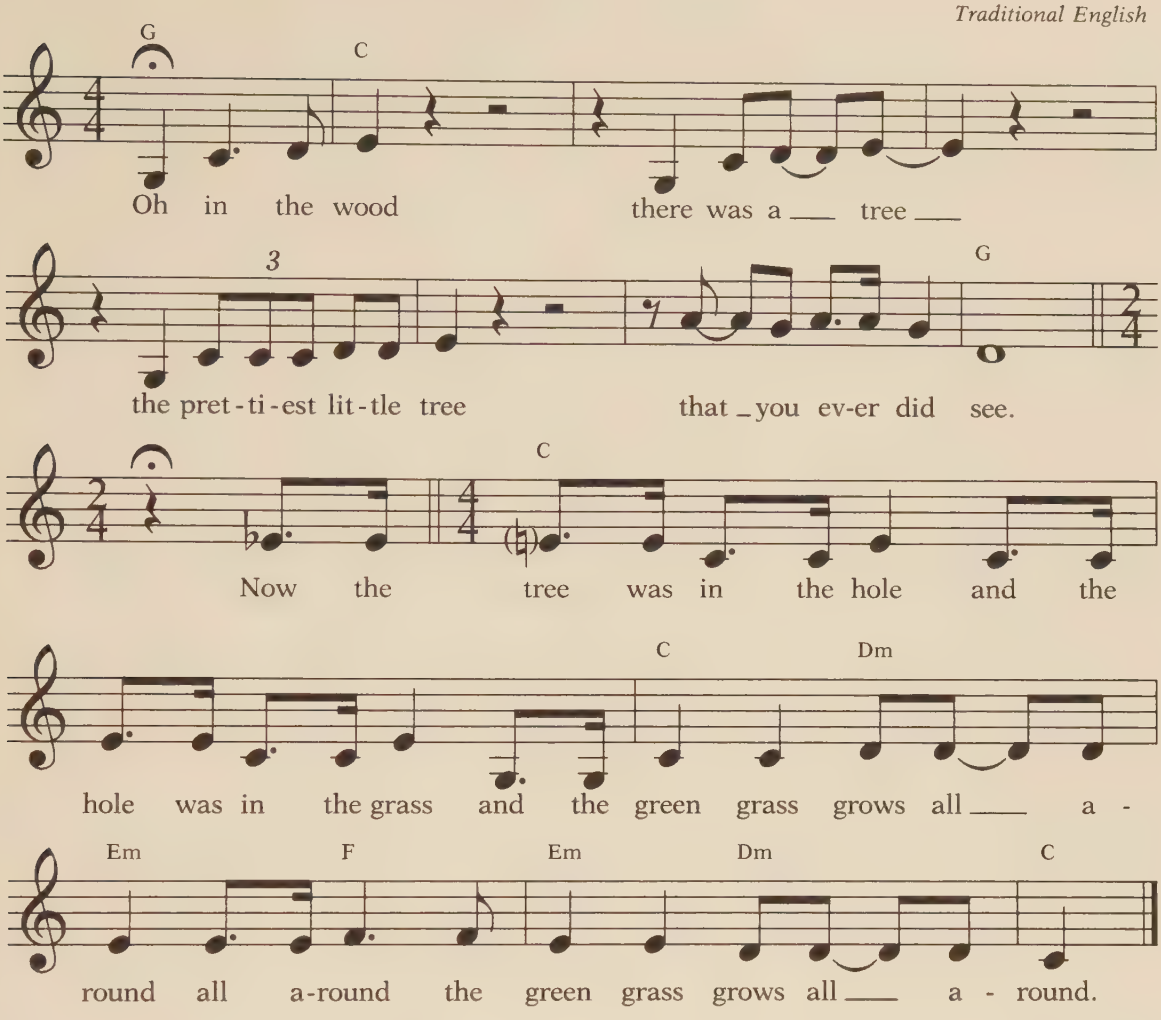
The Mulberry Bush


Chorus
F
Here we go 'round the Mul - ber - ry bush, the
C7
Mul - ber - ry bush, the Mul - ber - ry bush,
F
Here we go 'round the Mul - ber - ry bush, so
C7
F
ear - ly in morn - ing.

1. This is the way we wash our face . . .
2. Comb our hair
3. Brush our teeth
4. Put on our clothes
5. Etc.

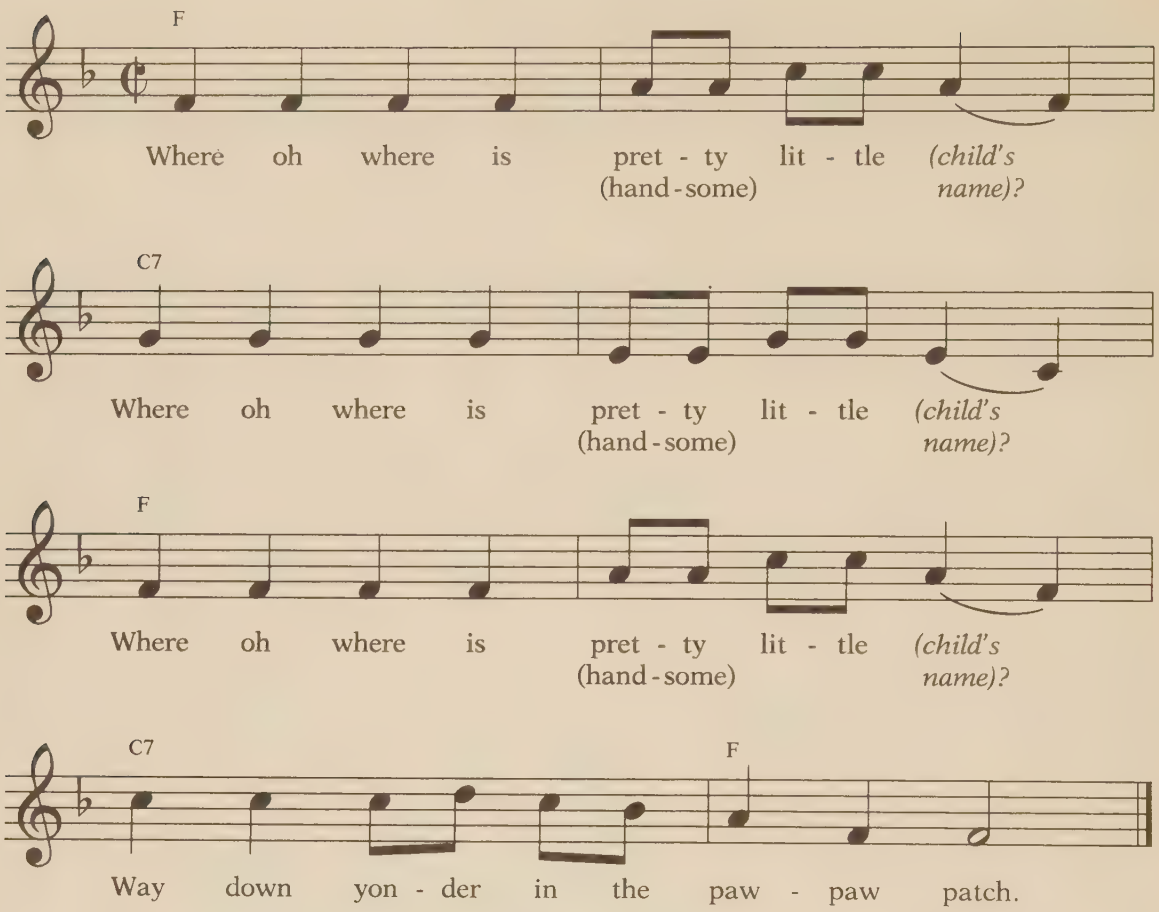
The Green Grass Grows All Around

Traditional English

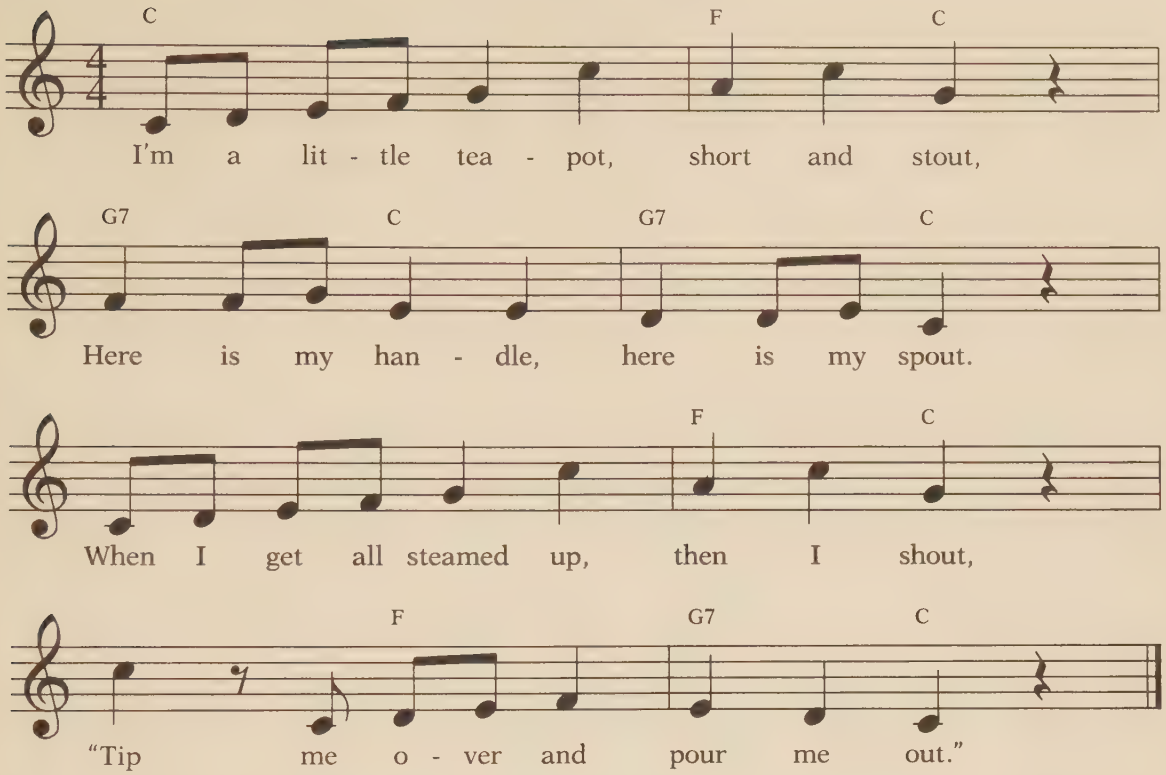


2. And on that tree . . . There was a limb . . .
   The prettiest little limb . . . That you ever did see . . .
   The limb on the tree,
   And the tree in a hole,
   And the green grass grew all around, all around,
   And the green grass grew all around.
3. And on that limb . . . there was a branch . . .
4. And on that branch . . . there was a nest . . .
5. And in that nest . . . there was an egg . . .
6. And in that egg . . . there was a bird . . .
7. And on that bird . . . there was a wing . . .
8. And on that wing . . . there was a feather . . .
9. And on that feather . . . there was a bug . . .
10. And on that bug . . . there was a germ . . .

Pawpaw Patch


F
Where oh where is pret - ty lit - tle (child's
(hand-some) name)?
C7
Where oh where is pret - ty lit - tle (child's
(hand-some) name)?
F
Where oh where is pret - ty lit - tle (child's
(hand-some) name)?
C7
F
Way down yon - der in the paw - paw patch.

I'm a Little Teapot


C F C
I'm a lit - tle tea - pot, short and stout,
G7 C G7 C
Here is my han - dle, here is my spout.
F C
When I get all steamed up, then I shout,
F G7 C
"Tip me o - ver and pour me out."

Line 1: act very stout

Line 2: place one hand on hip—extend other arm, elbow and wrist bent

Line 3: nod head vigorously

Line 4: tip sideward in direction of extended arm

Alphabet Song

Lightly

Traditional

2. Z-Y-X-W-V and U,
T and S and R and Q,
P-O-N-M-L-K-J,
I-H-G-F-E-D-C-B-A,
A little practice, you won't go wrong,
And you can sing this backwards song.

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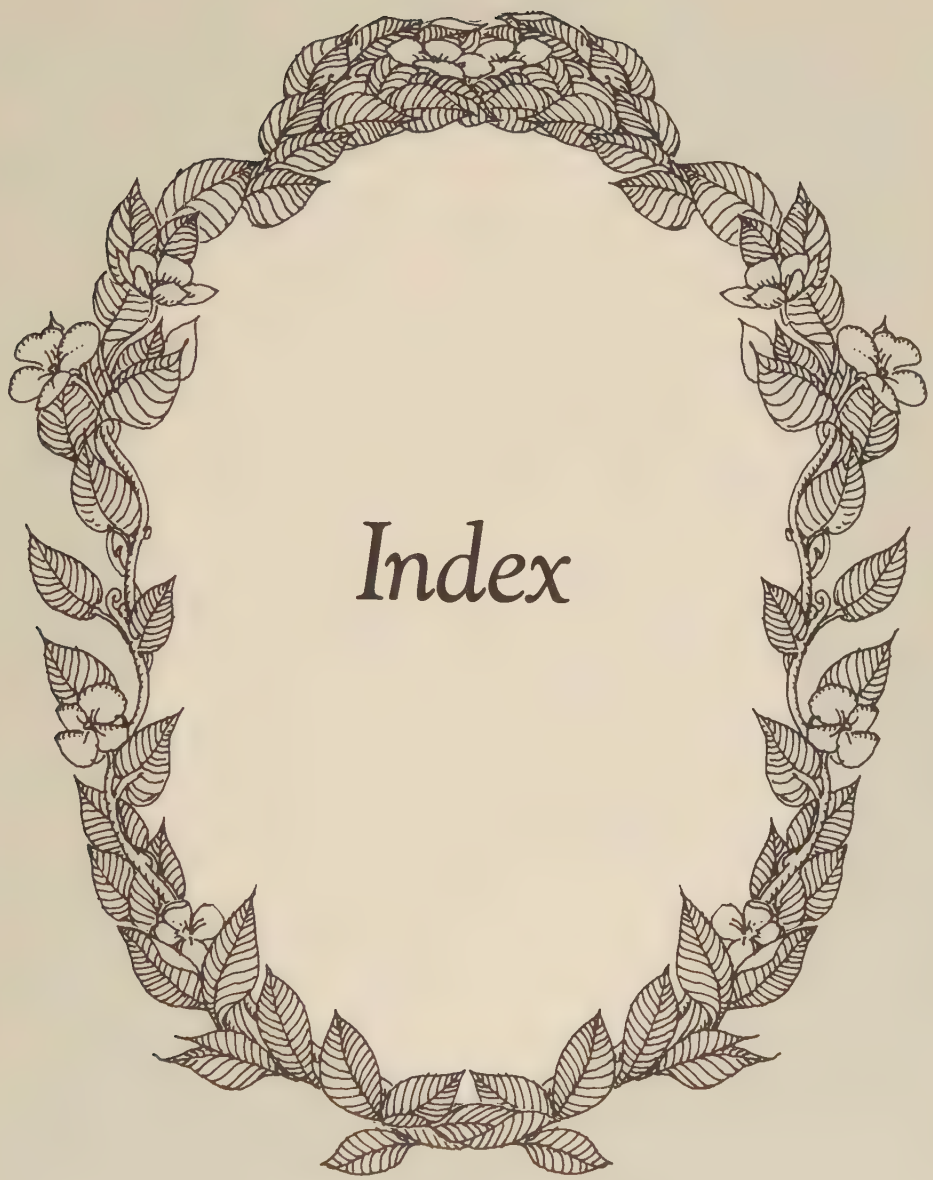

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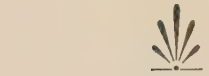

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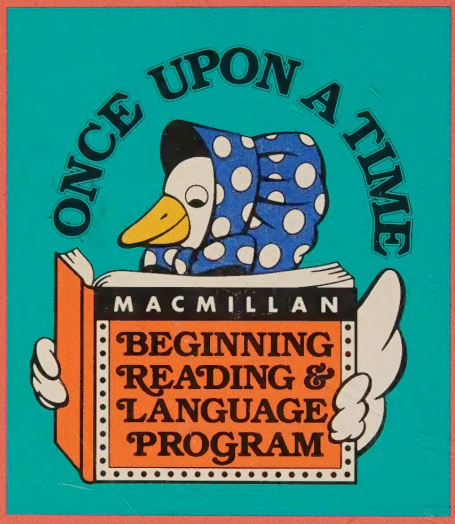

Senior Authors
ARNOLD/SMITH

Authors
FLOOD/LAPP

ISBN 0-02-170470-8